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STORISENDE EDITION · XVIII

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

“Finis adest rerum”

Townsend of Lichfield

Dizain des Adieux

BY
JAMES BRANCH CABELL

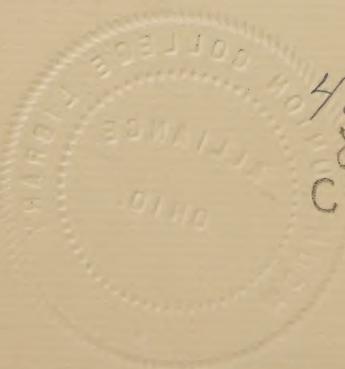


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For
WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

THIS VOLUME WHICH COMPLETES OUR
HAPPILY SHARED LABORS

AUTHOR'S NOTE

IT IS quite annoying thus to be forestalled, as I here find myself to be, in the quest of perfection. But, by ill luck, the written word remains. Otherwise, I would, in this Author's Note, be stating that I now discharge my promise, and complete my design, of writing the Decline and Fall of the Life of Manuel, both in the West and East. Since the publication of the first volume twenty-five years have elapsed; twenty-five years, according to my wish, "of health, of leisure, and of perseverance." I may now congratulate my deliverance from a long and laborious service; and my satisfaction will be pure and perfect if the public favor should be extended to the conclusion of my work.

The large difficulty is that this all-sufficient, brief Author's Note was written a bit over a century and a half ago, by one Edward Gibbon,—with the difference, to be sure, that Gibbon had devoted to the dissolution of the Roman Empire a mere twelve years of labor, and so had but four volumes, quarto, wherever to wax decorously sentimental, when—in Downing Street, in 1788, and upon the feast day of St. Walburga,—the learned and ingenious Mr.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Gibbon was so consumedly inconsiderate as to write that Author's Note which I in happier circumstances would now be typing off to introduce this "Townsend of Lichfield."

STILL, there is no great need of any Author's Note. For this volume, as I have earlier explained, is in reality a set of explanatory notes to the main matter of the Biography of the life of Manuel. The opening discourse and the short tale "Concerning David Jogram" take, I admit, the oblique form of explaining how yet other matter came, in the final event, not ever to get into the Biography. Then "The White Robe" and "The Way of Ecben" complete the trilogy of "The Witch-Woman," as it was begun in "The Music from Behind the Moon": and you may observe the point explained, too, hereinafter, how this trilogy happened to violate the most ancient law of Poictesme by not being a dizain.

"Taboo" is in some sort an annotation upon "Jurgen," just as "Sonnets from Antan" seems even more directly interpretative of "Something About Eve." The remaining papers have at odd times commented—under the peculiarly aerial disguise of being a preface to some especial volume,—upon features more or less general to the Biography as a whole. And the Appendices, howsoever unexhilarating as reading-matter, are at least self-explanatory as to the purpose which each serves.

[x]

AUTHOR'S NOTE

REFLECTION therefore, when confronted by these miscellanies, has decreed it more trim and suitable for me to present one by one the remarkably various items that are included in this volume, and to prefix to them severally, at need, a note as to the circumstances in which this or the other item was written, rather than to parade here a horde of disparate and unallied happenings.

It thus follows that this volume lacks perforce any formal, full-length Author's Note,—and to my finding, indeed, does not require any summarizing beyond that very brief Latin tag which confronts my title-page, and to which, with the addition of a sober Amen, I contentedly refer you. . . . “Finis adest rerum.” Such is the consoling thought with which I, too, “may now congratulate my deliverance from a long and laborious service.”

James Branch Cabell

Cayford Cottage
12 July 1929

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SYNOPSIS

SONGS from Antan behind the moon delay
What line of hidden white-robed life, beyond
Old Jurgen's judging, in that Eve's high wand
Taboos all music, if but as eagles may?
Figures of love, these sonnets' souls repay
Proud earth with gallantry; and rivet Eve
With something about merchants — to reprieve
With silver, and with jewels, Ecben's way.

Grandfathers wake, with prayer-books and cords,
The cream of chivalry; and stallions rightly
Deride the shadow of a lineage, lords
To domnei's straws of vanity; while nightly
The jest of Lichfield moves toward place and power
The certain town's end of a neck's last hour.

I

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

*“Now, fifty is the number of the Gates
of Binah (BINH) the Understanding.”*

— This paper, which here appears for the first time in its entirety, was begun in the spring of 1927. It was variously added to and amended until the spring of 1929, when on a peaceful Sabbath morning it attained to its final form. It ought therefore, in all reason, to display the benefits of unhurried composition.

I do not find them pre-eminent: but I do find that the matter contained in the eighth and the ninth chapters was, on its first appearance, more prodigally misconstrued than perhaps anything else which I have published. Here I shall therefore ask (in entire awareness that I am requiring far too much of human nature) that before deriving any of my statements hereinafter the reader notice whether or no, in mere point of fact, the statement has been made.

I. WHICH COUNTS AS FAR AS TWENTY

EVERY long ago did I select the punning title, *Townsend of Lichfield*, for that book which was to have continued *The Cords of Vanity*, and which would have brought the literary career of Robert Etheridge Townsend to its full flowering, and which would have concluded the Biography of the life of Manuel. Yet *Townsend of Lichfield* is a book you will not ever read. I lament that fact in all sincerity, because the book would have annoyed such a great host of people whom it is really one's altruistic duty to annoy. . . . For I had looked forward to a liberal dealing with real persons — presented under such pseudonyms as would ward off libel suits, without ever becoming in the least impervious, — and to some salutary loosing of long-pent-up malice, in this intended handling of the contemporary life of Lichfield during the last twenty-five years, and in this handling, also, of certain chicaneries and small droll happenings in the literary world of America during the same period.

But I was entrapped into writing *The Jewel Merchants*. Then *Domnei* and *The Cream of the Jest* proved each too short to make a fair sized volume in the Storisende Edition. To accompany *Domnei* I therefore wrote out, in 1926, *The Music from Behind the Moon*, a story (presently to be referred to again) which had for some while existed in the back

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of my mind. And to *The Cream of the Jest* was added, naturally enough, *The Lineage of Lichfield*, as an epitome which alike records and disposes of all the inheritors of Dom Manuel's life with whom the Biography has held traffic.

Yet the result is that one now finds the preceding volumes to contain twenty units, with this volume of odds and ends to serve as an appendix of explanatory notes. Beyond twenty units the Biography cannot well extend, in the teeth of the fixed law of Poictesme that all things must go by tens forever. I am unwilling to burden you with the reading of thirty volumes.

It follows, in immutable logic, that *Townsend of Lichfield*, along with some three-fourths of *The Witch-Woman*, must remain in John Charteris' library of unwritten books. When I last visited Fairhaven they stood in very excellent company, between Milton's *King Arthur* and Frances Newman's *History of Sophistication*: and a brief peep into their pages convinced me that in this comedy and in the not-ever-electrotyped parts of this dizain were included, beyond any question, the finest examples of my work.

The intended *Witch-Woman*, I observed, was a quite bulky volume; and its matter so favorably impressed me that I was at pains to copy out and to preserve at least its Table of Contents. There was a preface headed "Hail and Farewell, Ettarre!" in very little resembling another paper which I have observed elsewhere under the same title. Then the ten, all rather lengthy episodes which the book furthermore contained I found to be, in their appointed order:—The Music from Behind the

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Moon; The Thirty-first of February; The Furry Thing That Sang; The Lean Hands of Volmar; The Holy Man Who Washed; The Little Miracle of St. Leslie; The White Robe; The Evasions of Ron; The Child Out of Fire; and The Way of Ecben.

II. WHICH DISPOSES OF THE WITCH-WOMAN

FOR this never written *Witch-Woman* was to have been a dizain which would have followed through several centuries the adventuring of Ettarre and her immortal *souteneur*, — or, to be wholly accurate, the adventuring of ten lovers of Ettarre who, howsoever differing in other respects, yet one and all committed the grave error of touching, and of striving to possess, the mortal body which at that time Ettarre was wearing. But in the final outcome, through causes hereinafter indicated clearly enough, this intended dizain has dwindled into a mere trilogy concerned with Ettarre and with three attitudes toward human life. . . . I think there is, at this late date, no pressing need for me to name this trinity of attitudes about which I have written so much. Yet, for safety's sake, I formally point out that *The Music from Behind the Moon* is about Ettarre and the poet Madoc, — who may or who may not have been called Horvendile after the losing of his wealth, his wife, and his wits also. *The White Robe*, as it appears in this volume, deals with Ettarre and a Bishop of Valnères who was notably gallant. In logic, therefore, when I found, upon the eve of my fiftieth birthday, that it was permitted me to complete but one more of the eight unfinished stories about Ettarre, I elected to write out *The Way of Ecben*, which, as you may see a bit farther on in

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this volume, treats of Ettarre and of an Alfgar who was, above all, chivalrous.

Moreover, this story of *The Way of Ecbeñ* had the advantage of suggesting in itself, I thought, some of the many reasons why there should now be no more books about Poictesme or Lichfield, or about any more of the inheritors of Dom Manuel's life. For the touch of time, about the effects of which you may hereinafter read, in *The Way of Ecbeñ*, with a king as protagonist, does not spare writers either. The uncharitable may even assert that *The Way of Ecbeñ* quite proves this fact. In any case, now that the units of the long Biography of Dom Manuel's life add up to a neat twenty which is convenient to the laws of Poictesme, and now that with a yet more coercive arithmetic the years of my own living add up to fifty, *The Way of Ecbeñ* has appeared to its writer a thesis wholly fit to commemorate my graduation from, and my eternal leave-taking of, the younger generation, alike in life and in letters.

I nevertheless regret that there may henceforward come from my typewriter no more stories about Ettarre, who has been always, I confess, the most dear to me of Dom Manuel's daughters. My comfort is that there will always be new stories about Ettarre, under one or another name, by the writers who shall come after my decaying generation. For all the young men everywhere that were poets have had their glimpse of her loveliness, and they have heard a cadence or two of that troubling music which accompanies the passing of Ettarre; and they have made, and they will make forever, their stories about the witch-woman, so long as youth endures among man-

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kind and April punctually returns into the world which men inhabit.

But we who are not young any longer, and who, despite our memories, yet must behold Ettarre and all things else with the eyes which time has given us, and who (despite how many glowing memories) must yet find in her music, nowadays, no more than did old Alfgar,—we may not dare to depend upon mere memories, howsoever splendid and dear, to piece out for us any more tales as to Ettarre the witch-woman. For memories alone remain. We may well dare, as Alfgar dared, to preserve our faith in that which is beyond and above us: but we would wiseliest keep faith, even so, in silence as to that which our lean human senses now deny. For memories alone remain. We that have reached our middle life may not any longer behold Ettarre with that clearness which is granted to our juniors: and this is an unpleasant fact, this is indeed in some sort a taunt, which must, to-day and for all time, obscurely discontent the living of every poet who has entered into his prosaic and over-quiet fifties, and who has discovered, quietly, that of the lad who followed after Ettarre now memories alone remain.

Even so, it has been recorded what all these maimed and discontented poets yet cry to the witch-woman: “We would have nothing changed. That loveliness which we saw once and then lost forever, and that music which we heard just once and might not ever hear again, were things more fine than is contentment. Hail and farewell, Ettarre! ”

III. WHICH CATALOGUES THE UNBORN

LOOK back upon those various other books which, once, were to have been a part of the Biography of the life of Manuel, and which for one reason or another reason did not ever get written. . . . As to the burning of the first version of *Something About Eve* I have already spoken, in the Author's Note to that volume. Besides, the Comedy of Fig-Leaves did eventually get finished; and it so stands upon a rather different plane.

But, as far back as 1905, the first *Romance of Lusignan* was destroyed. Some of the most scholarly looking notes made for it yet survive the long perished manuscript, with such impressive references to mediæval literature that it seems a large pity these notes cannot be used somehow. This romance, it should here be explained, had not anything to do with the book now known as *Domnei*; but dealt, instead, with the amours of Hugh de Lusignan and Isabella of Angoulême, who married, first, King John of England at a time when she was betrothed to Lusignan, and twenty years afterward married Lusignan, who was at the time betrothed to her daughter. . . . For, at this season, I had planned that this Isabella should, with the connivance of her two husbands, become the ancestress of all the characters in the Biography, and should thus play the part more lately allotted to Dom Manuel. But this

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plan about Isabella proved a false start, howsoever engaging was her story in itself. I found that I must deal, all through the Biography, with a man's life from a male point of view; and, as Chloris has acutely remarked, an ancestress is always feminine.

In 1908 was destroyed a novel dealing with the Earl of Pevensey who flourished in England under King Charles the Second. About this story, which seems not ever to have had a finally chosen title, I can remember very little save that my protagonist pursued, among other ladies, the not obdurate Duchesse de la Rivière, whose daughter some years later, in *The High Place*, became the first wife of Florian de Puysange. Although a fragment of this story yet survives, in *Olivia's Pottage*, no notes made for it exist; and I believe that not much of it was ever written.

But a well-nigh completed novel was burned in 1913. This related the story of Cynthia Allonby and Edward Musgrave (both of whom you have already encountered in *Porcelain Cups*, apart from the possibility that this Cynthia may figure also in *Judith's Creed*), and of their emigration to America. But the tale itself dealt rather with their daughter, Katherine Musgrave, who was wooed by such august persons as George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and by Henry Stuart, Prince of Wales (who did not truly die in 1612, if this chronicle was to be believed, but survived incognito, under the name of Gervase Woods), and by Opechancanough, the Indian Emperor of Paumaunkey.

This story seems to me, in retrospection, to have had fair possibilities. It began in St. Helen's church-yard, at Abingdon, in Berkshire, and it ended at Nat-

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ural Bridge in Virginia. And that was the precise trouble with it: the story obstinately dealt with real places at an actual time. So this romance was sacrificed in the end, just as the story about Pevensey had been sacrificed — in the end, — to my resolution, formed after the completing of *Gallantry*, to avoid, in so far as was humanly possible, ever laying the scene of any story in a milieu which I myself had not created. I needed in my own little world to be omnipotent, and to move untrammelled by historic facts which any demiurge other than I had brought into being. So, after desperately endowing America with another English settlement contemporaneous with Jamestown, to be the theatre of my story, and after finding that this device simply would not do, I destroyed all: and I went back to work upon *The Strength of the Hills*.

But this too, in 1914, was destroyed. . . . *The Strength of the Hills* was a modern romance which dealt mainly with Cynthia Musgrave and with that George Bulmer who appears, not very importantly, in *The Cords of Vanity*, as Mr. Townsend's uncle. In the background of the comedy was a most regrettable story of embezzlement and incest; and Dame Venus herself, that lady of the hollow hill, figured in it; and it all ended in Cynthia's marrying, not George Bulmer, but one of the Chaytors: this much alone I can remember.

Then, also, I once wrote out a good part of the story of Wilhelmina Musgrave. But I did not finish it. I intended, after all, to go on living in Virginia, in which commonwealth the facts of the story I had in mind are so widely known that any relating of these facts in print would beget prompt and frenzied edi-

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torials as to such an unheard-of slander of the South's old aristocracy. . . . And I recall the partially written book about Lord Hervey — I refer to Pope's *Sporus*, — and that other never finished book about Katherine Parr and her four husbands; and that story of Ninzian's part in the colonization of America, whereby he earned his pardon from Lucifer; and the ten tales concerned with Richard Harrowby; and the modern dizain about Lichfield. . . . Yes, off and on, I have contributed a sizeable number of volumes to the library of John Charteris, — of which he reads most often, I am tolerably sure, that book which was to have been about him.

Yet I daresay that Charteris himself, as well as every other author, has contributed to that blessed library at least a volume or two: and we each know how excellent are all those books which we planned and did not ever write.

IV. WHICH STRAYS INTO CONTRAPUNTAL FORM

LET us therefore give hearty thanks for those books which we planned and did not ever write. Such was their happy fate that against their loveliness no compositor has upraised his impious blunt pencil, to question or their grammar or their spelling, nor to command any Procrustean operations upon their perfected prose. These books did not come back to us in proof bescribbled with insane suggestions in blue and eruptive with the uncivil verdant comment, "This page is one line too long." Not ever were their chapter endings marred with the brisk and over-businesslike order, "Add something here to make five lines."

Nowhere in these books did any printer's error cunningly elude our eyes through all the long, laborious proof-reading until, at last, from the fair page of an irrevocably bound volume, that error, in triumphant enormity, might skip forth like a very tiny coal-black fiend. These books were not printed upon paper which scattered in the reader's lap white dust. No fault whatever dimmed the beauty of those books which we planned and, for one reason or another reason, did not ever write.

Nor did any criticaster mishandle them. They, they alone of all our books, were not put in their proper and unenviable place by the indubious godlings who are quite certain about all things which be, saving only

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the truism that if their judgments had value they themselves would not be writing book reviews for the local Sunday paper. These books did not provoke those even more depressing pæans which so belauded our excellence, in such very handsome superlatives, that we for a glad while had read on, beamingly, well into the third paragraph, before being smitten down by the knowledge that only a well-meaning idiot could possibly have written those last five lines.

For these books escaped all ills. The *Dial* did not praise them, nor did William Lyon Phelps at any time asperse their literary merits with his approval. The Book-of-the-Month Club respectfully ignored them as it pimped for the inane among the illiterate. They were not awarded a Pulitzer Prize. They were honored in all ways, were those books which we planned and, for one reason or another reason, did not ever write.

So is it that to-day not even their contrivers can discover in these books any flaw. These books do not raise the untactful questions: "What butterfingers could have let this adverb thus slip its moorings and settle here, of all places, where it adheres to the wrong word? What bungler thus divorced this pronoun from its noun? However came this sentence to end with a phrase of so grave unimportance? What kleptomaniac pilfered hence a comma? And how, in Jehovah's most high name, did anybody ever come to write, so very maladroitly, any such moonstruck nonsense as maunders through those wholly dreadful last five lines?"

They only of our books do not thus humiliate us. They repay not any months and no years of labor by arraigning us, in every printed page, upon the double

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counts of time-wasting and of botchery. For they stay forever beautiful, and urbane, and always kindly companionable, those books which we planned and, for one reason or another reason, did not ever write.

v. WHICH TAKES UP AN UNPROFITABLE SUBJECT

BUT this *Townsend of Lichfield*, to go back a bit, was to have dealt with Mr. Townsend's personal observations as to American letters since 1903 and as to life in Lichfield during the same period, and it was to handle both themes candidly. So I daresay that, for my own comfort's sake, it is quite as well that the book never got written.

It would not, of course, have been an especially notable book. I have previously pointed out that in creative writing no instance of first-class art has ever been a truthful reproduction of the artist's own era. This is a statement which so many have derided as to make the circumstance seem mildly curious that nobody has ever educed any such instances of first-class fiction, in any of fiction's various branches, as would seem to deny this fact. . . . *Townsend of Lichfield* would have been, though, howsoever remote from a masterpiece, a peculiarly diverting book to write. It would have gratified my curiosity, for one matter, in that it would have enabled me to find out whether or no he ever married Bettie Hamlyn. And it would have summed up, as fairly as I could, the comedy of my own generation in American letters and the comedy of my own generation in the life of Lichfield.

It would thus have dealt with a state of affairs, and with an entire civilization, now wholly done with: and its punning title would have been well justified,

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now that the Lichfield about which I have written so much is as thoroughly ended as is Poictesme. Moreover, the book would have had for the younger generation a very positive historic value. It would thus have been, perhaps to an even greater degree than *The Way of Ecben*, an appropriate thesis to commemorate my graduation from, and my eternal leave-taking of, the younger generation, alike in life and in letters.

I for the second time approach, thus unavoidably, a theme which nobody can approach with any real profit. I mean, the younger generation. I mean that the conduct of the younger generation is a topic concerning which the sole possible verdict to be rendered from the more sedate side of forty was long ago fixed by adamantean usage.

To such time-ripened judgment the activities of the younger generation have always, without any exception, been a sign of world-wide degeneracy ever since these activities provoked the Deluge, and brought about the decadence of Rome — *ætas parentum tulit nos nequiores*, you may find Horace lamenting at, quaintly enough, about the time of Christ's birth, — and enraged Dante, and upset John Milton into reams of marmoreal blank verse, and, at a slightly later period, aggrieved the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

From the beginning, it would seem, all really matured opinion has been at one on the point that the younger generation was speeding posthaste to the dogs. Since the commencement of recorded literature, in any event, full proof has not been lacking that oldsters everywhere in every era have drawn a snarling comfort from this pronouncement just as perti-

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naciously, and just as pathetically, as the world's current youth has always been positive that, once everybody over fifty was disposed of, the human race was bound for the millennium around the next corner but one.

In practice, though, the younger generation appears invariably to get to middle age before it does to either the dogs or the millennium; and then of course replaces the fallacies of youth with such substitutes for logic as middle age finds acceptable whenever it discourses as to yet another pestiferous younger generation.

Of middle age I intend to speak later. Meanwhile, so far as I may conjecture, the younger generation has always passed through its so brief career in a never failing excitement,—an excitement roused by the discovery that the existence of God is open to dispute, but that the pleasures of coition are not.

I can well recall that in my own Victorian first heyday these facts were known. They were not, to be sure, very often encountered in print: but in the conversation of the young, and especially in, as it were, co-educational tête-à-têtes, I am afraid that no themes were more familiar.

VI. WHICH APPROACHES A FICTITIOUS CITY

THAT fictitious city which I have called Lichfield may of course have differed from all other places: yet I think it did not: and I really cannot remember that in our late Victorian, entirely imaginary Lichfield (McKinley being Consul), young persons when left to themselves were over-rigorously hampered either in speech or action. Certain words one avoided: but all these had many synonyms, apart from the fact that the things they stood for could be, and were, made lively communicative in pantomime. In brief, all our unlegalized and callow, but consummated, amours were conducted with a civil furtiveness, yet without, in the last outcome, demanding any strenuous and time-taxing amount of concealment.

One found, instead, that society at large was here, in a benevolent, slightly flustered way, intent to ignore what was plain enough. Approaching points a bit more delicate, and entering now in reverie the Rooseveltian era, one found that intelligent husbands and intelligent parents had every logical reason to avoid publicity for all such discoveries as they, in either capacity, would particularly deplore. It followed that the Rooseveltian husband or the Rooseveltian parent — in Lichfield, — whensoever visited by unavoidable suspicions, was at polite pains not to verify them.

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For, in this concededly fictitious city, we had the rule of thumb, to which I have elsewhere alluded in the stories about Lichfield, that "immoral" conduct did not exist until some open mention of it was printed in the local newspapers. . . . It is an odd fact that to be mentioned in a New York paper, as the mishaps of Lichfield now and then were mentioned (with those Northerners' notorious lack of good breeding), did not count. One could ignore that; one could pretend not to have seen it: and one did. . . . Meanwhile, fairly well-connected persons could have pretty much anything "kept out of the papers" — out of, that is, the only two papers which counted, — short of a murder or a suicide. Neither, I rejoice to report, occurred over frequently in the best circles. And, besides, whosoever among really nice people alcohol or the divided affections of a gentlewoman did result in an undeniable murder, then the police were conveniently obtuse about finding any clues as to its perpetrator, and the whole affair was quickly dropped: whereas a suicide, when committed by a person of sufficiently high social standing, was described always, in print, as a regrettable accident.

Embezzlements also, now that I think of it, were awkward, since they necessitated a brief paragraph: but this was printed inconspicuously, on the second or third page of the paper, where, again, you could loyally pretend not to have seen it. . . . I can recall a veritable epidemic of embezzlements committed by junior members of the leading Lichfieldian families. But I recall, too, that every difficulty was quietly settled out of court, and that nobody went to jail. The jail was for colored people. . . . As concerns adultery and fornication, I really cannot de-

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scribe Lichfield's attitude toward such matters any more clearly than I have already done in *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck* and in *Something About Eve*. Such affairs, howsoever widely known, or howsoever freely discussed in private conversation, were nevertheless assumed, as a social rule of thumb, simply not to exist among the wellbred; and they were thus comfortably disposed of, through this bland assumption, without ever troubling anybody's home life or moral standards. The oligarchy of Lichfield, in fine, was held together with innumerable small bonds of mutual silence. . . . Under such a régime — the collapse of which *Townsend of Lichfield* was to have depicted, — the younger generation was more quiet than are its present day successors in Lichfield and in all other places: but I cannot assert that, beneath this relative quietness, it was any the less sophisticated, nor that it sacrificed upon the altars of respectability any undue amount of carnal indulgence.

VII. WHICH TOUCHES YOUTH AND UNCRABBÉD AGE

INCLINE, in short, to think that in human economy the younger generation has always remained a tolerably staple product. Its language varies, as does also perhaps, at times, the pitch of its voice: but its theme does not vary. Its age-old theme is, always, a restatement of the truism that its elders have lied about most matters, and have mismanaged all matters, beyond human endurance. And its mistake is — always — to believe that the lying and the mismanagement may by and by be remedied.

For youth, to the one side, has faith and hope. But middle age tends rather to dismiss these two cardinal virtues in favor of charity. Youth, in a less happy aspect, is heir to the superior pleasures of pessimism, and to the warm gustos of moral indignation: but middle age has mastered that invaluable gesture which is known as a shrug.

Meanwhile, until forty-five or thereabouts, no man has any first-hand knowledge as to the average of human life, through the sufficing reason that he has seen but tatters and small scattered segments of the affair. At forty-five, though, he has watched his own thinned generation straggle into maturity, and the generation of his parents filed away in caskets. Old age still remains to be endured — perhaps. But he has observed it, day by day, through near half a

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century: he has seen his elders pass, by the hundreds, baffled and withered and yet, in some pathetic way, content enough: so that he knows in general terms what old age too is like.

Thus does it come about that to whosoever reaches forty-five the entire average course of human life has been displayed in somewhat the bewildering fashion of a moving picture of which the first and second halves are being shown simultaneously on the same screen. The spectator has got little enough out of it, God knows. Even so, he has the sad advantage of one who has not yet witnessed the inconsequent, astounding jumble. He at least has perceived it all with his own senses: he has perceived, with an immediacy which no report can parallel, what actually does befall the average man between the hours of birth and death: and it remains an affair of which his knowledge, howsoever blurred, and howsoever limited, comes to him at first hand. He is not dependent, as his juniors yet stay necessarily dependent, as even the superior thirties yet stay dependent, upon guess-work and the statements of others and those extremely misleading posters in the lobby. . . . Or let us vary the figure. Let us say that the traveler who has made a journey, it matters not how unperceptive his nature, does, after all, know more about that particular journey than is ever revealed to the most faithful and the most imaginative student of guidebooks.

Thus, then, the average of human life has been shown in its entirety to every man of forty-five. The verdicts vary: but you may note, even so, that after forty-five the cynic and the pessimist turn unaccountably mellow. Life, it would seem, like a trip to the

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dentist, is not so very bad, after all, once you have put up with it. Life does not bid fair, to the tiring eyes of forty-five, ever to become a perfect business: and to preserve any especial altruism at forty-five is to present a happily rare case of arrested development. But the point is that when the performance has been witnessed, in its entirety, and with one's own senses, then the average of human life does tend to seem well enough just as it stands. The lying and the mismanagement do not promise ever to be rectified: but that appears hardly an elegiac matter, after all; for middle age, I repeat, has mastered that invaluable gesture which is known as a shrug.

Such is the discovery made by all men at forty-five or thereabouts: such, if you so prefer to phrase it, is the illusion to which middle age becomes a victim: such, in any case, is the eternal crux between middle age and youth. Youth is credulous in many matters, but upon one single issue youth stays as iron and granite: youth does not ever believe that life serves well enough just as it stands. To believe that such is just possibly the case remains the attested hall-mark of middle life. . . . Thereafter optimism develops insidiously: and the most of us sink, cackling thinly, into an amiable senescence.

VIII. WHICH CHRONICLES AN OFFSET

BUT it is with the younger generation in letters, rather than in life, that I am here the more distinctly concerned, now that time dissevers me from both. . . . For this never written *Townsend of Lichfield* was to have made plain the fact of there being in literary fields at least one rather striking offset to that particular bit of knowledge to which I have just now referred, as being acquired by most men at forty-five. It is that any writer who thus comes to forty-five has purchased his knowledge without — at best — improving upon his chances of communicating that knowledge.

For, after forty-five or thereabouts, it is inevitable that a writer should cease to develop as a writer, just as he ceases to develop as a mammal. No one of his faculties, whatsoever else may happen to them, can improve after that all-arresting date. Some few — though not many authors, it more or less inexplicably appears, — begin to fail earlier. But the average writer has reached his peak at, to my finding, forty; and with favoring luck, with all that he has learned of technique to counterbalance a perhaps lessened exuberance in creative power, he may retain that peak for some years. Yet this retention profits him little. He has nothing new to give: and you may look henceforward to get from him no surprises.

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Ultimately this does not matter: and, where the writer is at all remembered, posterity selects, in a rough and ready and very often wrong-headed fashion, that which posterity esteems to be the best of this writer's work, without any need to bother over the relative order of its composition, nor, of course, over the writer's age at the time when he allowed himself the diversion of doing this or the other particular bit of writing. But during the remainder of the man's career as a practising author, and during the remainder of his stay upon earth, this individuality which permeates the work of every writer worth his salt, and which keeps the exercises of an authentic genius always homogeneous, does matter a great deal, to the debit side of his ledger.

For we ask — not at all illogically, — that a new book shall contain something new. We expect, in fine, some element of surprise: and after a writer's style is fairly formed, after his talents have each been competently developed, that is precisely the one element which he cannot supply. There is, from his point of view, no reason why he should supply it. He is still — so does he think, perhaps rightly, perhaps in merciful illusion, — still at his best, such as that best is. Yet, even be he right, each book that he publishes is a disappointment, howsoever loyally concealed, to his readers; and his most excellent work no longer produces the same effect upon his readers, because that excellence is familiar.

Every considerate person must respect, for example, the genius of Mr. Kipling and of Mr. Shaw, of Mr. Wells and of Mr. Bennett: yet the publication of a new book by any one of them is not, nowadays, an event in which it is possible to take real interest.

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It is an event which at bottom we deplore. And so is it with every writer whose manner has been admirable long enough to become familiar. He publishes perforce a book which in every essential we have already read, time and again. We purchase, or it may be that we do but tender a more thrifty homage in the form of asking for his last new novel at the free public library, in our fealty to old delight. But we labor through the reading of it with a sort of unadmitted impatience, by which those braver persons who write book reviews are irritated far more candidly.

Meanwhile the report gets about that the man is making money out of his writing: and in the corrupting miasma of that rumor no literary reputation, howsoever lusty, can long survive. It follows thus that by the time a tolerably successful artist in letters is really in full control of his powers, such as they are, he is definitely, for the rest of his lifetime, outmoded. In fact, he has become in some sort a pest.

There is loss here for the reader, though, I confess, I can see no possible way out. But for the artist there is no weighty loss, nor any valid ground upon which, as it were, to repine. Every artist in letters must become, ere he reach sixty, more or less of a nuisance to the world of current reading-matter: but that, after all, is not an affair with which he himself is vitally concerned. For this sybarite spoils paper, as I have elsewhere tried to explain, for his own diversion: he knows that the artist, lucky above all men, and alone of human beings, is sometimes, if only for a season, praised, and even is paid sound money, for diverting himself: and he knows, too, that to the artist, when the applause lessens and the autograph hunters depart, there still remains the chance —

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granted to him alone of human beings,— to continue to divert himself in precisely that way which he most prefers.

But from the front ranks of contemporary writers, from the ranks of those who exercise an actually vital and yet growing influence, an author at about the time of his fiftieth birthday must withdraw perforce. It matters not (for the while) whether his writing now be better or be worse than it was in that occluded time when the manner of his writing seemed new. That manner has become, to his contemporaries, hackneyed. And so the real interest of his contemporaries has been turned — again, perforce, — to those younger writers who have at least the one indispensable quality. They are new.

IX. WHICH DEALS WITH THE DEPLORABLE

MEANWHILE, I have said, "The average writer has reached his peak at, to my finding, forty: and with favoring luck, with all that he has learned of technique to counterbalance a perhaps lessened exuberance in creative power, he may retain that peak for some years." The trouble is that he does not retain it indefinitely: the trouble is that in no great while the creative power is quite surely lessened; and the technique does but play futilely with the picked bones of defunct talents. The trouble is, in brief, that even for the most prodigally gifted of creative writers the way lies, by and by, downhill forever.

It has been the fate of but too many of our more captivating prosateurs to outlive their powers (which was a venial and often an unavoidable happening), and to outlive the desire to write, and yet, whether out of sheer habit or out of man's normal need for an income, to go on writing,—which was in all respects a calamity. . . . Here my theme becomes difficult. For to name here the living were uncivil. It is politely possible, though, to point in one embracing gesture to Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, — inasmuch as their merits nowadays have no least concern with the demerits of *Count Robert of Paris* or of *Edwin Drood* or of *Philip*, — and to recall the arid inferiority of these dead giants' later labors,

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without any more of human pleasure than we unavoidably get from our betters' downfall.

It is possible, too, to let the last-named speak for the three of them. "All I can do now," said Thackeray,—at about the time of his fiftieth birthday,—"is to bring out my old puppets, and put new bits of ribbon on them. I have told my tale in the novel department. I only repeat old things in a pleasant way. I have nothing new to say. I get sick of my task when I am ill, and I think, 'Good Heavens! what is all this story about.'"

It is a query which has been echoed by his readers, and by the readers of Dickens, and by the readers of Scott, and by the readers of many another aging novelist. . . . I pause here. I am tempted. But I reflect, rather wistfully, that I had resolved to name in this place no living American author.

I now regret that resolve. I would much like here to speak frankly of my own generation in American letters. . . . For it was, in so far as it stays at all memorable, the first generation which criticized the polity of the United States. It was the first generation which said flatly, All is not well with this civilization. And it was, pre-eminently, the generation which destroyed taboos,—not all taboos, of course, but a great many of those fetishes which the preceding generations had all left in unmolested honor.

To the other side, it is a generation of which the present day survivors appear, to my finding, a bit ludicrously to go on fighting battles that were won long ago. It is a generation which nowadays evinces a quite distressing tendency to preserve at all costs the posture of Ajax defying the lightnings under an unclouded sky. It has thus become, already, a de-

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pressingly comic spectacle. It has done its work successfully: and that gratifying fact is the one fact which this generation of writers who prided themselves upon facing all facts, will not face to-day. Instead, it goes on working at its some-while-since-finished job, and it tilts at dead dragons, rather dodderingly, in the beginning palsy of superannuation.

So is it that, speaking always under the correction of time, I would say this is a generation destined quite quickly to be huddled away, by man's common-sense, into oblivion. For this generation has said, All is not well. To say that is permitted; to say that is indeed a conventional gambit in every known branch of writing. But this generation thereafter proffered no panacea: and that especial form of reticence is not long permissible. To the contrary it is plain here that, just as Manuel told Coth, the dream is better. It is man's nature to seek the dream; he requires an ever-present recipe for the millennium; and he vitally needs faith in some panacea or another which by and by will correct all ills. This generation has proffered no such recipe: and that queer omission has suggested, howsoever obliquely, that just possibly no panacea may exist anywhere.

This is a truth which man's intelligence can confront for no long while. He very much prefers that equivalent of hashish which I have seen described, in the better thought of and more tedious periodicals, as constructive criticism. Most properly, therefore, have those junior writers who were not ever harried by taboos, or by the draft laws, begun to suggest a tasteful variety of panaceas: and all persons blessed with common-sense will eventually select, if but at random, some one or another of these recipes,

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wherein to invest faith, and wherefrom to extract comfort.

Meanwhile all intelligent persons will, moreover, put out of mind, as soon as may be possible, that unique and bothersome generation of writers who suggested no panacea whatever. . . . And meanwhile, too, as I remarked above, I intend here to say not anything about this generation, which *Townsend of Lichfield* would more or less have commemorated.

Even so, you will see, I trust, my point. In rough figures, all the available evidence tends to show that after fifty the professional creative writer is but too apt to labor in an ever-thickening shadow of decadence. There may be exceptions to this rule, as there are exceptions to every other rule; yet I believe that, if they indeed exist, they are few: and, in any case, one does not build upon exceptions.

x. WHICH AT LONG LAST SAYS ALL

I DETERMINED, therefore, now some ten years ago, to finish the Biography of the life of Manuel before I had passed fifty, if it were granted me to live that long; and afterward to add no line to, and to change in nothing, the Biography. The Biography stands now, to my partial gaze, a completed and individual book. With the lateliest added of its twenty parts — I allude to *Something About Eve*, the last of my publishings to have any general circulation, — the reviewers have dealt in a sufficing vein of pleasantness; moreover, this comedy has evoked dispraise from all the desirable quarters; and for a respectable, but not incriminating, number of weeks did the Comedy of Fig-Leaves also figure in the lists of “best sellers.”

The autograph hunters, Heaven and the postman be my witnesses, have not yet departed. I find that, day in, day out, I mail to “collectors” rather more of my book plates than I paste in my books. I am quite often favored with invitations to address, if but gratis, the local woman’s club in some town of which I had not previously heard. I am honored now and then with the suggestion that I present my collected works, with each volume suitably inscribed and signed, to one or another public library. School children write me every day or so, requesting that I prepare for them a sketch of my life, illustrated with

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at least two photographs, of my home and person severally, and that I add thereto a full critical account of the books which I have written and of my general æsthetic theories. They desire in particular to know the names of my books.

Meanwhile, young men continue to solicit my tuition in black magic and my opinion of journalism as a profession. Only yesterday I received a letter from a thitherto-unknown-to-me young lady of the Middle West who is conducting "an experimental study of love" and had thought of me as a possible collaborator. Wives write to me about their husbands, quite explicitly. Beginning authors yet favor me with the manuscripts of novels which they desire me to rewrite and get published for them. Entire strangers still ring my doorbell upon the plea that they are in town only for the day and would like to spend that day with me. . . . I may consider myself, in fine, for all that my books have not ever sold in such quantities as a publisher might reasonably prefer, to be honored with a fair allotment of the annoyances of notoriety, now that I come to be fifty.

Let no one mistake me here. I have already enumerated those causes which must lead every considerate person to believe that bleak oblivion and general disregard await me, beyond any rational doubt, in common with all the writers of my generation. My point is merely that at this especial season I find myself to be, as yet, appreciably far from either reward. My point is that this especial season would therefore seem the happiest and the most fit time to wind up the long enterprise of the Biography of the life of Manuel, while everyone concerned stays, as yet, in a fairly genial humor. My point, in brief, is

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that the date which I had set for this winding up of the Biography's affairs turns out to be, after all, a rather well chosen date, now that I come to make this Dizain of Adieux.

For the rest, with that which futurely I may or may not write, the Biography of the life of Manuel will be in no way connected: and neither with the Biography's merits nor with its faults have I any further concern. I merely know it is the best and most carefully perfected writing which could be achieved by the limited talents, and in the quite as immutably limited time, allotted to me as a human being. I know that it is what I most wanted to do. I know that I have done it.

It follows that, although I honestly regret I shall now not ever write *Townsend of Lichfield*,—because, as I remarked at outset, the book would have annoyed such a great host of people whom it is really one's altruistic duty to annoy,—yet to-day, as my finished and forever put-by plaything faces me for the last time, I am well content with the Biography. . . . I would have you observe, though, that I am content upon entirely unliterary grounds. I am content because this toy has been to me a source of never-failing diversion for some twenty-eight years: therefore I am content; therefore is my individual and my only sentiment toward the Biography that of warm gratitude. The sentiments of all other persons as to this insufferably long book in eighteen volumes are, by the very worst of luck, beyond my control.

Richmond-in-Virginia
14 April 1929

II

THE WHITE ROBE A SAINT'S SUMMARY

“Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins; and the wolf shall dwell with the lamb.”

— In this story, as completed in April, 1928, I have but attempted to blend selected portions of the Life or Legend of Odo of Valnères, as taken from the text published by the Rev. Fathers of the College of St. Hoprig, at Aigremont, in 1885 (tom. VI. S. Hoprigis Opera Omnia) with La Vrillière's brief account of the blessed Odo's relations with Gui de Puysange (De Puysange et son temps, pp. 5-7). For the seventeenth century manuscript (codex 43f32 in the Vatican Library) from which the Rev. Fathers' printed legend is derived, ascribes of course to the old sorcerer no family name, and does not anywhere presume to mention the then powerful race of Puysange. La Vrillière, writing after the French Revolution, could afford to be bolder: and we profit by the event.

I add merely that it was this Gui de Puysange who materialized the Collyn, of which, as of Gui also, you have heard somewhat in The High Place.

For

FRANCES NEWMAN

—inevitably—this story of dead lovers that were faithful.

HEREWITH begins the history of that blessed Odo who, even as the morning star makes light the womb of a black cloud, shone with the bright beams of his life and teaching; who by his dazzling radiance led into the light them that shivered in the gray cloud of the shadow of death; and who, like unto the rainbow giving light in the white clouds, set forth in his righteous ending the seal of his Master's covenant.

I. OF HIS MANNER OF LIFE IN THE SECULAR STATE

THE blessed Odo had tended the sheep of Guillaume Diaz for nearly a year before he went into the Druid wood which is called Bovion, with Pierre la Charonne. It was thus that, under an elm tree, young Odo, who was as yet a little stained with the dust of his worldly journeying, first saw the Lord of the Forest.

That dark Master gave a wolf skin to each of the boys and a pot of ointment with which a man might anoint his body whensoever he was wearied of inhabiting it. The Master, also, after they had made a covenant with him and had tendered homage to both of his faces, baptized the boys, after the quaint formula of his very old religion, with the new and secret names of Prettyman and Princox.

After that, the pair used to run coursing in the shape of wolves until, in the unfortunate manner tiffs come about so quickly out of the hot-headed play of youth, the two lads quarreled one night over a particularly fine heifer. They fought; and after Odo had feasted upon two delicacies instead of one, then Odo hunted alone.

The best time for this joyous gaming, he found, was an hour or a half-hour before dawn when the moon was on the wane. The lustiness of his chosen overlord was then at prime; and those relatively parvenu gods and archangels, as yet precariously perched

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up in heaven, seemed not strong enough to deal with rebels. It was then that Odo used to snarl and yelp his praise of the kindly power which enabled him without any hindrance to enjoy the most profound and soul-stirring delights. He exulted, as a zealous Old Believer, thus to attest the strength and shrewdness of his dark Master.

At this season Odo le Noir went as an animal somewhat shorter and stouter than a real wolf, with a smaller head, a pronged tail, and a rather reddish pelt. He diverted himself with sheep and dogs and cattle of all kinds, but the young of his own race he found the daintiest hunting.

There was no little gossip, and some serious complaint, about the wild beast which was ravaging the Val-Ardray district, because, with the habitual impetuosity of youth, Black Odo kept no measure in his recreations. The ill-nourished cattle and children of the lower classes were of no large value. But, at Nointel, Odo had entered the Lord of Basardra's home, and, finding no one there but the Countess's last baby, in its gilded and blue-veiled cradle, he had seized and carried off this really important sprig of nobility, and by and by, behind a hedge in the garden, he had left the remainder of the ruined small body to be discovered, as it happened, by the Lord of Basardra himself. No nobleman could view without displeasure such freedoms with his offspring.

Odo created even more scandal, however, when near Lisuarte he attacked the Castellan's daughter, a charming and delightfully plump young lady of eleven. Her also he put out of living, by and by. But everyone knew there had been something irregular about the affair, because her white and red

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garments were not torn in quite the way they would have been had wolves born of a wolf's body made the assault.

Thus for a while Odo le Noir lived very merrily and was obedient to no one save the Lord of the Forest. This loving master initiated the boy into old and strange diversions, and he promised an even finer future.

"I design great things for you, my Prettyman," the Master would assure Black Odo, "and I intend that you shall go far in the service to which we are both enlisted."

II. OF HIS ARDENT LOVE AND APPROACH TO MARTYRDOM

NOW in these years Ettarre was living, in the appearance of a peasant girl, at the foot of the hills behind Perdigon, and she made her home in the thatched hut of an ancient couple who regarded and treated her as their own child. They loved their fosterling: they did not suspect that she had been fetched from the gray spaces behind the moon to live upon earth, in many bodies, as the eternal victim and the eternal mockery of all men: and, in fact, there was at this time no talk of any sort about Ettarre except that here and there people said she was one of the witches of Amneran.

At this time also, on an April afternoon, in open daylight, a wolf attacked the peasant girl Ettarre while she was watching the cow and the four sheep, but she defended herself boldly with the fallen branch of an oak tree. After that the stout reddish-colored animal drew back and sat down like a dog upon his haunches, at a more comfortably remote distance, of about twelve paces, and thence looked at her for a longish while. A thrush chirped and twittered overhead. The wolf presently yawned; he trotted away; and Ettarre at supper mentioned, as a curious circumstance, that the beast's tail was pronged.

It was just after this that young Odo le Noir began his courtship of Ettarre the peasant girl, whom some

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believed to be a witch-woman, and now the boy followed her everywhither.

“Most charming Ettarre! my own heart’s darling!” he would say, “there was never anybody who was more white and tender than is your body.”

“But you, Black Odo, are much too dark for my taste.”

“I did not speak of taste, Ettarre. Yet your bright eyes so dazzle me that I know not of what I am speaking.”

“Your eyes, Black Odo, are too strange and deep-set. When, as so rarely happens, you look straight into my face, then your wild eyes, Black Odo, are made horrible by that red and flaring light which shows behind them.”

“Do you not laugh at me, Ettarre, but let us two be friends after the manner of the friendly beasts!”

“I would not have you laugh, black beast; for your teeth are long and sharp, and I loathe the sight of them.”

“Yet is my hunger for you very great — ”

“And what is that to me, whose dislike of you is so much greater?”

“Let us touch hands, then, in farewell! ”

“Not even your hand will I touch willingly, Black Odo, for your finger-nails are unpleasantly long and like the claws of a wolf.”

With that, the fair girl fled away from him, across a meadow where cowslips grew. It seemed to Odo that a strange and troubling music followed after her. In any case, this meeting was but a sample of many other meetings. And never at any time would Ettarre listen to his wooing: but the boy Odo continued to desire this peasant girl.

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Yet his most deep desires were for the Lord of the Forest, and for the delights which they shared in the Druid wood, and for the even larger gustos that were to be the rewards of Odo's fearlessness by and by. "I design great things for you, my Prettyman," the Master would assure him, "and I intend that you shall go far in the service to which we are both enlisted."

Even after Odo had been seized, and in the while that he lay in the dark prison at Lisuarte, the Master would come to him at night, and would fondle him, and would repeat this assurance.

III. OF HIS CONFESSION AND CONVERSION

BLACK ODO was brought before the criminal court at Yair. He confessed everything, and departed from the truth only in saying it was Ettarre the wicked witch-woman, who had seduced his innocence, who had first led him to the Lord of the Forest, and who had three times rubbed him all over with the ointment and helped him into the wolf skin. But Ettarre, after she also had been fetched to Yair, would confess nothing. Her stubbornness sadly tried the patience of her judges: yet these earnest men did not despair, but tortured her white flesh again and again, even until she died, in their long-suffering attempts to win the obstinate girl to candor and repentance.

The tweezers and hammers and hot irons were not needed in cross-examining Odo, since he confessed so freely whatsoever any of his black-robed judges suggested, and then went edifyingly far beyond any merely judicial imagining. Odo, called Le Noir, was therefore found guilty upon all counts.

Messire Gui de Puysange, president of the court, pronounced the sentence. His long fingers played idly with the large silver inkstand before him in the while that he was speaking. He pointed out that, thanks to the progress of science, in the enlightened age whose benefits they were all sharing, lycanthropy, or that form of mania in which the patient imagined

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himself to be, and acted as, a wolf, was now known to be an hallucination, or, as some learned persons thought, a form of chronic insanity, and, in either case, was, to the eyes of the considerate, more properly an affliction than a crime. The said Odo, called Le Noir, must in consequence, and in consideration of his youth and of the corrupting influence exerted by his deceased paramour, and in consideration of his lack of educational advantages, be sent to the monastery at Aigremont, for better restraint and rearing, and for the re-establishment of his mental and spiritual health, said Messire de Puysange. Science, gentlemen, said Messire de Puysange, science was at last, in these progressive times, teaching us how to deal sanely with the insane.

Over this rather neat epigram, felt generally to be a credit to the bench, his confrères blinked and nodded like a roosting line of benevolent owls. But the condemned boy wept a little. Youth parts from its illusions with pain; and Odo saw that it was his dear Lord of the Forest who, in a long black gown and a curled mountain of blond hair, was pronouncing this sentence, so that Odo knew the Master was only the head of the coven of Amneran, a mere sorcerer, and not the glorious being whom Odo had thought him.

So it was that the blessed Odo, as yet a little stained with the dust of his worldly journeying, lost faith in the Devil as a dependable ally.

And for a long while Black Odo was not happy in the Monastery of St. Hoprig, but went about on all fours, eating only such food as he could find upon the ground. He still craved the delights of his nocturnal hunting, he thought especially about small

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girls, and he was constantly hoping it would not be long before he had another opportunity of tasting the food he desired. Yet by and by, a little by a little, he grew reconciled to the quiet and easy life of the monastery.

He became interested in religious matters. He delighted in particular to have the good monks tell him about the suffering of the saints upon this wicked earth, and how these holy persons had been broiled and flayed and hacked into quivering mince-meat for their faith's sake. When he listened to these stories he sat huddled, with his legs crossed very tightly. At times his shoulders twitched convulsively. Then the boy would growl, and wipe away the white foam which was dribbling thinly from the corners of his mouth.

Young Odo, too, was never wearied of discussing with his religious instructors the cunning torments which the damned must suffer eternally: and of the more intimate details of these tortures he began to speak with a fervor which was truly devout. In fine, grace entered into his heart, he desired himself to become an officially accredited servant of Heaven, and the order of St. Hoprig gladly received this most notable brand from the burning.

Sometimes, even after the novice had entered into his holy vocation, the Lord of the Forest would come to him in the night time, saying as of old, "I design great things for you, my Prettyman." But Brother Odo could not forget how basely this Gui de Puy-sange had deceived him, and how the dark and withered sorcerer had abused the faith of an unsophisticated boy, by pretending to be the all-powerful Master of Evil. So Odo would make the sign of the

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cross, he would repeat the sacred Latin words, and he would thus force his tempter to depart.

And old Gui de Puysange would say: " You treat me very cruelly, my Prettyman. Nevertheless, I love you, and because of that covenant which is between us my love shall yet cherish you vicariously."

IV. OF THE DIVINE CONDESCENSIONS SHOWN UNTO HIM

BROTHER ODO increased each day in sanctity. He was blessed with religious fervors, such as the Devil so cunningly mimics with epilepsy, in which the inspired young devotee's disregard of the flesh caused him to bite and claw at the bodies of all those who came to assist him from the pavement or the walkway where he was writhing in pious ecstacy. He was granted also the biliousness and the upset digestion needful to create an all-overbearing ardor against any compromise with the soft and wheedling ways of evil. A slight hiccup continually interrupted his talking, as his stomach was relieved of gas. He was accorded visions in which he was counselled and instructed by many saints.

These came to confirm the holy man in his faith by showing from what habitual sins and perversities they themselves had been rescued by faith who now were saints in the higher courts of Paradise.

"Such were the customs of my wicked way of living in Augsburg," said St. Eutropia, "before the grace of Heaven visited me."

"It was in this way I paid the ferryman," said St. Mary the Egyptian.

"Such was the form of loathsome and unnatural caress for which I was particularly notorious," said

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St. Margaret of Cortona, “before I found repentance and true faith.”

All these enormities the blessed saints would lovingly rehearse, with Brother Odo’s aid, so that he might with his own senses perceive from how poisonously sweet and how rapturous iniquities the most vile of sinners might yet be rescued, and brought into eternal glory, by the true faith.

Even better was to follow, in Heaven’s tender furtherance of the welfare of Heaven’s loving and vigorous servant. For in a while Ettarre, the reputed witch-woman whom Brother Odo had once so ardently desired, and whom communion with no saint had ever quite put out of his mind, now also came to him.

And it was a queer thing, too, that with the coming of Ettarre the appearance of his cell was quite changed, into the appearance of a garden. Lilies seemed to abound everywhere in this garden, and many climbing white roses, also, which were lighted by a clear and tempered radiancy like that of dawn. Moreover, white rabbits were frisking about Brother Odo, and he could hear the sound of doves that called to their mates.

With such a very lovely miracle did Ettarre return to Brother Odo from that celestial estate which he had procured for this beautiful girl by contriving her martyrdom. She came to assure him of her gratitude in all possible ways. After that nobody was happier, night after night, than was Brother Odo.

And in the day time he preached everywhere what these noble ladies had descended from Paradise to teach him. He in particular denounced the impertinences of science,—“of science so-called,” as

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Brother Odo impressively and scathingly described the snare which evil sets for human self-conceit,— and he taught that through faith and divine election was the one way of salvation. He became the glory of the monastery. The white-robed Abbot declared that of all his children in the spirit Odo was the most worthy to be his successor.

v. OF HIS YET FURTHER INCREASE IN GRACE

NOR, when Odo had been anointed as Abbot of St. Hoprig, and went clothed in the white woollen robe of his office, did he cease from reproving evil-doers with unflinching severity. Yet so merciful was the new Abbot that no offender was permitted to die in a state of sin whenever that could be avoided. Instead, the Abbot would painstakingly prolong the more concrete arguments of the Church so as to win for every backslider and every heretic sufficient time in which to repent and thus be spared from suffering in the next world.

The Abbot himself would humbly carry his own stool into the torture chamber, and would watch lovingly over the torments, lest death end them too speedily, even by one instant, for his erring brother's real and eternal good. Very often his dinner was brought to him in the torture chamber, and he would eat it there, among the most unappetizing sights and screams and odors, rather than neglect, for one instant, his spiritual duties.

Nor could you have found anywhere a more eloquent preacher. The Abbot's sermons made converts right and left, because he so frightened his hearers that no one of them dared risk that Hell of which this blessed gaunt man told them very lovingly. He spoke of Hell's perpetual and unquenchable fires, of

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Hell's pitch and brimstone and toads and adders, of Hell's horrible hot mists and of giant gray worms which fed regularly upon the broiled damned, and he imitated quite effectively the hoarse howling of lost souls as the devils toss them about on muck forks. He spoke of all these things with the particularity of one who rejoiced in these strong discouragements of unfaith. He appalled his auditors with that faithful rendering of every unpleasant detail which is the essence of realism.

So great was the Abbot's ardor that in his eyes awoke a red flaring, and white foam would dribble thinly from his lips, in the while that he called sinners to repentance and spoke of the blood of the Lamb. He thus frightened many of the more impressionable into convulsions: some died of terror: but the survivors crept tremblingly into the sustaining arms of Holy Church which alone could save them from these torments.

Meanwhile the Abbot labored, too, to convict old Gui de Puysange of his abominable practices. The Abbot labored the more zealously because of that dim yearning and that terrible tenderness which moved in the heart of the white-robed Abbot whensoever he beheld this dark and withered sorcerer. He labored, though, because of this vile wizard's circumspection, without any success; and blessed Odo could secure no proof that this reprobate was one of the Old Believers, until through Heaven's grace the well-nigh despairing Abbot was accorded a revelation in this matter.

"Good may very well come of that which merely mortal reason finds blameworthy," Ettarre declared one night, after the Abbot of St. Hoprig had reached

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a state of comparative dejection, “for the divinely elect serve Heaven’s will and the true welfare of their fellow beings with every manner of tool. Do you, my darling, who are one of these peculiarly favored persons, but think, for example, of how with perjury you brought about my ascension into the delights of Paradise! By an action which many of the unsanctified might esteem contemptible you then purchased for me such joys, my dearest Odo, that I sometimes leave them half-unwillingly even to come to you.”

At that, the Abbot beat and tore at her white tender flesh, but only with his hands, until she confessed that nowhere in Paradise had she found any joys more dear to her than those they were sharing. Even so, Odo could perceive the force of the celestial lady’s argument.

Therefore, an hour or two before dawn, he coursed abroad, toward the home of old Gui de Puysange, at Ranec, in the appearance of a stout and reddish-colored animal. There was a quite serviceable moon. The blessed Odo met, at first, no living creature save a real wolf, a virgin female, who accepted him as one of her own kind. Presently they coursed together: and the grateful Abbot snarled and yelped his praise of the kindly Heaven which enabled him, over and yet over again, but without any sinfulness, to enjoy the most profound and soul-stirring delights. He exulted, as a zealous Churchman, thus to attest the strength and shrewdness of Heaven, which could so cunningly outwit Heaven’s paltry adversaries.

VI. OF HIS CONTINUED ZEAL AND EFFICACY

THE next day a mangled baby was found in the back garden of Messire de Puysange, and the evidence against him was reasonably complete. Old Gui de Puysange was tried that month, with the white-robed Abbot of St. Hoprig sitting as president of the court, and the accused man was duly condemned to be burned as a werewolf.

Messire de Puysange did not complain. He knew that this was the appointed ninth year for the sacrifice, and that he himself had incited this inevitable sacrifice through the illusions which he had sent to amuse the sleeping of Odo.

"I had vaingloriously designed great things for you, my Prettyman," this dark and withered sorcerer said at the last, in the market-place, when they were heaping up the faggots about him. "But my arts end with me. There will be no more saints to counsel and to cherish you, as my vicars. Never any more, so long as you wear mortal flesh, will there be any pretty sendings, my Prettyman, now that the Prince of this world receives his sacrifice."

The Abbot was troubled; for he now knew that all the consolations of his piety had been the vicars of this persistent sorcerer. The Abbot's hand went to his chin, and he hiccupped slightly, but he did not say anything.

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Then dark old Gui de Puysange, looking up toward the Abbot Odo, with patient and adoring brown eyes, said fondly: " Yet there will be one more sending. Meanwhile you, my dear, in your white robe—which once was but the clothing of a witless sheep,—have not any need of my aid, to go further than I might fare in the service to which we are both enlisted."

And again, a terrible, a treacherous and a damnable sort of yearning and tenderness was troubling the white-robed Abbot, as he looked, now for the last time, upon the fettered wretch who had once so ignobly deceived him by pretending to be the all-powerful Master of Evil, and who now had again deceived him with sendings in the appearance of saints. But decorum has to be preserved in the pursuit of every profession.

So the enthroned and white-robed Abbot, it is recorded, only frowned a little at this unseemly interruption of the impressive ceremony which so many of the faithful had assembled to witness. After that he gave the signal to the torch-bearers. He settled back in his tall cushioned chair of carved teak-wood and Yemen leather, under the blue and yellow canopy which this unpleasantly warm day necessitated; and he watched pensively the ending of all that he had ever loved.

VII. OF THE SALUTARY POWER OF HIS PREACHING

THEREAFTER the Abbot found that Messire de Puysange had indeed spoken the truth. Abbot Odo was now denied the consolations of religion. No more visions came to him from Paradise. He was counselled and instructed by no more saints.

He understood that all these had been vicarious illusions provided by the loving arts of dark and withered Gui de Puysange. The Abbot comprehended that he was not immortal; that there was no Heaven and no Hell; that there would be no auditing of human accounts; and that he travelled, instead, toward annihilation. His biliousness left him, his digestion became perfect, now that he perceived men perish as the beasts perish, and now that he knew every form of religion was a very splendid cordial which sustained people through the tedium and discomfort of their stay upon earth.

For he could well perceive the value of human faith now that he had lost it. He spoke everywhere of God's love for all men and of how gloriously Heaven was to be won through repentance and a putting away of disreputable habits. He inflicted few tortures nowadays, because in Abbot Odo had awakened the fervor of the elect artist who respects the medium of his craft. . . . Dear Gui had been an artist of sorts, he would reflect, in the poor fellow's limited field, with

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his peculiarly small audience of one. Yes, Gui had created wholly creditable saints who were finished to the last detail. . . . But the art of a self-respecting clergyman was more general and more noble in its scope, for it appealed to the dull-witted and the unhappy everywhere.

With gaping hundreds to attend him, Abbot Odo swayed the minds of his congregation at will, and he awakened joy and faith, not with the tricks of black magic, not any longer with crude irons and tweezers, but with very lovely words. Since he knew there was no Hell, he hardly ever threatened people with Hell's pains: instead, he turned from realism to romance, and he improvised brilliantly of the unfathomable love and the eternal bliss of Heaven which was the heritage of mankind and awaited every communicant just beyond the tomb. His talking aroused his auditors to the best and purest emotions.

His fame spread. He was summoned to court. The King was greatly moved by the Abbot Odo's fine sermons, and swore by the belly of St. Gris that this holy man had fire in his belly. The ladies of the court did not approve of this metaphor, but they all found the Abbot of St. Hoprig adorable.

“Especially —” said one of them.

“But, darling,” cried her friend, “do you mean that you also — ?”

“I mean only that if only other men —”

“Yet only a clergyman, my pet, can give you absolution —”

“— Like a digestant tablet —”

“Ah, but one dines so heartily with the dear Abbot —”

Thus did these ladies chatter under their little

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ermine bonnets and their three-cornered lattice caps and their glittering cauls of silver net wire. So the Abbot of St. Hoprig was a vast social success; he had the entrée everywhere; and he made converts right and left.

The Queen herself confessed to him: and after he had gone thoroughly into the personal affairs of this daughter of the Medici and had lovingly absolved her, she saw to it forthwith that this wonderful man was appointed Bishop of Valnères.

VIII. OF THE KINDLY IMPULSES OF HIS PIETY

IN the episcopal palace the blessed Odo lived at his ease very happily. He did not miss the company of his saints now that so many of the parish needed to be consoled and comforted by a bishop who, after all, was aging; and the loss of his own faith was a great aid to him now that it was his métier to awaken faith in so many others. It was a loss which made for unfailing tact without dogmatism. It was a loss which had ridded him forever of those doubts which sometimes trouble the clergy.

For Odo of Valnères lived as an artist. His contentment was here. And he made sure of it by creating contentment in the life of every person about him.

Throughout all Naimousin and Piémontais he cherished his little flock as the father cherishes his children, and the artist his audience. He saw to their bodily comforts, he saw above all to their faith. For the plight of the lower orders of mankind, he knew, demanded just this faith which was, for a being of a peasant's or a shopkeeper's far from admirable nature, at once a narcotic and a beneficial restraint.

An altruist would therefore dissuade the evilly inclined from all incivic vices like murder and rape and theft and arson which, even when practised upon an international scale and under the direct patronage of the Church, tended always to upset the comfort of

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society. An altruist would endeavor, to the untrammeled extent of his imaginative gifts, to sustain the cowardly and the feeble-minded, and the aged and the ill and the poverty-stricken, and all other persons who were unbearably afflicted by the normal workings of the laws of life and of human polity. An altruist would hearten all these luckless beings with the appropriate kind of romances about an oncoming heritage which made the poor dear wretches' present transitory discomforts — from any really considerate point of view, — quite unimportant.

It was therefore to the now aging Bishop, whosoever he put on his mitre and the white linen robe of his office, a privilege and a delight to preach of faith and hope and charity to his little flock. These frightened, foolish, and yet rather lovable men and women did need so dreadfully, in their cheerless and thwarted living, the ever-present threat and the ever-present promise of true religious faith to keep them sane or, for that matter, to keep them at all endurable associates. So the Bishop served his art lovingly; he delighted in the exercise of his art: for he saw that religious faith was highly necessary to the well-being of the lower classes, and was even serviceable and comforting to the gentry as one got on in life.

He had few regrets. He regretted now and then Ettarre, the lost witch-woman, because no Christian whom he had ever known, howsoever charitable and zealous, had approached the charm of that little darling when she was pretending to be a saint come out of Paradise. He regretted also that it no longer amused him to run abroad in his wolf's skin. Once in a while, of course, that was necessary — after loving kindness and the customary dole of soup and blankets

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had failed,—in order to dispose of some open case of irreligion and ill-living which afforded a really dangerous example to the diocese: but such sinners were, almost always, so anæmic and stringy that the Bishop had come honestly to dislike this branch of his church-work. In fine, he conceded, willingly enough, that Odo of Valnères was approaching the end of his middle age; and that his main delights must be hence-forward in his art.

And sometimes he regretted, too, that his art could not extend to yet other mythologies. He admired the clearer character drawing of the gods whom he found in these other mythologies. There were fine themes for a creative artist in the exalted doings of Zeus, the Cloud-collecting, the Thunder-hurler, who was called also Muscarius, because he drove away flies: and in the zoölogical amours of Zeus you would have had an opportunity for much rich, bold, romantic coloring, with the flesh tints handsomely rendered. . . . Then the heroic conception of Ragnarök, that final and most great of all battles between good and evil,—wherein the Norse gods, and the entire Scandinavian church militant along with them, were to perish intrepidly for the right's sake,—that was a notion which thrilled the Bishop like a trumpet music.

It was a dangerous notion, though, thus to portray religion as in the end an unprofitable business enterprise, which broke up in cosmic bankruptcy; and of course his little flock would never in this world appreciate the tragic heroism of Ragnarök. No: you had to hearten the middle classes with the prospects of exceedingly shiny rewards which would be eternal, in a golden city that you entered through a gate of

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pearl. Still, as a theme, the Bishop greatly fancied Ragnarök. . . .

Then, too, the Bishop meditated, how charming it would be, once in a way,—or throughout, perhaps, the entire, rather depressing Lenten season,—to handle the delightfully quaint effects of African or Polynesian mythology from his pulpit. One had so rarely, from that restrained and over-sedate eminence, the chance to exercise one's gifts of quiet humor and of that naïveté in which supreme artists alone excel. Yes: it would be wholly pleasant to tell one's little flock about Gajjimarê the Snake God, and about the misadventures of Barin Mûtum after this half-being had borrowed a body for nuptial purposes, and about the wonders which Maui-shaped-in-the-topknot-of-Taranga performed with his great-grandmother's jawbone. . . .

But, after all, the artist must work in that material which is available. After all, Christianity displayed many excellent points and gratifying improvements added since the decease of its founder. And as a theme—whensoever that theme was handled with competence, and touched with true inspiration,—then it served handsomely to keep one's little flock contented enough, by assuring them of oncoming rewards for prudent and respectable conduct. No altruist could ask more. . . . The Bishop smiled, and got back to his Christmas sermon.

In brief, there was never a more respected nor a more generally beloved bishop in those parts. And it was a great loss to Naimousin and all Piémontais when one morning the blessed Odo quitted the episcopal palace, he never quite discovered how.

IX. OF THE REWARD APPOINTED FOR HIM

IN fact, it was with something of a shock that the blessed Odo awakened to his unclerical circumstances. To be abroad in his nightgown was bad enough: but it seemed out of reason that, in such informal attire, he should be floating thus through a gray void, upborne by what appeared an unusually thick and soft and gaudily colored rug, and sharing its tenancy with this young woman.

"Can you by any chance inform me, madame," he inquired, with the courtesy for which he was justly famed, "what is the meaning of this exercise in the humorous? and who has had the impudence to put me up here?"

"Do you not fret, poor Odo," she replied. "It is only that you also, my dear, are dead at last."

And then the Bishop recognized her. Then he knew that, somehow, some praiseworthy wonder-working had conveyed him back again to the girl Ettarre. And for that instant nothing else whatever appeared to matter. For this adorable child seemed lovelier and even more desirable than ever: she was near to him: and age and all the sedative impairments of age had very marvelously gone away from the good Bishop of Valnères.

Yet in another instant his handsome countenance was a bit vexed; and he looked not altogether happy

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as he sat upright upon the smallish gold- and salmon-colored cloud.

"Nevertheless," the Bishop said, "nevertheless, this is an illogical situation. I do recall now that I was suffering, very slightly, with indigestion last night. A complete atheist never agrees with me. And at my age, of course — Yes, yes, for me to have passed away in my sleep is natural enough. Yet this continued survival of my consciousness — howsoever surprising and pleasant be the result of that consciousness," he added, with a gallant inclination of his head toward the winsome love of his youth, — "is a very sad blow to science. It upsets all philosophy; and it is a trouble to my common-sense."

"My dearest," replied Ettarre, "you are now quite done with such frivolities as common-sense and philosophy and science; and but for my fond intervention there would have remained for you, as I must tell you frankly, only some heavenly reward or another."

"Most charming Ettarre! my own heart's darling!" said the Bishop, "let us not jest about professional matters, not just at present, for everything seems quite topsy-turvy here, and I am in no mood for sprightly sallies. So do you instead tell me whither this cloud is conveying us!"

The girl regarded him now with a humorous and, yet, a very tender sort of mockery. "Whither, you ask — with that nicety of diction which has so long characterized your public speaking, — is this cloud conveying us? Well, one must distinguish. I only came for the ride. But you, my dear doomed Odo, are at this moment on your way to the Heaven which you used to promise to your parishioners; and, in fact,

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you may already see, just yonder, the amethyst ramparts of the Holy City.”

“This is surprising beyond words!” said Odo of Valnères. “Dear me, but this is terrible!”

And Ettarre replied soberly enough: “You will be finding very few to agree with you yonder, my darling, where you will find, instead, all that quaint Heaven of yours aflutter in honor of your arrival. For in the eloquent excesses of the fine career just ended you have converted many persons. Indeed, you have allured into eternal salvation—as the Archangel Oraphiel has officially announced in this morning’s report,—no less than one thousand and a hundred and seven souls. In consequence, the blessed everywhere are at this instant preparing to welcome home the strong champion of Heaven, with sackbut and with psaltery and with the full resources of the celestial choir.”

“Alas!” said blessed Odo, for the second time, “but this is truly terrible!”

And with that he thoughtfully re-arranged his nightgown, he pulled up more neatly about his ankles his red flannel footwarmers, and he fell into a moment’s bewildered pondering. Nobody of his well-known modesty would have believed the total to run to four figures, but his eloquence and his lively flow of imagery had, of course, at odd times, converted many persons into accepting the comforting assurances of religion. Nor could the Bishop honestly detect anything blameworthy in his action, even now.

No, he had acted logically. The plight of the lower orders of mankind in the world which Odo of Valnères had now left behind him, did very certainly demand just this faith which was, for a being of a peas-

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ant's or a shopkeeper's far from admirable nature, at once a narcotic and a beneficial restraint. . . .

"In brief, the situation is perplexing," the Bishop said, aloud, "and it presents features which no clergyman could have anticipated. Yet I stay convinced that, if only I had been lying, there would have been no flaw in my conduct."

Now the charming girl who had cuddled happily beside him, as though once more to be in touch with her dear Odo were all-sufficient to her faithful heart, said nothing, as yet. . . .

But to a well-thought-of bishop, discarnate and adrift in space, clad only in his nightgown and his red flannel footwarmers, it appeared a bit upsetting, thus to find religious notions exceeding their justifiable arena, and pursuing him beyond the grave.

And upon reflection, the unreasonableness of this outcome for his long and honorable career was not its only troubling feature. For Odo of Valnères looked now toward the nearing huge white wharf above which gleamed the portal of Heaven. That entrance really was an enormous pearl, with a hole in it for you to go through, and above that hole, as he could now perceive, was carved the name "Levi."

Odo of Valnères recalled his Scriptural studies; and, with augmenting uneasiness, he poked at the plump velvet-soft ribs of his companion upon the little gold- and salmon-colored cloud. "Do you wake up, my darling Ettarre, and tell me if this place is much like the Biblical description!"

The lovely girl sat up obediently. "Just!" said Ettarre: and her slow meditative smile upon the less luscious lips of any other person would have seemed unfeeling.

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“ Ah, well, but, in any event, I make no doubt that the Holy City has been modernized? and has been kept abreast, so to speak, with progress? ”

“ In Heaven there is no variableness nor any shadow of turning, as you should well know who used to be so fond of preaching from that text.”

“ Oh, my God! ” said the good Bishop Odo, from force of habit: and the benevolence went out of his plump face.

For now, at last, contrition of the very sincerest sort had smitten him. He thought of his parishioners, of his misled lost flock, all decent, civilized, well-meaning communicants, entrapped, just by his over-fondness for rhetoric, into that fearful lair of multiheaded dragons and of all miscellaneous monstrosities. For these preposterous beasts, it seemed, were not mere figments of speech. There actually before him was one of the twelve pearls through which he had promised the flower of his little flock a glorious entry into Heaven: and the Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine was, in the teeth of all rational interpretation, turning out to be much worse than high-flown unintelligibility which you had to pretend to admire.

Inside that shining wall the hapless peasantry and the burghers whom his oratory had betrayed were now looked after by no benevolent bishop but were abandoned to the whims of unaccountable overlords, with hair like wool and with feet made of brass, who spent their time in blowing trumpets, and in opening vials full of plague germs, and in affixing sealing-wax to the foreheads of the defenceless dead. His little flock were now the appalled associates of huge locusts with human heads, and of wild horses with the tails

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of serpents, and of calves with eyes inset in their posterior parts. Nor were the perplexing customs and the patchwork animal-life of their prison house atoned for by enjoyable climatic conditions, because every moment or two there was—so near as the Bishop could recall his sacred studies,—an earthquake or an uncommonly severe hailstorm: every moment or two the sun turned black, or the moon red, or else the stars came tumbling loose like fruit from a shaken fig tree; and seven thunders were intermittently conversing, for the most part about indelicate topics.

And Odo of Valnères, he also, who was so wholly dependent upon peaceful and refined surroundings, would presently be imprisoned in this awful place, for no real fault, but just through his well-meant endeavors to make life more orderly and more pleasant for his little flock. Already that infernal automatic cloud had moored itself. . . .

x. OF HIS RIGHTEOUS ENDING

ALREADY that infernal automatic cloud had moored itself beside the bright wharf of Heaven. The Bishop and the witch-woman had disembarked, perforce, since there seemed no alternative: and now behind and below unhappy Odo of Valnères was only an endless gray abyss; beneath him showed great gleaming slabs like yellowish and bluish glass; and before him loomed inexorably the gate carved out of a giant pearl.

"Come, come!" a somewhat desperate prelate said aloud, "but even now there must be some way of escape from that existence which I used to promise, in the days of my rash disbelief, as a reward?"

"There is," Ettarre replied to him, very proudly and happily, after still another tiny yawn: "for against love nothing can prevail. Why, but do you not understand! I am permitted to tempt you. Upon a cloud, of course, one feels a trifle insecure. But here we touch firm jasper and lapis lazuli. And now, with such allurements as you have not yet, I do believe, my wonderful enormous darling, quite utterly forgotten the way of, now I am going to preserve you from all sorts of celestial horrors."

"Eh, and is it possible, even at the last, for the well-doer to evade his doom? Is there some other and more suitable place yet open, upon post-mortem repentance, to a well-thought-of bishop?"

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The dear child said then, still with that very touching fondness of which he felt himself to be unworthy: "At the cost of just one tiny pleasant indiscretion, even now, my own sweetheart, you may return with me to the merry Paradise of the Pagans. And that is nothing like your old-fashioned Kingdom of Heaven, but instead it is a democracy which lacks for no modern improvement in the way of culture and civilization."

Thereupon Ettarre began to speak of her present abode in somewhat the opulent vein of an exceedingly young poet. And the good Bishop Odo, looking upon her with the old fondness, and with unforgotten delight in her dear loveliness, was aware of that in the large and curiously glittering eyes of Ettarre which, he was certain, nobody in that dreadful Oriental phantasmagoria just ahead could ever understand with quite that sympathy which moved in him rebelliously.

Ettarre, no doubt, was overcoloring some of her details. One did, in these descriptive passages. And he very well remembered how the little darling, when she was pretending to be a saint, had lied to him night after night with the unction of a funeral sermon. Even so, this adorable and cuddling witch-woman was a person whom Odo of Valnères had loved, in his far-off pious youth, when he had believed in saints, with a fervor and with a variousness not ever utterly to be put out of mind. And for the rest, the Bishop could, he felt just now,—with all the sedative dilapidations of age thus marvelously repaired,—be happy enough in rewarding the warm loyalty of his Ettarre among those cultured and broad-minded and intelligent circles which she

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described. . . . There remained only to allow for that slight girlish habit of unveracity. . . .

Thus pensively did the Bishop begin to appraise the probabilities, what while from mere force of habit he made the sign of the cross, as he waited there, withholding his dark eyes for a moment from the strangely large and glittering eyes of Ettarre, and looking downward, all through that rather lengthy moment in which he half paternally caressed the soft and the so lovely little hand of the dear love of his far-off, pious, hot-blooded youth; and she cuddled closer and yet closer to him and wriggled very deliciously in her candid and quite flattering affection.

At just this amiable season, the serenity of their reunion was overcast by the arrival of yet another cloud. It moored: and a child disembarked, a boy of seven or thereabouts, but newly dead and come alone through the gray void between Heaven and Earth. This little ghost passed by them as the child went uncertainly but meekly into the Holy City. The narrow shoulders were a trifle huddled, for these slabs of jasper and of lapis lazuli seemed more chilly to the small bare feet than had been the brown carpet of the child's nursery, and the soft arms of that mother whom he had left far behind him.

Now also Odo of Valnères had raised his very generally admired eyes from the neighborhood of his red flannel footwarmers, toward that huge and dazzling perforated pearl. "You know," he observed, with somewhat more of gentleness than of any plain connection, "you know, I rather, as they put it, get on with children. My people are so flattering as to say I have a way with them. I could, I really do believe, have cheered that forlorn little fellow tremendously

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with one of my simpler Confirmation addresses, if we had travelled through that abyss together. In fact, a clergyman of real talents, and of my rather varied experience, could probably cheer every soul in yonder, in view of what must be the local average of cheerfulness — ”

“ No doubt you could, my wonderful, kind-hearted, clever darling,” Ettarre replied, a bit impatiently, if not with some actual crossness. “ But now that fearful place, my precious, is a place with which you have no further least need to be bothering.”

Odo of Valnères, however, was smiling with something of the enthusiast’s fervor. Then, for one instant only, he again looked downward, with the air of a man as yet perplexed and irresolute, and again he crossed himself, and he drew a deep breath which seemed to inform him through and through with unpersuadable determination.

Gently he put aside the love of his youth: and, with that frank fine air of manliness which had always graced his professional utterances, he spoke. “ No, sweetheart: no, one of my cloth must not be wholly selfish, and at a pinch a well-thought-of bishop must choose for that which seems to him a more noble and a safer investment than is the happiness you promise me. I had believed religion to be only a narcotic and a restraint for man’s misery upon earth. I was wrong. I confess it, with humble contrition. And my heart is aglow, Ettarre, with no ignoble fervor, to discover that the profession to which I have devoted all my modest abilities — such as they are, my dear, — must always satisfy for the better conducted of my fellow beings no merely temporal but an eternal requirement. Even after death, I perceive, I am privileged

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to remain the spiritual guide and consoler of my little flock — ”

“ But, my darling, the poor dears are already saved beyond redemption: and so, to me, that sounds like nonsense.”

“ That is because you reason hastily, my pet. Yonder, inside that shining wall, my people need me as never before. More sorely now than in their mortal life they require the feeling that some capable and tactful person mediates between them and the uncomfortably contiguous contriver of their surroundings. Now, as not ever in their merely earthly misery, they need the most eloquent assurances that these inconveniences are trivial and will by and by prove transient. They need, in this unsanitary, zoöplastic, explosive, and decidedly unsettling place, as they did not need in the more urbane atmosphere which I was always careful to maintain in my diocese, to be sustained with salutary faith in the oncoming rewards for prudent and respectable conduct. So, you perceive, my dearest, I could not honorably desert my little flock after having in some sense betrayed them into their present condition. All these strong arguments are passing through my mind, my darling, and they are reinforced by my firm conviction that the Ettarre whom I remember, both as a simple peasant girl and as a blessed saint, did not use to have cloven feet like — shall I say? — a tender-eyed and very charming gazelle.”

But now Ettarre, who in her latest mortal life had been the loveliest of the witches of Amneran, and the most delectable of Satan’s traps, had drawn a little away from Odo of Valnères in uncontrollable sorrow and disappointment.

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"You have," she stated, "and you always did have, Odo, a mean and suspicious nature, quite apart from being a long-winded fat hypocrite. And you can talk from now to doomsday if you want to, but I think that to make a cross like that, when I was doing my very best for your real comfort, was cheating!"

"*Noblesse oblige,*" replied the good Bishop Odo, with that impressiveness which he invariably reserved for any remark a trifle deficient in meaning. Then he went slowly but unfalteringly toward the gate marked "Levi."

Yet he looked back just once, through a mist of unshed, unepiscopal, and merely human tears, upon the grief of that delicious and so lovely Ettarre. Her distress over this final parting was becoming so passionate and extreme that it had turned the adorable child all black and scaly, and had set her to exhaling diversely colored flames. And Odo sighed to notice these deteriorations in her appearance, and in her deportment also, as his lost love assumed a regrettably dragonish shape, and with many frantic lashings of her tail swooping down the abyss.

After that, he removed his red flannel footwarmers, as introductory of an undesirable chromatic note; he tidied his white nightgown into the general effect of a surplice; and the Bishop of Valnères went through that bright and lofty gate with appropriate dignity.

He was a bit surprised, though, when a tender voice said, "Welcome home, my Prettyman!" Black Odo saw that those quite unclimbable gates were now being locked, behind him, by dark, withered, and complacent looking, old Gui de Puysange.

EXPLICIT

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III

THE WAY OF ECBEN

A COMEDIETTA INVOLVING A GENTLEMAN

"I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man; and keep the charge of thy god, to walk in his way and preserve his testimonies."

—This tale, which, as has been noted elsewhere, completes the trilogy of The Witch-Woman, was first published in October 1929. The Way of Eben sprang more or less directly, I think, from the discovery, made in January 1929, when I came to preface The Eagle's Shadow for the Storisende Edition, that for some seventeen years I had avoided, quite unconsciously, the chivalrous attitude as a main theme.

“Let us return,” I said, “to our first loves. I will paint me one more chevalier completely. Moreover, since my Book began with Felix Kennaston and with Margaret Hugonin, so now let us end all with that strange tale which Felix Kennaston wrote, and which Margaret Hugonin printed, of The King’s Quest.”

For

ROBERT M. McBRIDE

*this brief and somewhat tragic tale, to commemorate our long and
rather comical association.*

WORDS FOR THE INTENDING READER

NOBODY will think, I hope, that I pretend to have invented this story. Those who are familiar with the earlier works of Felix Kennaston will of course recognize that one encounters hereinafter the Norrovian legend upon which is based *The King's Quest*. There has never been, though, so far as I am aware, any prose version made in English; and in taking over this story from Garnier's anthology, Felix Kennaston, during the prosaic toil of making tangible a poet's fancies at the cost of some continual compromise with the poet's medium, has necessarily introduced many and frequent changes prompted by the demands of Spenserian verse.

Moreover, Kennaston — with, as I think, unwisdom — has toiled to prettify the tale throughout, and to point, a bit laboriously, an apologue which in the story's original form simply does not exist. I may at least assert that in *The Way of Ecben* (which "teaches" nothing whatever) I have clung rigorously to the queer legend's restrained, and quite unfigurative, first shaping.

— This, too, under some duress. The tale is so brief that in recording it the temptation was ever present to pad here and there, and to enlarge upon one or another detail, with the wholly pardonable design of rewarding each possible purchaser with the average amount of reading-matter to be found in the average

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novel of commerce. . . . But in the outcome I have resisted that ever-present temptation. For Garnier knew his business; the thing as it stands is properly proportioned: and symmetry is, after all, one of the seven great auctorial virtues.

Richmond-in-Virginia

April 1929

PART ONE
OF ALFGAR IN HIS KINGDOM

“What the King Wishes, the Law Wills.”

I. THE WARRING FOR ETTAINE

IT is an old tale which tells of the fighting between Alfgar, the King of Ecben, and Ulf, the King of Rorn. Their enmity took hold of them because they both desired that daughter of Thordis who was called Ettaine.

Two kings desired her because of all the women of this world Ettaine was the most beautiful. It was the blue of her eyes, that had the brightness of the spring sky when there is no cloud anywhere between heaven and the heads of men, which caused the armies of Rorn and of Ecben to meet like thunder clouds. Blood was spilled everywhere because of that red which was in the lips of Ettaine. The golden flaming of her hair burned down into black cinders the towns of Rorn and of Ecben.

Ulf's fort at Meivod, it is true, withstood all besiegers: but Druim fell, then Tarba. Achren also was taken: its fields were plowed up and planted with salt. Then Ulf captured Sorram, through undermining its walls. But Alfgar took Garian by storm, and he burned this city likewise, after carrying from it a quantity of crossbows and tents and two wagonloads of silver.

There was thus no quietness anywhere in that part of the world, because of the comeliness of Ettaine. For two kings desired her: and her color and her shaping thus became a lofty moral issue, with a rich

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flowering of tumult and of increased taxes, and of corruption and of swift death everywhere, and of many very fine patriotic orations.

Then, in the fourth year of the fighting, the unexampled heroism and the superb ideals of the men of Ecben, which one half of these orations had talked about, were handsomely rewarded by the deafness of Cormac. This Cormac of the Twin Hills led a third of the armies of Rorn. He was paid the price of his deafness: for three maidens without any blemish in their bodies, and for four bags of blue turquoises, and for the silver which King Alfgar had captured at Garian, this Cormac became deaf to the other half of these orations, now that he betrayed the unexampled heroism and the superb ideals of the men of Rorn.

There was never a more gallant butchering than the patriots of Ecben then gave to the trapped patriots of Rorn under the elm-trees of the ravine at Strathgor. King Ulf alone was spared out of that ruined army where every other fighting-man lay in two halves, like the orations which had delighted them.

So was it that the victory fell to Alfgar. None now withstood him. All that his heart desired he had, and he furthermore had all the forests and the cities and the sleek pastures of Rorn. Ulf, who was not any longer a king, prayed to his gods from out of a well guarded dungeon. And everywhere in Ecben, from green Pen Loegyr to the gaunt hills of Tagd, the barons and their attendants rode toward the King's house in Sorram, and all made ready for the marriage feast of Alfgar the high king and Ettaine the most fair of the women of this world.

II. OF THEIR LOVE-TALK

AT the King's house in Sorram was a hedged garden, with flagstones in the middle of it, about a little fountain: and there King Alfgar and Ettaine would sit and talk in the clear April weather.

"Ettaine of the blue eyes," King Alfgar used to say, "it is not right that your two eyes should be my mirrors. In each of them I find myself. A tiny image of me is set up in their brightness."

"Delight of both my eyes," Ettaine would reply to him, "in my heart also is that image set up."

King Alfgar said: "Ettaine of the red lips, it is not right that your lips should be making for me any music so dear. Some god will be peering out of heaven at my happiness, and a jealousy of me will be troubling that lonely god who has not any such fine music in his heaven."

"For no god and for no heaven whatever," the fair girl answered, "would I be leaving the Alfgar that has the pre-eminent name and is the darling of the women of Ecben. For in his strong arms is my only heaven."

Then Alfgar said: "Ettaine of the bright hair, it is not right that at to-morrow's noon an archbishop will be putting the crown of a queen of Ecben upon your shining head. Ecben is but a little land: and if the brightness of the crowns of Rome and of Byzantium

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tium, and of every other kingdom which retains a famousness, had all been shaped into one crown for my Ettaine to be wearing, the brightness of this hair would shame it."

Ettaine answered him, "It is not the crown which is dear to me, O heart of all my happiness, but the king alone."

"Why, but," said Alfgar, "two kings have loved Ettaine."

Whereupon the fond and radiant daughter of Thordis Bent-Neck laughed contentedly, and replied: "Yet to my judgment and to my desires no person is kingly except Alfgar. And, as for that Ulf — !" A shrug rounded off her exact opinion.

Such was the sort of nonsense which these youthful lovers talked upon the eve of their marriage feast, as they sat together in the hedged garden at Sorram, where the pale new grass grew raggedly between the brown flagstones, and the silver jetting of the little fountain wavered everywhither under the irresolute, frail winds of April. And around and above these lovers who were young the young leaves whispered in their merry prophesying of more than a century of summers might by any chance fulfil.

III. A DREAM SMITES HIM

NOW it was in the night season of his marriage eve that a dream came upon King Alfgar. Through his dreaming a music went wandering. It was a far-off music not very clearly heard, and a music which, he knew, was not of this world. But that there was a sorcery in this bitter music he knew also, for it held him motionless.

The champion that had slain many warriors lay upon his couch, beneath a coverlet of lamb's wool dyed with blue stripings, as still as a slain warrior. Upon him who had all his desires came doubtfulness and discontent. He desired that which this music desired, and which this music quested after, skirlingly, and could not find in any quarter of earth. For it was to the sound of this music, as Alfgar knew, with a troubled heart, that Horvendile and his Ettarre passed down the years together, and led men out of the set ways of life.

So now a woman came to Alfgar where the King lay upon his couch beneath the coverlet of lamb's wool, and with this woman came a red-haired boy. The woman smiled. The boy smiled also, but his face became white and drawn when he had laid the hand of this woman upon the hand of Alfgar, and when the woman bent downward so that her face was near to Alfgar's face.

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She spoke then, putting her command upon Alfgar in the while that he saw her face and the bright glitter of her eyes and the slow moving of her lips. It was in this way that Ettarre the witch-woman, whom a poet fetched out of the gray Waste Beyond the Moon, to live upon our earth in many bodies, now put a memory and a desire and a summoning upon King Alfgar in the hour of his triumph.

Moreover Alfgar now heard, very faintly, and as though from a far distance, a noise of grieving little voices which wailed confusedly. And that remote thin wailing said,—

“All hail, Ettarre!”

Then one small voice was saying, “Because of you, we could be contented with no woman.” And yet another voice was saying, “Because of you, we got no pleasure from any melody that is of this world.” And still a third voice said, “Because of you, we fared among mankind as exiles.”

Thereafter all these faint thin voices cried together, “All hail, Ettarre, who took from us contentment, and who led us out of the set ways of life!”

So was it that this dreaming ended. King Alfgar awoke alone in the first light of dawn, and knew that his doom was upon him.

IV. THE SENDING OF THE SWALLOW

NOWHERE in that part of the world was there any king more powerful than Alfgar. Young Alfgar sat upon his throne builded of apple-wood with rivets of copper, and his barons stood about him. Upon his fair high head he wore the holy crown of Ecben, the gift of Ecben's one god: the kingship over all Ecben was his who wore that crown. Gold rings hung in the ears of Alfgar; about the neck of Alfgar were five rings of gold, and over the broad shoulders of Alfgar was a purple robe edged with two strips of vair.

He bade them summon from the women's pleasant galleries Ettaine, the daughter of Thordis Bent-Neck, so that Ettaine might be crowned as Queen over Ecben. He bade them fetch from the dark prison that Ulf who was no longer a king.

Alfgar considered well these two who stood before him. Behind Ettaine were her bridesmaids. These maids were sweetly smiling tall girls, with yellow curling hair and clear blue eyes: each one of these four maids had over her white body a robe of green silk with a gold star upon the tip of each of her young breasts. But behind Ulf two of the masked men in red who had fetched him hither were laying out the implements of their profession, and the other two masked men were quietly kindling a serviceable fire.

The barons of Ecben deferentially suggested such

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tortures as each baron, during the course of his military or juridical career, had found to be the most prolonged and entertaining to watch. But the Archbishop of Ecben took no part in these secular matters: instead, he gallantly fetched a chair of carved yew-wood, and he placed in it a purple cushion sewed with gold threads, so that Ettaine might observe the administration of justice in complete comfort.

Then, while all waited on the will of Alfgar, a swallow darted toward Ulf, and plucked from his defiant dark head a hair, and the bird flew away with this hair dangling from its broad short bill. At that, the barons of Ecben cried out joyously. All were familiar with the Sending of the Swallow: it was a Sending well known to fame and to many honorable legends; for it was in this way that the gods of Rorn were accustomed to put ruin and downfall upon their cousins, the kings of Rorn. So every baron now rejoiced to observe their morning's work thus freely endorsed in advance with the approval of Heaven, now that Ulf's gods forsook him. King Alfgar alone of that merry company kept silence.

Then Alfgar said: "This is the Swallow of Kogi. This is a Sending of the three gods of Rorn. In what forgotten hour did these three take their rule over Ecben?"

"Nevertheless, sire," remarked the Archbishop, in a slight flurry, "it is well, and it is much wiser too, to preserve with the gods of every country our diplomatic relations."

But Alfgar answered: "What the king wishes, the law wills. And we of Ecben serve only one god, and one king, and one lady in domnei."

Alfgar descended the red steps of his throne. He

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unclasped his robe of purple edged with a king's double striping of vair, and he put this robe about the shoulders of another. Alfgar took from his fair head the holy crown of Ecben: the kingship over all Ecben was his who wore that crown which Alfgar now placed upon the head of another. Alfgar raised toward his lips the hands of Ettaine, he touched for the last time in his life the lovely body of Ettaine, because of whose comeliness the heart of Alfgar had known no peace now for four years; and he placed her right hand in the right hand of another. Then Alfgar knelt, he placed his own hands between the hairy thighs of Ulf, he touched the huge virility of Ulf, and Alfgar swore his fealty and his service to the wearer of the holy crown of Ecben.

It was then that, after a moment of human surprise, Ulf spoke as became a king. But first he waved back the four masked men as they advanced to perform the duties of their office upon the body of Alfgar. The barons murmured a little at that, and the Archbishop of Ecben perforce shook his head in unwilling disapproval.

Nevertheless, Ulf pardoned the late treasonable practices of the fallen rebel now at his feet. Ulf cried a sparing of the thrice forfeited life of Alfgar, and Ulf cried, too, the King's sentence of eternal exile. Then Ulf said heavily,—

“And do you for the future, my man, go your wit-stricken ways in more salutary fear of the King of Rorn—”

“And of Ecben also, sire,” remarked the Archbishop.

Ulf said: “And of Ecben also! Moreover, do you go your ways, my man, in even livelier fear of the

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three gods of Rorn, who have within this hour, and in this place, defeated your wicked endeavors, and who will by and by be requiting your disrespectfulness toward their Sending.”

The barons cried loyally, “What the king wishes, the law wills!”

But young Alfgar replied: “My king has spoken; and all kings, and all gods also, are honorable in their degree. Yet it is the way of Ecben to serve only one god, and one king, and one lady in domnei. And from that way I shall never depart.”

v. THE WAY OF ULF

THEN was held the marriage feast of Ettaine, the most beautiful of all the women of this world, who upon that day rewarded handsomely the unexampled heroism and the superb ideals of those men of Rorn who had died because of her color and her shaping. She rewarded all these deceased patriots by crowning their beloved cause with victory, now that Ettaine became the wife of Ulf and the Queen over Rorn and Ecben.

But first the altar of the god of Ecben had been overturned by Ulf's orders, and to the gods of Rorn was paid that reverence which they required. To Kuri the men of Ecben offered the proper portions of a shepherd boy and of a red he-goat, and in honor of Uwardowa they disposed of a white bull, and to Kogi they gave piecemeal a young virgin without any fault in her body or in her repute, in the old way that was pleasing to Kogi.

Thus generously did Ulf forgive that ruining which had been sent against him in vain by the three gods of Rorn, because, after all, as the King remarked, they were his gods, and his cousins too. Nobody should look to see unfailing tact displayed by one's cousins. And for the rest, these gods would by and by requite, in an appropriately painful fashion, the rashness of the misguided person who had during that morning interfered with their divine Sending.

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Ulf, for his own part, preferred to leave that impious Alfgar to the discretionary powers of an offended pantheon. Ulf desired only that — within, of course, the proper limits, and in due consonance with the laws at large and with the various civic regulations of Ecben, — the will of Heaven should be done everywhere.

One need say no more, King Ulf continued, as to a topic so distasteful. Secure in their heritage of noble character and business ability and high moral standards, blessed with a fertile soil and an abundance of natural water-power, the patriots of Ecben would now press forward to put their shoulders to the plow and to free the ship of state from the ashes and overwrought emotions of war. The most liberal policies would be adopted by a monarch whose one aim was to be regarded as the servant of his people; immigration and the investment of foreign capital would be encouraged in every suitable manner; the cultural aspects of life would not be neglected, but, rather, broadened to include interest in all the arts and sciences and manufacturing enterprises generally. Taxes would for the present, and as a purely temporary measure, be quadrupled, now that the nation was privileged to face this supreme hour, this hour wherein to capitalize, for the benefit of oncoming ages, the united energy and integrity and resourcefulness of all Ecben, but not an hour, in the opinion of the speaker, wherein the fate of a misguided and disreputable exile was any longer a really vital issue.

Thus spoke King Ulf from his tall throne builded of apple-wood with rivets of copper.

“His majesty,” replied the barons of Ecben, “speaks as a king should; and we of Ecben are well

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rid of an unbeliever who has publicly offered any such affront to our most holy and excellent gods."

"In fact, the man's attitude toward religious matters was always dubious, where his morals were, alas, but too well known," remarked the late Archbishop of Ecben, as he hastily put on the goatskin robes of the High Priest of Kuri.

And Ettaine bent toward her husband fondly. All happiness adorned Ettaine: she was as fair and merry as sunlight upon the sea: you saw that Ettaine was the most beautiful of all the women of this world.

"Delight of both my eyes," said Queen Ettaine, "you speak as a king should. And, as for that Alfgar — !" A shrug rounded off her exact opinion.

PART TWO
OF ALFGAR IN HIS JOURNEYING

“Loyalty is a Fine Jewel; yet Many that Wear it Die Beggars.”

VI. WE COME TO DARVAN

IT is told that young Alfgar fared alone to the dark wood of Darvan. This was an unwholesome place into which, of their own accord, entered few persons whose intentions were philanthropic: yet Alfgar journeyed toward Darvan now that the summoning of Ettarre had led him out of the set ways of life. And it is told also that under the outermost trees of this forest sat a leper wrapped about with an old yellow robe so that his face might not be seen. Beside him, to the left side of this leper, was grazing a red he-goat.

This leper rang a little bell, and he cried out, "Hail, brother! and do you give me now a proper gift in the king's name."

"There are many kings," said Alfgar, "and the most of them are no very notable creatures. Yet in so far that a king is royal, a dream rules in his heart: so must each king of men serve one or another dream which is not known to lesser persons."

"Do you give me my asking, then," the leper replied, with a dryness suited to his more practical trend of thought, "in the name of Ulf, that is King over Rorn and Ecben. For my hands are frail; they are wasted with my disease: and I cannot do all the destroying I desire."

Alfgar said to this leper: "Ulf is but a little king, whom my cunning overthrew at Strathgor, and whom my pleasure raised up again in Ecben. Yet Ulf is

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royal, in that he would not forsake his gods, for all that they had forsaken him. Moreover, Ulf is my king now. And therefore I may not deny you."

So then the leper told his asking, and Alfgar seemed displeased. But he smiled by and by; and, in that grave and lordly manner of his, which merely rational persons found unendurable, young Alfgar said:

"To you that ask in my king's name I must give perforce your asking. For I will not depart from the old way of Ecben. And besides, my hands have touched the hands of Ettarre, and in the touch of sword-hilts and of sceptres and of money bags there is no longer any delight."

The leper then touched Alfgar's hands, and straightway they were frail and shriveled. They became as the hands of an aged person. They shook with palsy, and all strength was gone out of the hands which had made an end of many warriors in the noisy press of battle.

Then yet another queer thing happened upon the edge of the wood of Darvan. It was that Ettaine and Ulf, and all the lords that yesterday had served King Alfgar, and all the houses and the towers of Tagd and Sorram and Pen Loegyr, and of every other town which was in Ecben, now passed by this unwholesome place in the seeming of brightly colored mists. And Alfgar wondered if these matters had ever been true matters, or if all the things which Alfgar had known in the days of his wealth and hardihood were only a part of some ancient dreaming. But the leper put off his yellow robe, and in the likeness of a very old, lean man he pursued these mists and tore and scattered them with strong hands.

VII. "THE KING PAYS!"

SO was it Alfgar gave that which was asked in his king's name, and the fallen champion passed as a weakling into the dark wood, and came near to the fires which burned in Darvan. They that dwelt there then swarmed about him, squeaking merrily, "The King pays!"

To every side you saw trapped kings in their torment, well lighted by the sputtering small fires of their torment, so that you saw each king was crowned and proud and silent. And to every side you saw the little people of Darvan inflicting all the democratic infamies which their malice could devise against these persons who had dared to be royal.

Alfgar went down beneath a smothering cluster of slender and hairy bodies, smelling of old urine, which leapt and cluttered everywhere about him, scrambling the one over another like playful rats. He could do nothing with the frail hands which the leper had given him, nor indeed could the might of any champion avail against the people of Darvan when they had squeaked, "The King pays!"

Then the trapped kings also cried out to him, with human voices:

"Have courage, brother! Our foes are little, but envy makes them very strong and without either fear or shame when they have scented that which is royal. There is no power upon earth which can withstand

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the little people of Darvan when once they have raised their hunting-cry, ‘The King pays! ’ Have courage, brother! for time delivers all kings of men into the power of the little people of Darvan. It is great agony which they put upon us, and from all that which is mortal in us they get their mirth, filthily. But do you have courage, brother, for to that dream which rules in our hearts they may not attain, nor may they vex that dream; even the nature of that dream evades them; they may not ever comprehend or defile that very small, pure gleam of majesty which has caused us royal persons to be other than they are: and it is this knowledge which maddens the little people of Darvan. So do you have courage, as all we have courage! ”

Meanwhile the little people of Darvan were getting their sport with Alfgar in disastrous ways. It is not possible to tell of that which was done to him, for they were an ingenious race. Yet he came through the wood alive, because upon him was the mark of the witch-woman whose magic is more strong than is that magic of time which betrays all kings of men into the power of the little people of Darvan.

So he came through that wood yet living. But behind Alfgar those kings of men that were his peers remained secure in the dark paradise of envy, and the little people of Darvan attended to all their needs.

Such faithful service did this little people render very gladly to every king, because of envy: which, with not ever failing charity, endows the most weak with nimbleness and venom, as though, through the keen magic of envy, the sluggish, naked, and defenceless earthworm had become a quick serpent; and

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which is long-suffering in the while that, like a cunning sapper, it undermines the ways of the exalted; and which builds aspiringly, beyond the dreams of any mortal architect, its bedazzling edifices of falsehood, very quaintly adorned with small gargoyles of unpleasant truths, and sees to it, too, that the imposing structure is well lighted everywhere with malign wit and comfortably heated with moral indignation; and which is a most learned scholar that writes the biographies of the brave, and is openhanded to reward the faithful also with lewd epitaphs; and which, with a noble patience, follows after its prey more steadfastly than any hound pursues its prey; and which piously deludes the over-pious, alike in mosques and in chapels and in synagogues and in pagodas, with a cordial faith that all their betters are by very much their inferiors, if but the truth were known; and which is more eloquent than any angel to deride the truth; and which pleasantly seasons gossip; and which, with its consoling droll whisper, colors the more permanent misfortunes of our kindred and of our nearer intimates with agreeability; and which weaves, with kinglike opulence, about all kings of men its luxuriant and gross mythology, of drunkenness and theft and lust; and which handsomely enlivens every gathering so often as envy appears under some one of those lesser titles such as this monarch over-modestly affects when envy goes incognito among mankind as zeal, or as candor, or as moral duty; and which yet retained in Darvan its dark paradise, wherein envy ruled without any check or concealment, and wherein the kings of men paid a fit toll to the king of passions for every sort of high endeavor.

VIII. WE APPROACH CLIOTH

AT Clioth, just beside the cave, sat a leper wrapped in an old red robe which hid his face. Beside him, to the right-hand side of this leper, lay a large white bull chewing massively at its cud: and this leper rang a little bell when he saw Alfgar.

“Hail, brother!” cried the leper: “and do you give me now a proper gift, in a god’s name, before your many wounds have made an end of you.”

“There are more gods set over man than I have hurts in my frail body,” said Alfgar. “And it may be that no one of these gods is in all ways divine. Yet is each hallowed by the love of his worshippers: and in the hearts of his worshippers each god has kindled a small warming fire of faith and of enduring hope. For that reason should every god be held honorable in his degree.”

“Why, to be sure!” the leper replied. “Nevertheless, you did not hold honorable the gods of Rorn. And, besides, I cry to you in the name of the god of Ecben.”

“He is but a little god, a well-nigh forgotten god,” said Alfgar. “I retain no longer any faith in him, and that hope which he kindled is dead a great while since. Yet this god also is made holy by the love of his worshippers, whom I too loved. This god who has gone out of my mind keeps, none the

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less, his shrine in my deep heart. So in his name I grant your asking."

"Do you give me, then," said the leper, "those golden rings which glitter in your ears."

"Very willingly," said Alfgar, for it seemed to him this was light toll.

But now the white bull lowed: and the leper nodded his veiled head as though in assent.

"— Only, now that I think of it," said the leper, "I must ask for more than those two gold rings. For my own ears, as you can observe, are not pierced: and unless I have pierced ears, then those rings will be of no use to me."

Alfgar saw that this was wholly logical; and yet this logic did not please him. Nevertheless, when the leper had told all his asking, Alfgar replied:

"I may not deny you that which is asked in the name of my own god, to whom I owe all homage except the homage of belief; and I grant your asking. Moreover, I have heard the music of Ettarre, and I wish to keep in my memory only the music of Ettarre, and I would not have it marred by my hearing any other noises."

So the leper touched the ears of Alfgar with strong hands, and the outcast King went down into the cave of Clioth. Then the leper rose, and put off his red robe, and in the likeness of a very old, lean man he went away to resume that labor which has not any ending.

IX. THE WAY OF WORSHIP

THE tale says then that in the cave of Clioth was not absolute darkness, but, instead, a dim blue glowing everywhere, as though the gleam of decay were intermingled here with the gleam of moonshine. Upon both sides of the cave showed a long row of crumbling altars; and every altar was inscribed with the device of one or another god.

Thus upon the first altar that Alfgar came to was engraved: "I am the Well-doer. I only am the Lord of the two horns, the Governor of all living, and the Conqueror of every land." But upon the next altar you read: "I am the Beneficent. I ordained created things from the beginning. There is no other god save me, who am the giver of winds to all nostrils, and the bestower of delight and ruin to every kind."

The device upon an altar of square-hewn granite said: "I am that I am. I am a jealous god: my thoughts are tempests. Thou shalt have no other god before me." Yet upon an altar of green malachite carved with four skulls was written: "I am the Warrior, the far-darting Slayer of all life and the Slayer of death also. No other god is my peer: through me the sun is risen, and I alone reign over the place where all roads meet."

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Such were the devices upon these altars, and upon yet other altars showed yet other devices, but no living man might say to what gods any of these altars had been erected, for all these gods had long ago passed down into Antan. And about each of these altars yet knelt the ghosts of the dead, still worshipping where no god was, because in every age is born, to the troubling of that age, a man, or it may be two men, who will not forsake their gods.

So in that dim blue gleaming did Alfgar come to the ruined altar of the god of Ecben. He knelt there, among ghosts of all which once had been most dear to Alfgar. Beside him knelt his sister Gudrun, who had died when they both were children. Hilda also was there, and young Gamelyn. Yonder knelt Alfgar's father — superb and slightly dull-witted, and more great-hearted than any person was nowadays, — punctiliously intent upon his religious duties, as became a properly reared monarch of the old school. And beside the father of Alfgar that long-dead queen who had been Alfgar's mother now turned toward her son that proud and tender gazing which he so well remembered. But she did not remember. There was no recognition in the eyes of Alfgar's mother as she seemed to look beyond and through that Alfgar who was not any longer the King of Ecben, but only an aging vagabond upon whom was the mark of the witch-woman.

And a vague host of other persons whom he had known and loved, at Sorram and at Tagd, when Alfgar was but a boy, knelt there in a blue gleaming. But all were wavering pale phantoms, and none of them appeared aware of Alfgar. These ghosts all gazed beyond and through him, as though he too

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were a ghost, in the while that they worshipped. Thus did they all keep faith, unthriftily, with that god who now had no gifts for his faithful, and who could no longer aid them, and whom no living person honored any more save only Alfgar, who knew over well that he knelt among the dead to honor a dead god.

"O little god of Ecben," Alfgar said, "it is right that I should bring to you an unthriftily giving of pity and of love and of all reverence. It is needful that I should not forsake you. It is very certain that in no quarter of this earth may I find any god whom I can serve true-heartedly save you alone. . . . For to the North reigns Odin; Zeus triumphs in the South; and Siva holds the East. To the West rule Kuri and Uwardowa, and Kogi also, who are Three in One. And the power of these gods is known, where your forever ended power is not known any longer, and where your name is forgotten."

Then Alfgar said:

"It is known that Odin dwells in the North, at Gladshiem, under a roof of silver, in a fair grove wherein the foliage of each tree is golden. All that which has been or will ever be is revealed to Odin, for this god has drunk, from out of a bronze kettle, the blood of a dwarf intermingled with rum and honey. Therefore does Odin govern all things, and the other gods of the North obey him as their father. He has nine and forty names, and under each name a nation prays to him. The power of Odin is supreme. . . . And it is known that Zeus holds Olympos in the South. He carries in his hand a thunderbolt, and an eagle attends him. The other gods of the South obey Wide-seeing Zeus as their father. The young

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women of the South obey him also, and he begets upon them heroes, but his heart is given to the boy Ganymede."

After that, Alfgar said:

"Ganymede and yet other boys obey this Zeus. This Zeus is worshipped in the form of a ram because of his not ever tiring lustiness in all natures of love. In fornication, as in all other matters, the power of Zeus is supreme. . . . And it is known also that in the East three-headed Siva has reared his dwelling place among broad shining pools of water in which grow red and blue and white lotus flowers. He rules there, seated upon a tiger's skin, upon a throne as glorious as is the midday sun. The other gods of the East obey this Siva as their father. Yet whensoever it pleases him to do so, three-headed Siva descends from the brightness and the fragrance of his heaven to run howling about this earth in the appearance of a naked madman, besmeared with ashes and attended by starved demons and gray ghosts, for the power of Siva is supreme. . . . These things are known to all the pious that thrive in the North and in the South and in the East."

And Alfgar said also:

"But in the West, in my own West, it is known that the gods of Rorn have taken their rule over Ecben. From green Pen Loegyr to the gaunt dear hills of Tagd, where once a boy lived in fond sheltered happiness, the power of these three is supreme. Where once you reigned, O little god of Ecben, now these three reign, and they have all honor. The burning of much incense blinds them; the men of Ecben bring to them red he-goats and white bulls and virgins; the needs of these three gods are duly served

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where your name is not remembered. . . . These things are known. These things are known to every person, O little god of Ecben! But it is not known, O very dear, dead Lord, in what hour and in what place the power went out of you, nor in what tomb you sleep discrowned and forgotten. O little god of Ecben, whom no other man remembers any longer, my pity and fond reverence, and my great love also, now go a-questing after you through the darkness of your unknown grave."

It was in this fashion that, in the faith-haunted cave of Clioth, Alfgar worshipped unthriftily the dead god of Ecben.

Now came toward Alfgar seven creatures having the appearance of jackals, save that each one of them wore spectacles. Such were they whose allotted work it was to discourage the worship of dead gods. Each raised a leg against the altar of the god of Ecben.

When they had finished with that task, these seven remarked, because of their sturdy common-sense:

"This man attempts to preserve the sentiments of Ecben without any of the belief which begot them. This man yet kneels before an altar which his own folly has dishonored, and he yet clings to that god in whom he retains no faith."

After that they carried Alfgar far deeper down into the cave of Clioth: and quietly, in entire darkness, they dealt with him as was their duty. But his life they spared, by howsoever little, and howsoever unwillingly, because upon this aging and frail wanderer they found the mark of the witch-woman whose magic is more strong than is that magic of time which overthrows the altar of every god.

x. THE LAST GIVING

NOW at the farther end of the cave of Clioth you came again into gray daylight and to a leper who waited there in a black robe, which hid his face, but did not hide the glittering of the gold rings which hung in this leper's ears.

A flock of small birds arose from the dead grass about his feet, and flew away with many swirls and cheepings: you saw that they were swallows. A dark snake glided out from between his feet, and flickeringly passed down into the cave of Clioth, now that this leper rang a little bell.

"Hail, brother!" cried the leper; "and do you give me now a proper gift in your lady's name, before your feebleness and your wounds, and your great age also, have quite done with their thriving work."

"I once had more of ladies than I had of ills," replied Alfgar, "in the fine days when I was the darling of the women of Ecben, and there was not any summoning yet put upon me. For in that far-off season it was I who summoned. I summoned with the frank gaze of a king who does not need to speak his desire: and out of hand a blush and a bridling answered me. So there was Cathra, and Olwen, and Guen, and Hrefna, and Astrid also; there was Lliach of the Bright Breast, and there was Una that was queen over the War Women of Mel; and there were

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yet others, before the coming of Ettaine. To each of these dear maids my heart was given at one time or another time: and in return they did not deny me their lips."

The leper spoke as if with doubtfulness, saying, "Nevertheless — "

"To many ladies of romance and of legend," Alfgar continued, now that his mind was upon this matter, "has my heart been given likewise; and those queens who ruled most notably in the world's youth have ruled also in my heart, because it is the way of Ecben to know that every woman is holy and more fine than a man may ever be — "

To that the leper answered, without any least doubtfulness, saying, "Stuff and nonsense! "

"— And moreover," Alfgar said, with the quiet pertinacity of an aged person, "it is the way of youth to desire that which cannot ever be attained."

"These reflections appear as handsome as they are irrelevant," the leper returned. "Now that you have done with your interminable and very foolish talking, I cry to you for my proper gift, in the name of no harem, but in the name of Ettarre."

"And in that, that most dear name," said Alfgar, "I grant all askings."

So then the leper told his asking, and Alfgar sighed. Yet, in that grave and lordly manner of his, which merely rational persons found unendurable, decrepit Alfgar said:

"I will not depart from the old way of Ecben. Therefore I may not deny to anybody that which is asked in the name of my lady in domnei. And indeed, it may be that I shall make shift well enough, even so. For I have seen the face of Ettarre, and I desire

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only to retain my loyal memories of that beauty which had in it not any flaw."

The leper replied, "Loyalty is a fine jewel; yet many that wear it die beggars."

Then the leper touched the eyes of Alfgar, and Alfgar fared onward upon a gray and windy way. But the leper arose, and put off his black robe, and from behind the rock upon which he had been sitting he took up the most sharp of scythes and the oldest of all hour glasses.

xi. HOW TIME PASSED

THEN this very old, lean man cried out “Oho!” and yet again he cried “Oho!” and, after that, he went away chuckling, and saying to himself:

“I have well repaired the hurt honor of the gods of Rorn. I have well dealt with this Alfgar who, because of his fond notions, has yielded up to me willingly that which other men give perforce. For I take this toll from all. There is no youth which I do not lead into corruption; there is no loveliness but becomes my pillage; and man’s magnanimity begets no bustlings which I do not quiet by and by. I chill faith. I teach hope to deride itself. I parch charity. The strong cities, which withstand the battalions and the arbalests and the scaling ladders, may not withstand me. I play with kingdoms. Oho, but I play with every kingdom as I played with Atlantis and with Chaldea and with Carthage and with Troy. I break my playthings. I ignore neither the duke nor the plowman. All withers under my touch, and is not any longer remembered anywhere upon earth.”

After that the old man said:

“The earth itself I waste away into a cinder adrift in that wind which fans the flickering of the stars. I know this assuredly, for my skill is proved, and in heaven I keep always before me the cold, quiet moon as a model of what I mean to make of this earth.

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Oho, and in heaven also, all gods observe me with the alert eyes which rabbits turn toward the hound who is not yet upon their scent. They know that I alone exalt the Heavenly Ones, and that for some while I humor them, as I to-day have humored the vexed minds of the gods of Rorn. Yet these Heavenly Ones well know what in the end I make of their omnipotence. Let Kuri and Uwardowa, and Kogi also, have a care of my industry! The road behind me is littered with despoiled temples. The majesty of many gods is the dust in that roadway."

And this very old, lean man said likewise:

"But the road before me, oho, but the road before me, is obscure. Its goal is not known. If there be any power above me, it is not known. If there be any purpose anywhere in my all-ruining labor, it is not known. Yet if that power exists, and if that purpose and that goal be set, I pray that these may end my endless laboring by and by, for I am old and tired, and there is no joy to be got out of my laboring."

PART THREE
OF ALFGAR IN THE GRAYNESS

“The Touch of Time does More than the Club of Hercules.”

xii. THE WAY OF ALL WOMEN

IT is told that infirm old Alfgar passed on a gray road beneath gray skies, and about him blew that wind which fans the flickering of the stars. The first woman that he met there was gray and fat as a fed coffin worm. She mumbled, between toothless gums,—

“ Tarry! for I am that Cathra who was your first love.”

And it is told also that the second woman he met was gray and lean. A piping voice came out of her lank quivering jaws, and that voice said,—

“ Tarry! for I am Olwen whom you loved with your whole heart.”

Then Hrefna, and Guen, and Lliach, and Astrid, and Una, and all the other most dear maids that Alfgar had followed after in his youth, cried out their willingness to reward his love. Ettaine came also, bent and infirm and gray; her withered hands trembled, and her guts rumbled rattlingly, in the while that Ettaine was saying,—

“ Tarry, delight of both my eyes! ”

For youth had long ago gone out of these maidens; the years had pilfered their sweet colorings; and time had so nibbled away every part of their comeliness, that these were but gray and decayed old harridans who leered and cackled and broke wind as each plucked at Alfgar’s ragged sleeve in the windy grayness.

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The gaunt tall King trudged onward.

But here, the gray way was littered to the right hand and to the left hand with a scattering of papers which flutteringly rose up in the persistent wind, and these also spoke with Alfgar.

"Tarry! for I am Oriana, the most faithful and most fair of all women," was the first thin whispering that the old King heard: "but Amadis is far from this place, so let us quickly take our glad fill of love."

Then another paper rustled: "I am Aude. Roland loved me until his death, and it was of Roland's death that I died; yet for your dear love's sake I live again."

And a third paper lisped: "I am Yseult, Mark's queen. But I loved a harper, and the music of this Tristram made all my life a music. Not even death might still that music, for our names endure as one song that answers to another song. Yet Alfgar now is my one love."

He saw then that upon these papers were very crudely drawn the figures of women, in old and faded colors, and he so knew that he was being wooed by the fairest ladies of romance and of legend. These swept about him futilely, adrift in the wind which fans the flickering of the stars: and all these paper figures were smutched with the thumb marks and the fly droppings and the dim grime of uncountable years. So did they pass as tatterings of soiled, splotched paper in which time had left no magic and no warmth and no beauty.

Alfgar sighed: but he went onward.

Then very many skeletons came crying out to Alfgar. And the first skeleton said:

"Tarry! for I am Cleopatra. I am that one Cleo-

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patra whose name yet lives. All the large world lay in this little hand, as my plaything. I ruled the South and North: and I ruled merrily, as became the daughter of Rā, the Lord of Crowns, and the well beloved of Amen-Rā, the Lord of the Throne of the Two Lands. The war drums and the shoutings of the legions under their tall crests of red horsehair could not prevail against the sweetness of my laughter: with one kiss I conquered Cæsar, and all his army. Then Antony brought me new kingdoms, and with each of these, and with him also, I played as I desired, at the price of yet another kiss. But my third lover was more wise and cold than were these Roman captains, and yet I died of his kissing, because that dusty-colored, horned worm was too fiercely enamored of my loveliness."

The gaunt tall King trudged onward.

But another skeleton cried out: "Nay, do you tarry instead with me. For I am that Magdalene whose body was as a well builded market-place wherefrom men got all their desires. My love was very liberal: my love was a highway whereupon glad armies marched in triumph: my love was a not ever ending festival where new guests come and go. Then a god passed, saying, 'Love ye one another.' But I stayed perverse, for after that time I loved him alone. In the hour of his tortured dying I did not leave him: when he returned from death I, and I only, awaited him, at the door of the gray tomb, at dawn, beneath the olive-trees, where the birds chattered with a surprising sweetness. But his voice was more sweet than theirs. Whithersoever he went, there I too must be: and for that reason he was followed by many who were enamored of my loveliness."

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Alfgar sighed: but he went onward.

Then yet a third skeleton said: "It were far better that you should tarry with me. For I am Balkis; Sheba bore me, from out of the womb of an antelope; and in all the ways of love I am well skilled. My skill was spoken of throughout the happy land between Negrân and Ocelis. King Scharabel chose me to be his queen because of that fine skill I had; and I rewarded him with a sharp troth-plighting. With one dagger thrust I took from him his kingdom and his life also. But it was in a bed builded of gold and carved with triangles that I conquered yet another king, when Solomon shaved from my legs three hairs, and I bereft him of his over-famous wisdom. So did he worship Eblis and Milcom after that midnight, because I served these gods very wantonly in their high places, and the old lewd itching Jew was enamored of my loveliness."

But Alfgar put aside the lipless mouth, and all the other mouldering cold bones, of wise Balkis, also.

In such fashion did these skeletons, and yet other grinning small skeletons, flock after the tall wanderer and cry out to him. The sweetings of Greece and of Almayne and of Persia foregathered in that endless grayness with the proud whores of the Merovingians and of the Pharaohs, and each of these luxurious women wooed Alfgar. The empresses of Rome and of Byzantium came likewise: the czarinas of Muscovy and the sultanas of Arabia also attended him. The head-wives of the Caziques and of the Incas, the nieces of the Popes, and the maharanees of the Great Khans, all flocked about King Alfgar: and all were mouldy bones, in their torn and rotted gravecloths. Then from the mire along the gray

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roadway arose the voices of the queens of Assyria and of Babylon, who now were scattered dust and horse dung. All these, whom time had done with, now cried out wooingly to Alfgar.

But infirm old Alfgar went onward without heeding any of them, for so strong was the magic which Ettarre had put upon him that all these who were the fairest of the women of this world no longer seemed desirable.

xiii. WHAT A BOY THOUGHT

AT the gate of the garden, beside the lingham post which stood there in eternal erection, sat a young boy who was diverting himself by whittling, with a small green-handled knife, a bit of cedar-wood into the quaint shaping which that post had. His hair was darkly red: and now, as he regarded Alfgar with brown and wide-set eyes, the face of this boy was humorously grave, and he nodded now, as the complacent artist nods who looks upon his advancing work and finds all to be near his wishes.

“Time has indeed laid hold of you with both hands,” said the boy, “and the touch of time does more than the club of Hercules. It is not the Alfgar who had the pre-eminent name that I am seeing, but only a frail and blinded and deaf vagabond.”

“Nevertheless,” said Alfgar, and even now he spoke in that grave and lordly manner which once had from a throne annoyed the more human of his hearers, “nevertheless, I have not departed from the old way of Ecben.”

“I know that way,” the boy replied. “It is a pretty notion to have but one king and one god and, above both of them, one lady. Oh, yes, it is a most diverting notion, and a very potent drug, to believe that these three are holy and all-important. I too have got diversion from that notion, in my day. . . .”

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The boy shook his red curls; and he said, shrug-gingly: "But no toy lasts forever. And out of that notion also time has taken the old nobleness and the fine strength."

Then Alfgar asked, "But what do you do here who wait in this gray place like a sentinel?"

The boy replied: "I do that which I do in every place. Here also, at the gateway of that garden into which time has not yet entered, I fight with time my ever-losing battle, because to do that diverts me."

He smiled: but Alfgar did not smile.

"To be seeking always for diversion, sir," said Alfgar, with a king's frankness, "is but a piddling way of living."

"Ah, but then," the boy answered him, "I fight against the gluttony of time with so many very amus-ing weapons,— with gestures and with attitudes and with wholly charming phrases; with tears, and with tinsel, and with sugar-coated pills, and with plati-tudes slightly regilded. Yes, and I fight him also with little mirrors wherein gleam confusedly the corruptions of all lust, and ruddy loyalty, and a bit of moonshine, and the pure diamond of the heart's desire, and the opal cloudings of human compromise: but, above all, I fight that ravening dotard with the might of my own folly."

"I do not understand these foolish sayings," Alfgar returned. "Yet I take you to be that Horven-dile who is the eternal playfellow of my lady in domnei —"

"But I," the boy answered, "I take it that I must be the eternal playfellow of time. For piety and common-sense and death are rightfully time's toys: and it is with these three that I divert myself."

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Alfgar said: "This also is but a piddling way of talking. I must frankly tell you, Messire Horvendile, if but for your own good, that such frivolousness is very unbecoming in an immortal."

The boy laughed, without any mirth, at this old vagabond's old notions. "Then I must tell you," said Horvendile, "that my immortality has sharp restrictions. For it is at a price that I pass down the years, as yet, in eternal union with the witch-woman whose magic stays — as yet — more strong than is the magic of time. The price is that I only of her lovers may not ever hope to win Ettarre. This merely is permitted me: that I may touch the hand of Ettarre in the moment that I lay that hand in the hand of her last lover. I give, who may not ever take. . . ."

But Horvendile laughed at that, too, still without any gaiety. He then added:

"So do I purchase an eternally unfed desire against which time — as yet — remains powerless."

"But I, sir, go to take my desires, as becomes an honest chevalier," said Alfgar, very resolutely, as the infirm old King now passed beyond this fribbling and insane immortal.

The boy replied to him: "That well may be. Yet how does that matter, either, — by and by — in a world wherein the saga of every man leads to the same Explicit? "

But Horvendile got no answer to this question, at this season, nor at any other season. So — by and by — he gave this question a fine place among those other platitudes which he had slightly regilded.

PART FOUR
OF ALFGAR IN A GARDEN

“The Gods Provide for Him that Holds to his Faith.”

XIV. WE ENCOUNTER DAWN

IT is told that all loveliness endured in this garden whereinto time had not yet entered. It is told that, advancing very wearily through the first glow of dawn, Alfgar now passed into the spring of a year which was not registered upon any almanac. Here youth, as always, lived for the passing moment: the difference here was that the moment did not pass. And it is told also that this ever-abiding moment was that moment wherein the spring dawn promises a day more fair than any day may ever be, and when the young leaves whisper in their merry prophesying of more than a century of summers might by any chance fulfil.

But Alfgar was no longer in the prime of his youth. To every side of him, through the first glow of dawn, young persons walked in couples, and they were glad because they knew that the world was their plaything, and that their love was a wholly unexampled love which the dark daughters of Dvalinn, even those three Norns who weave the fate of all the living, regarded respectfully; and which the oncoming years all labored to reward with never-ending famousness and contentment. They, who were young, knew that time was but a bearer of resplendent gifts; they knew that their love was eternal; they knew also that they themselves were far more remarkable and more glorious than any other pair of

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lovers which had ever existed: and, as they walked there in couples, they mentioned all these facts.

But Alfgar walked alone: and of necessity, he looked at these youngsters with the eyes which time had given him; and it was with the ears which time had given him that he heard these chattering, moonstruck, gangling young half-wits talk their nonsense.

In no great while, however, as the infirm old King reflected, these silly children would be self-respecting men and women, and this bleating and this pawing at one another would happily be put aside for warfare and housework and other sensible matters. Those interlocked young hands would soon be parted, the one hand to kill honorably, with fine sword strokes, in a wellbred mêlée of gentlemen, and the other hand to scrub stewpans and wash diapers. And that would be an excellent outcome: for, to old Alfgar's finding, the unrestrainedness of these semi-public endearments was, in its way, an indignity to human intelligence.

xv. HOW THE KING TRIUMPHED

THEN Alfgar saw a woman who walked alone, upon a gravelled walkway, beneath the maples and the sycamore-trees of this garden. She came toward the old wanderer, and a jangling and a skirling noise came with her, so that Alfgar knew this was indeed Ettarre. He heard again that music which sought and could not find its desire in any quarter of earth.

But the ears which time had given him got no delight from this music. It seemed, to this decrepit king of men, an adolescent and morbid music. He did not like these unhappy noises which seemed to doubt and question. It was better to have about you much merrier noises than were these noises, in the while that yet remained for an aging frail old fellow to be hearing any noises at all.

She was near him now. And Ettarre, he found, was well enough to look at, but in no way remarkable: for to the eyes which time had given him the face of one woman was very much like that of any other woman. Nevertheless, this was his appointed lady in domnei. So the old romantic knelt, and he kissed the hands of this girl who appeared, after all, quite nice looking, in an unpretentious fashion.

He knelt because this was the Ettarre who had drawn Alfgar out of the set ways of life, and who had stripped him of all that well-thought-of mon-

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archs desired. It was in order that he might kneel here at the feet of his appointed lady in domnei, upon this walkway,— which really was a bit damp, he reflected, for a person of his age,— and upon these rather uncomfortable small stones, that Alfgar had given up his pre-eminent name. It was in order to be hurting his thin old knees, with these little rocks' sharp edges, that he had given up his tall throne builded of apple-wood with rivets of copper, and the King of Ecben's four houses builded of white polished stone, with all their noble furnishings, and their fertile gardens and orchards, and their low-lying, red-roofed stables; and he had given up, too, his big golden sceptre with the five kinds of rubies in it, and his herds of fine speckled cattle at Pen Loegyr, and all the pretty shaping and the bright colors of Ettaine, the daughter of Thordis Bent-Neck.

These things Alfgar had yielded up not all unwillingly, because of his magnanimous old notions. These things he had put far behind him now, so that he might be following after that Ettarre whom a poet fetched from out of the Waste Beyond the Moon, to be alike the derider and the prey and the destroyer of mankind. Of all these things the witch-woman had bereft King Alfgar, and of all other things save only of that dream which yet ruled defiantly in the old wanderer's brave heart.

xvi. CONTENTMENT OF A CHEVALIER

THUS then is the quest ended," Alfgar said, after he had risen up shakily from kneeling upon the edges of those more and yet more uncomfortable small stones. "I have kept faith with the old way of Ecben, and with you also I have kept faith."

The girl answered: "You have kept faith, instead, with Alfgar, after your own fashion, and after no fashion which became a well-thought-of monarch."

Now Alfgar went on speaking with the quiet pertinacity of an old man; and he spoke, too, as though he were a little, but not very deeply, puzzled by a matter of no really grave importance, saying:

"So have I won to you who were my lady in domnei and my heart's desire. But I am aged now, and it is as your playfellow said: time has laid hold of me with both hands, and with the weak remnants of my mortal body's strength I may neither take nor defend you as becomes a king of men. The music that I once delighted in seems only a thin vexing now. And my infirm eyes may not ever again perceive that beauty which my heart remembers."

The girl replied: "Yet even from the first, my friend, you followed after a music which you could not hear, and after a shining to which your eyes were dimmed. All that which other men desire you have

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given up because of a notion in which you did not ever quite believe. Yes: you have clung — in your own fashion, — to the old way of Ecben."

He said, "And for that reason, I am content."

She answered him with that cool, and yet condoning, bright gaze which women keep for the strange notions of men. She answered him with words also, saying:

"Yet so have you raised up a brutish and lewd Ulf to the throne of Ecben. So have you tumbled down the god of Ecben. So have you lost that Ettaine for whom your love was human and convenient to the ways of men. So do you stand here, a very aged outcast, from whom all ecstasy has departed. Thus ends the King of Ecben's questing after his vain dream, in folly and wide hurt."

He replied: "Yet am I content. For I have served that dream which I elected to be serving. It may be that no man is royal, and that no god is divine, and that our mothers and our wives have not any part in holiness. Oh, yes, it very well may be that I have lost honor and applause, and that I take destruction, through following after a dream which has in it no truth. Yet my dream was noble; and its nobility contents me."

To that the girl returned, rather sadly, "Alas, my friend, but it is an imagining at which Heaven laughs; and the gray Norns do not fulfil that dream for any man."

Alfgar replied: "Then men are better than that power which made them. For the kings of men do not laugh at this dream: and in the heart of every person that is royal this dream may be fulfilled, even in the while that his body fails and perishes."

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"Yet," said Ettarre, "yet, as the strength of a man's mortal body fails, so do his desires perish also. It is a thing more sad than any other thing which men know about, that under the touch of time even they who serve with the most ardor men's highest fancies must lose, a little by a little, all hunger and all faith as to that which is beyond and above them."

He now looked somewhat wistfully into this girl's quite nicely colored and shaped face which was, to him, so like the face of any other young woman who has good health. The gaunt old man flung back his head. His white hair fluttered about in the dawn wind, untidily, and the palely colored eyes of the tricked wanderer had a vexed and tormented shining, in the while that he said:

"It is not a true thing which you are speaking. For I retain my faith in that which is beyond and above me. I have lost the desire and the vision: but I retain my faith. I retain my faith in that beauty which I may not see, and in that music which I may not hear ever any more, and in that dream which has betrayed me. And I am content."

The girl answered: "You are strangely obstinate. And I could never let anyone remain content."

With that she clasped for one moment his withered hands between her hands, and the witch-woman said very tenderly:

"Most brave and steadfast, and most foolish, of all them who have followed after Ettarre, the gods do well to smile at your strange and fond imaginings. And yet, tall king of men, the gods provide for him that holds to his faith."

She touched his ears. Her finger tips fell lightly upon his wrinkled eyelids.

XVII. THE CHANGING OF ALFGAR

ALL things were changed for Alfgar. He was not any longer a frail and aged person, now that contentment had gone out of him. For all his stoical, enforced contentment had now made room for joy, because his youth had returned to him; and in that garden, now, exulted that Alfgar who had been foremost among the champions of Ecben, the Alfgar who had been the most powerful of kings and the most ardent of lovers and the most knightly of chevaliers.

All things were changed for Alfgar. He noted, with roving and imperious young eyes, that lilies abounded to each side of him, and that in this garden many climbing white roses also were lighted by the clear and tempered radiancy of early dawn. White rabbits were frisking about King Alfgar. He saw that all the world was lovely, and that time was friendly to all lovers. He heard a music which was not of this world, and it still sought and could not find its desire in any quarter of earth. But now was intermingled with this music the sound of doves that called to their mates; and in this music he found, now, no doubtfulness and no discontent, but only the dear promise of a life which presently would be created out of the irresistible might of this music's yearning, and which would be more noble than had been any life yet known to human kind.

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All things were changed for Alfgar, who grasped with strong hands the hands of the most lovely of the women who are not quite of this world. For this was visibly that ever-young Ettarre whom very long ago the magic of a poet's love and the wizardry of mathematics had fetched from out of the Waste Beyond the Moon, to be the delight and the ruin of many human lovers less fortunate than Alfgar had been, and to elude them eternally. But Alfgar she could not elude, he knew, because of those strong hands which held her hands securely.

"The gods provide," said Alfgar, joyously, "for him that holds to his faith!"

So was it that all things were changed for Alfgar through the touch of the witch-woman who had drawn him out of the set ways of life into the garden between dawn and sunrise, and whose magic is more great than is the magic of time.

XVIII. AS TO ANOTHER MARRIAGE FEAST

FROM all quarters of the garden came the young lovers, two by two, in high rejoicing. They rejoiced because, once more, the gray Norns had regarded respectfully the importance of a sincere love-affair, and because the oncoming years were again laboring to reward the steadfastness of true love with never-ending fame and contentment. They cried aloud to Alfgar, with friendly smiles and with gay caperings,—

“The gods provide for him that holds to his faith!”

Then they all praised Alfgar cordially. Each couple said, indeed, with the most sympathizing kind of politeness, that Alfgar and his appointed lady in domnei were more remarkable and more glorious than any other pair of lovers which had ever existed, saving only one pair,—which pair no couple was so egotistic as to mention outright.

They that had served Ettarre came also, all those maimed poets whose living she had ruined. And they said:

“Hail and farewell, Ettarre! Because of you, we could be contented with no woman. We turned away from that frank and wholesome world wherein frank, wholesome maidens walked amiably along sunlit ways. We perceived that the younger females of our kind were pleasant to the touch and were agreeably

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tinted. But we turned away, we blundered into more murky places, and we got deep scarrings there, because these maids were not as was that witch-woman whom we had seen and might not forget. As moths flitter after torches, so did we pursue your lost loveliness, to our own hurt."

And these poets said also:

"Because of your music, we could get no delight from the music of our verses nor from any melody that is of this world. We were enamored of a music which no words might entrap nor cage. There was a music which had no fault in it, as we well knew, because we had heard such music once, for too brief a while. But no man who lived upon earth might recapture that music. The cradle-songs of the fond mothers who bore us were less dear than was that music. The pipes and the organs and the fiddles made no such music. We heard the trumpets and the harps and the clarions; we heard the church bells; and we were not comforted."

Then these poets said:

"Because of you, we lived among mankind as exiles. The emperors and the captains perceived that we did not regard their famousness as a weighty matter. The priests and the well-thought-of sages perceived that in the while they instructed us our minds were upon a mystery, and that our thinking cherished a legend which was not their legend. So the strong derided us, and said lightly that we were witstricken: but, in their troubled hearts, they hated us. For we went among them as men who had drunk wine from a goblet of fairy gold: the wholesome fare of earth may not content such men: and to all human kind they become abhorrent."

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Whereafter these maimed poets cried out very fondly:

“ Yet we who never found contentment in any hour of our living, all we who followed after you to our own hurt, we would have nothing changed. That loveliness which we saw once and then lost forever, and that music which we heard just once and might not ever hear again, were things more fine than is contentment. Hail and farewell, Ettarre! ”

Such was the speaking of these poets, and so was it that they all made ready for the marriage feast of Alfgar the high king and Ettarre the most fair of those women who are not quite of this world.

XIX. THE WAY IT ENDED

AND Horvendile came likewise. As he had done in Alfgar's dream, so now did this red-headed boy smile without any mirth; and he laid the hand of Ettarre in the hand of Alfgar, in the while that this boy was speaking a word of power.

Then Alfgar grasped exultingly, with his strong arms, the wife that he had won, and his lips touched her lips. It was in that instant the young face of Horvendile became white and drawn. It is not well to give where one desires.

And in that same instant also the maimed servitors of Ettarre were gone, and all the beautiful and merry young lovers passed in a many-colored mistiness. But to these had succeeded a wonder-working even more amiable, for in this garden three immortals now sat watching over Alfgar friendlily.

The largest of these smiling gods was broad-browed and great-eyed, with very long black hair and a thick beard: the robe he wore was fashioned out of five hundred and forty and three goatskins, and with his left hand he carried a spear of flickering fire. The second god was clothed in red, striped with fine flickering lines of white, and in his yellow hair were two white plumes: between the thumb and the forefinger of his left hand he held a white bull, as yet only partially eaten. But the third god was

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copper-colored, and he was by so much the least of the divine three that, now he also sat cross-legged upon the ground, his head rose but a little way above the taller locust-trees of the garden. About his head flew swallows. He was naked save that wrapped everywhere around his body was a darkly gleaming snake which whispered into the ear of its master with an ever flickering tongue.

Such were the appearances of Kuri and of Uwardowa and of Kogi, who were the supreme gods of Rorn. And each of them was smiling now that Alfgar had won his heart's desire. It was a great joy to Alfgar to see that these gods bore toward him no grudge. Instead, each god had lifted up his right hand, in blessing and in forgiveness.

Then these gods arose and went away laughingly. The power was not yet gone out of them.

It was in this way that the garden between dawn and sunrise was emptied of all living creatures save Ettarre and Horvendile, and that at their feet you saw, still faintly simmering, that which the forgiveness of the gods of Rorn had left of King Alfgar.

PART FIVE
OF HORVENDILE AND ETTARRE

“Nor do They Get from their Playing any Joy.”

XX. WE REGARD OTHER WANDERERS

THE gods provide for him that holds to his faith," said Horvendile, with a slow smiling. "These jealous and rather pig-headed Heavenly Ones have very smoothly rounded off our playing with this tall, over-faithful fool: and so the saga of King Alfgar, after all, ends neatly enough."

But Ettarre did not smile. "This man was better and more fine than we are. I would that I could weep for this brave outcast king of men whose folly was more noble than is our long playing. . . . Dear Horvendile, and why may you give me no human heart?"

The eternal artist looked very sadly toward her who was the pulse of all his dreams' desire, in the while that she waited there beyond the blackened and ruined body of King Alfgar. "And why may you give me no happiness, Ettarre, such as—in this tall fool's one moment,—we gave to him?"

Thereafter Horvendile parted from the witch-woman, but not for long. For all happiness must end with death, and all that which is human must die. But Horvendile and his Ettarre, who are not either happy nor quite human, may not, their legend tells us, ever die, nor have they yet parted from each other for the last time.

And yet, this legend tells us also, they must live in eternal severance, in that it stays his doom that he

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only of her lovers may not hope to win Ettarre. In recompense, he may not ever wholly lose her, as must all they who approach too near to the witch-woman lose her eternally, along with all else which they have.

Some say this Horvendile is that same Madoc who first fetched Ettarre from out of the gray Waste Beyond the Moon, to live upon our earth in many bodies. The truth of this report is not certainly known. But it is known that these two pass down the years in a not ever ending severance which is their union. And it is known that in their passing they allure men out of the set ways of life, and so play wildly with the lives of men for their diversion. As they beguiled Alfgar, so have these beguiled a great sad host of other persons upon whom Horvendile and Ettarre have put a summoning for their diversion's sake, lest these two immortals should think too heavily of their own doom.

To those men of whom they get their sport they give at worst one moment of contentment. But Horvendile and his Ettarre have only an unfed desire as they pass down the years together; and because of that knowledge which they share, hope does not travel with them, nor do they get from their playing any joy. For each of these tricked lovers knows that each is but an empty shining, and that, thus, each follows after the derisive shadow of a love which the long years have not made real.

EXPLICIT

IV

TABOO

A LEGEND RETOLD FROM THE DIRGHIC OF
SÆVIUS NICANOR, WITH PROLEGOMENA,
NOTES, AND A PRELIMINARY MEMOIR

*"At melius fuerat non scribere, namque tacere
Tutum semper erit."*

— This *apologue* was written and first appeared in 1920, when Jurgen yet lay under arrest, upon suspicion of being an offensive, lewd, lascivious and indecent book. For a complete history of this imbroglio the reader is referred to Appendix A in the present volume.

THE DEDICATION

Laudataque virtus crescit

*“Buttons, a farthing a pair!
Come, who could buy them of me?
They’re round and sound and pretty,
And fit for girls of the city.”*

I. THE DEDICATION

To John S. Sumner, (Agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice)

FOR no short while my indebtedness to you has been such as to require some sort of public acknowledgment, which may now, I think, be tendered most appropriately by inscribing upon the dedication page of this brief history the name to which you are daily adding in significance.

It is a tribute, howsoever trivial, which serves at least to express my appreciation of your zeal in re-establishing what seemed to the less optimistic a lost cause. I may to-day confess without much embarrassment that after fifteen years of foiled endeavors my (various) publishers and I had virtually decided that the printing of my books was not likely ever to come under the head of a business venture, but was more properly describable as a rather costly form of dissipation. People here and there would praise, but until you, unsolicited, had volunteered to make me known to the general public, nobody seemed appreciably moved to purchase.

One by one my books had "fallen dead" with disheartening monotony: then — through what motive it would savor of ingratitude to inquire, — you came to remedy all this in the manner of a philanthropic sorcerer, brandishing everywhither your vivifying

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wand, and the dead lived again. At once, they tell me, the patrons of bookstores began to ask, not only in whispers for the *Jurgen* which you had everywhere so glowingly advertised, but with frank curiosity for "some of the fellow's other books."

Whereon we of course began to reprint, with, I rejoice to say, results which have been very generally acceptable. Barring a few complaints as to the exiguousness of my writing's salacity,—a salacity which, even I confess, you amiably exaggerated in attributing to my literary manner all qualities which the average reader most desires in novelists,—there has proved to be in point of fact, as my publishers and I had dubiously believed for years, a gratifying number of persons, living dispersedly about America, prepared to like my books when these books were brought to their attention. The difficulty had been that we did not know how to reach these widely scattered, congenial readers. But you—like Sir James Barrie's hero—"found a way."

I cannot say, in candor, that your method of exegetical criticism has always and in every respect appealed to me. Its applicability, for one thing, seems so universal that it might, for aught I know, be employed to interpret the dicta of Ackermann and Macrobius, or even the canons of Doctors Matthews and Sherman hereinafter cited, and thus open dire vistas wherein critic would prey on critic, and the most respectable would be locked in fratricidal strife. Moreover, I have applied your method to many of the Mother Goose rhymes with rather curious results. . . . But happily, I have here to confess to you, not any disputable literary standards I may harbor, but only my unarguable debt.

TABOO

In brief, your aid obtained for me overnight the hearing I had vainly sought for a long while; and of such thaumaturgy my appreciation will never be, I trust, inadequate. I therefore grasp at the first chance to express this appreciation in — as I have said, — a form which seems not quite inept.

Dumbarton Grange

December 1920

Of *The Mulberry Grove* the following editions have been collated:

- (1) The *editio princeps* of Mansard 1475. An excellent edition, having, says Garnier, “nearly all the authority of an MS.” This edition served as the basis of all subsequent editions up to that of Tribebos, 1553, which then took the lead up to the time of Bülg, who judiciously reverted to that of Mansard.
- (2) Bülg, in 4 vols. Strasburg. 1786–89. And in 2 vols. Strasburg. 1796. Both editions containing the Dirghic text with a Latin version, and the scholia and indices.
- (3) Musgrave, concerning whose edition Garnier is of opinion that, though it appeared later, yet it had been made use of by Bülg. 2 vols. Oxon. 1800. Reprinted, 3 vols. Oxon. 1809–10.
- (4) Vanderhoffen, with scholia, notes, and indices. 7 vols. London. 1807–25. His notes reprinted separately. Leipsic. 1824.

MEMOIR OF SÆVIUS NICANOR

Sævius Nicanor Marci libertus negabit

*“ She went to the tailor’s
To buy him a coat;
When she came back
He was riding the goat.”*

II. MEMOIR OF SÆVIUS NICANOR

SÆVIUS NICANOR, one of the earliest of the Grammarians, says Suetonius, first acquired fame and reputation by his teaching; and, besides, made commentaries, the greater part of which, however, were said to have been borrowed. He also wrote a satire, in which he informs us that he was a free man, and had a double cognomen.

It is reported that in consequence of some aspersions attached to the character of his writing, he retired into Sardinia, and, says Oribyles, devoted the remainder of his days to the composition of sardonic * literature.

He is quoted by Macrobius, whereas divers references to Nicanor in *La Haulte Histoire de Jurgen* would seem to show that this writer was viewed with considerable esteem in mediæval times. Latterly his work has been virtually unknown.

Robert Burton, for the rest, cites Sævius Nicanor in the 1620 edition of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (this passage was subsequently remodeled) in terms which have the unintended merit of conveying a very fair notion of the old Grammarian's literary ethics:—

“As a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth (saith Sævius Nicanor), I have

* Ackermann reads “Sardinian.” It is not certain whether the adjective employed is σαρδάνιος or σαρδάνικος: I suspect that Oribyles here makes an intentional play upon the words.

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

laboriously collected this Cento out of divers Writers, and that *sine injuria*, I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own; which Sosimenes so much commends in Nicanor, he stole not whole verses, pages, tracts, as some do nowadays, concealing their Authors' names, but still said this was Cleopantus', that Philistion's, that Mnesides', so said Julius Bassus, so Timaristus, thus far Ophelion: I cite and quote mine own Authors (which howsoever some illiterate scribblers account pedantical, as a cloak of ignorance and opposite to their affected fine style, I must and will use) *sumpsi, non surripui*, and what Varro *de re rustica* speaks of bees, *minime malificæ quod nullius opus vellicantes faciunt deterius*, I can say of myself no less heartily than Sosimenes his laud of Nicanor."

PROLEGOMENA

Nec caput habentia, nec caudam

*"I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in my pint-pot, and there I bid him drum."*

III. PROLEGOMENA

PRE-EMINENTLY the most engaging feature of a topic which pure chance and impure idiocy have of late conspired to pull about in the public prints,—I mean, the question of “indecency” in writing,—is the patent ease with which this topic may be disposed of. Since time’s beginning, every age has had its literary taboos, selecting certain things—more or less arbitrarily, but usually some natural function—as the things which must not be written about. To violate any such taboo so long as it stays prevalent is to be “indecent”: and that seems absolutely all there is to say concerning this topic, apart from furnishing some impressive historical illustration. . . .

The most striking instance which my far from exhaustive researches afford, sprang from the fact, perhaps not very generally known, that the natural function of eating, which nowadays may be discussed intrepidly anywhere, was once regarded by the Philistines, of at all events the Shephelah and the deme of Novogath, as being unmentionable. This ancient tenet of theirs, indeed, is with such clearness emphasized in a luckily preserved fragment from the Dirghic, or pre-Ciceronian Latin, of Sævius Nicanor that the readiest way to illustrate the chameleon-like traits of literary indecency appears to be to record, as hereinafter is recorded, what of this legend survives.

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Bülg and Vanderhoffen, be it said here, are agreed that it is to this legend Milton has referred in his *Areopagitica*, in a passage sufficiently quaint-seeming to us (for whom a more advanced civilization has secured the right of free speech) to warrant an abridged citation:—

“ What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? whenas all the writer teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition and the correction of his patriarchal licenser, to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide-bound humor which he calls his judgment? What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines? ”

THE LEGEND

Fit ex his consuetudo, inde natura

*“I love little pussy,
Her fur is so warm.”*

iv. HOW HORVENDILE MET FATE AND CUSTOM

NOW, at about the time that the Tyrant Pedagogos fell into disfavor with his people, avers old Nicanor (as the curious may verify by comparing Lib. X, Chap. 28 of his *Mulberry Grove*), passed through Philistia a clerk whom some called Horvendile, travelling by compulsion from he did not know where toward a goal which he could not divine. So this Horvendile said,—

“I will make a book of this journeying, for it seems to me a rather queer journeying.”

They answered him: “Very well; but if you have had dinner or supper by the way, do you make no mention of it in your book. For it is a law among us, for the protection of our youth, that eating* must not ever be mentioned in any of our writings.”

Horvendile considered this a curious enactment, but it seemed only one among the innumerable mad customs of Philistia. So he shrugged, and he made the book of his journeying, and of the things which he had seen, and heard, and loved, and hated, and had put by, in the course of his passage among ageless and unfathomed mysteries.

And in the book there was nowhere any word of eating.

* Such at least is the generally received rendering. Ackermann, following Bülg's probably spurious text, disputes that this is the exact meaning of the noun.

v. HOW THE GARBAGE-MAN CAME WITH FORKS

NOW to the book which Horvendile had made comes presently a garbage-man, newly returned from foreign travel for his health's sake, whose name was John. And this scavenger cried,—

“Oh, horrible! for here is very shameless mention of a sword and a spear and a staff.”

“That now is true enough,” says Horvendile, “but where lies the harm?”

“Why, one has but to write ‘a fork’ here, in the place of each of these offensive weapons, and the reference to eating is plain.”

“That also is true; but it would be your writing, and not my writing, which would refer to eating.”

John said, “Abandoned one, it is the law of Philistia and the holy doctrine of St. Anthony Koprologos that if anybody chooses to understand any written word anywhere as meaning ‘to eat,’ the word henceforward has that meaning.”

“Then you of Philistia have very foolish laws.”

To which John the Scavenger sagely replied: “Ah, but if laws exist they ought to fairly and impartially and without favoritism be enforced until amended or repealed. Much of the unsettled condition prevailing in the country at the present time can be traced directly to a lack of law enforcement in many directions during past years.”

TABOO

"Now I misdoubt if I understand you, Messire John, for your infinitives are split beyond comprehension. And when you talk about the non-enforcement of anything in many directions, even though these directions were during past years, I find it so confusing that the one thing of which I can be quite certain is that it was never you whom the law selected to pass upon and to amend all books."

This Horvendile says foolishly, not knowing it is an axiom among the Philistines that literary expression is best controlled by somebody with no misleading tenderness toward it; and that it is this custom, as they proudly aver, which makes the literature of Philistia what it is.

But John the Garbage-man said nothing at all, the while that he changed nouns to "fork" and "dish," and carefully annotated each verb in the book as meaning "to eat." Thereafter he carried off the book along with his garbage, and with — which was the bewildering part of it, — self-evident and glowing self-esteem. And all that watched him spoke the Dirghic word of derision, which is "Tee-Hee."

vi. HOW REASONABLY WENT THE LAW

NOW Horvendile in his bewilderment consulted with a man of law. And the lawman answered a little peevishly, by reason of the fact that age had impaired his digestive organs, and he said,—

“But of course you are a lewd fellow if you have been suspected of writing about eating.”

“Sir,” replies Horvendile, “I would have you consider that if your parents and your grandparents had not eaten, your race would have perished, and you would never have been born. I would have you consider that if you and your wife had not eaten, again your race would have perished, and neither of you would ever have lived to have the children for whose protection, as men tell me, you of Philistia avoid all mention of eating.”

“Yes, for the object of this most righteous law,” declares the lawman, “is to protect those whose character is not so completely formed as to be proof against the effect of meat-market reports and grocery advertisements and menu cards and all other such provocatives to gluttony.”

“— Yet I would have you consider,” says Horvendile, “how little is to be gained by attempting to conceal, even from the young, the inevitability of this natural function, so long as dogs eat publicly in the streets, and the poultry regale themselves just

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as candidly, and the house-flies also. Instead, the knowledge that this function is not to be talked about induces furtive and misleading discussion among these children, and, though lack of proper instruction is the approved etiquette of eating, they often commit deplorable errors — ”

To which the man of law replied, still with a bewildering effect of talking very wisely and very patiently:

“ Ah, but it does not matter at all whether or not the function of eating is practised and is inevitable to the nature and laws of our being. The law merely considers that any mention of eating is apt to inflame an improper and lewd appetite, particularly in the young, who are always ready to eat: and therefore any such mention is an obscene libel.”

vii. HOW THERE WAS BABBLING IN PHILISTIA

NOW Horvendile, yet in bewilderment, lamented, and he fled from the man of law. Thereafter, in order to learn what manner of writing was most honored by the Philistines, this Horvendile goes into an academy where the faded old books of Philistia were stored, along with yesterday's other leavings.

And as he perturbedly inspected these old books, one of the fifty mummies which were installed in this Academy of Starch and Fetters, with a hundred lackeys to attend them, spoke vexedly to Horvendile, saying, as it was the custom of these mummies to say, before this could be said to them,—

“I never heard of you before.”

“Ah, sir, it is not that which is troubling me,” then answered Horvendile: “but rather, I am troubled because the book of my journeying has been suspected of encroachment upon gastronomy. Now I notice your most sacred volume here begins with a very remarkable myth about the fruit of a tree in the middle of a garden, and goes on to speak of the supper which Lot shared with two angels and with his daughters also, and of the cakes which Tamar served to Amnon, and that this book speaks over and over, and yet over again, of eating—”

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"Of course," replies the mummy, yawning, because he had heard this silly sort of talking before.

"I notice," Horvendile went on, "that your most honored poet, here where the dust is thickest, from the moment he began by writing about certain painted berries which mocked the appetite of Dame Venus, and about a repast from which luxurious Tarquin retired like a full-fed hound or a gorged hawk,— I notice, sir, that your most honored poet speaks continually of eating. And I notice that everybody, but particularly the young person, is encouraged to read these books, and other ancient books which speak very explicitly indeed of eating—"

"Of course," again replies the mummy (who had been for many years an exponent of dormitive literacy)— "of course, young persons ought to read them: for all these books are classics, and we who were more obviously the heirs of the ages, and the inheritors of European culture, used frequently to discuss these books in Pfaff's beer-cellars."

"Well, but," asked Horvendile, "but does the indecency of this word 'eating' evaporate out of it as the years pass, so that the word is hurtful only when very freshly written?"

The mummy blinked so wisely that you would never have guessed that the brains and viscera of all these mummies had been removed when the embalmers, Time and Conformity, were preparing these fifty for the Academy of Starch and Fetters; and the mummy said:

"Young man, I doubt if the majority of us here in the academy are deeply interested in this question of eating, for reasons unnecessary to specify. But be-

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fore estimating your literary pretensions, I must ask if you ever frequented Pfaff's beer-cellar?"

Horvendile said, "No."

Now this mummy was an amiable and cultured old relic, unshakably made sure of his high name for scholarship by the fact that he had written dozens of books which nobody else had even read. So he said, friendly enough:

"Then that would seem to settle your pretensions. To have talked twaddle in Pfaff's beer-cellar is the one real proof of literary merit, no matter what sort of twaddle you may have written in your book, or in many books, as I am here in this academy to attest. Moreover, I am old enough to remember when cookery-books were sold openly upon the news-stands, and in consequence I am very grateful to the garbage-man, who, in common with all other intelligent persons, has never dreamed of meddling with anything I wrote."

"But, sir," says Horvendile, "do you esteem a scavenger, who does not pretend to specialize in anything save filth, to be the best possible judge of books?"

"He may be an excellent critic if only he indeed belongs to the forthputting Philistine stock. That proviso is most important, though, for, as I recently declared, we have very dangerous standards domiciled in the midst of us, that are only too quickly raised—"

Says Horvendile, with a shudder: "You speak ambiguously. But still, in criticizing books—"

"Plainly, young man, you do not appreciate that the essential qualifications for a critic of Philistine literature are," said this mummy bewilderingly, "to

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have set off fireworks in July, to have played ball in a vacant lot, and to have repeated what Spartacus said to the gladiators.” *

“ No, no, the essential thing is not quite that,” observed an attendant lackey, a really clever writer, who wrote, indeed, far more intelligently than he thought. He was a professor of patriotism, and prior to being embalmed in the academy, he had charge of the postgraduate work in atavism and superior sneering. “ No, my test is not quite that, and if you venture to disagree with me about this or anything else you are a ruthless Hun and an impudent Jew. No, the garbage-man may very well be an excellent judge: for by my quite infallible test the one thing requisite for a critic of our great Philistine literature is an ability to induce within himself such an internal disturbance as resembles a profound murmur of ancestral voices — ”

“ But, oh, dear me! ” says Horvendile, embarrassed by such talk. “ Is Crepitus the god of critics? ”

“ And to experience a mysterious inflowing,” continued the other, “ of national experience — ”

* It is a gratifying tribute to the permanence of æsthetic canons to record that Dr. Brander Matthews (connected with Columbia University) has, in an article upon “Alien Views of American Literature,” contributed to the *New York Times* of 14 November 1920, accepted these three qualifications as the essential groundwork for a literary critic even to-day; although Dr. Matthews is inclined, as a concession to modernism, to add to the list an ability to recite Webster’s Reply to Hayne. Since Dr. Matthews frankly states that he has been incited to this recital of a critic’s needs by (in his happy wording) “the alien angle” of “standards domiciled in the midst of us,” it is sincerely to be hoped that these standards may yet again be erected at that more pleasing angle which, as he notes, was customary in Dr. Matthews’ younger days.

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"The function is of national experience, undoubtedly," said Horvendile, "but still —"

"— Whenever he meditates," concluded this lackey bewilderingly, "upon the name of Bradford and six other surnames.* At all events, I have turned wearily from your book, you bolshevistic German Jew —"

"But I," says Horvendile feebly, "am not a German Jew."

"Oh, yes, you are, and so is everybody else whose literary likings are not my likings. I repeat, then, that I have turned wearily from your book. Whether or not it treats of eating, its implication is clearly that the Philistia which has developed Bradford and six other appellations perfectly adapted to produce murmurings and inflowings in properly constituted persons,— and which Philistia, as I have elsewhere asserted, is to-day as always a revolting country whenever it condemns,— has had no civilised cultural atmosphere worth mentioning. So your book fails to

* Sævius Nicanor does not record the wonder-working surnames employed to produce this ancient, ante-Aristotelian *κάθαρος*, and they are not certainly known. But, quite unaided, I believe, by old Nicanor's hint, Dr. Stuart Pratt Sherman (the editor of divers contributions to literature, and the author of several books) has discovered, through a series of interesting experiments in vivisection, that the one needful endowment for a critic of American letters is the power to induce within himself "a profound murmur of ancestral voices, and to experience a mysterious inflowing of national experience, in meditating on the names of Mark Twain, Whitman, Thoreau, Lincoln, Emerson, Franklin, and Bradford." Compare "Is There Anything To Be Said for Literary Tradition," in the *Bookman* for October 1920. Any candid consideration of Dr. Sherman's phraseology, here as elsewhere, cannot fail to suggest that he has happily re-discovered the long-lost critical abracadabra of Philistia.

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connect itself vitally with our great tradition as to our literature, and I find nowhere in your book any ascending sun heralded by the lookouts."

"No more do I," said Horvendile; "but I would have imagined you were more interested in lunar phenomena, and even so—"

"Moreover," now declared another mummy (this was a Moor, called P. E. M., or the Peach,* who through some oversight had not been embalmed, but only pickled in vinegar, to the detriment of his disposition),—"moreover, I am not at all in sympathy with any protest whatever against the scavenger, for it might be taken as an excuse for what they are pleased to call art."

All groaned at this abominable word. And then another lackey cried, "You are a prosperous and affected pseudo-littérateur!" and all the mummies spoke sepulchrally the word of derision, which is "Tee-Hee": and many said also, "The scavenger has never meddled with us, and we never heard of you," and there was much other incoherent foolishness.

But Horvendile had fled, bewildered by the ways of Philistia's adepts in starch and fetters, and bewildered in particular to note that a mummy, so generally esteemed a kindly and well-meaning fossil, appeared quite honestly to believe that all literature came out of the beer-cellar of Pfaff; and that hand-ball was the best training for literary criticism; and that the cookery-books of fifty years ago had some-

* Codman annotates this: "Synonyms, since P. E. M. is obviously *Persicum Esculentum Malum*—that is, the peach; 'which,' says Macrobius, 'although it rather belongs to the tribe of apples, Sævius reckons as a species of nut.'"

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thing to do with Horvendile's account of his journeying, from he did not know where toward a goal which he could not divine, now being in the garbage pile. It troubled Horvendile because so many persons seemed to regard the old fellow half seriously.

VIII. HOW IT APPEARED TO THE MAN IN THE STREET

STILL, Horvendile was not quite routed by these heaped follies. "For, after all," says Horvendile, in his own folly, "it is for the normal human being that books are made, and not for mummies and for men of law and for scavengers."

So Horvendile went through a many streets that were thronged with persons travelling by compulsion from they did not know where toward a goal which they could not divine, and were not especially bothering about. And it was evening, and to this side and to that side the men and women of Philistia were dining. Everywhere maids were passing hot dishes, and forks were being thrust into these dishes, and each was eating according to his ability and condition. No matter how poverty-stricken the household, the housewife was serving up her tidbit to the good-man. For with luncheon so long past, all the really virile men of Philistia were famished, and stood ready to eat the moment they had a dish uncovered.

So it befell that Horvendile encountered a representative citizen, who was coming out of a representative restaurant with a representative wife.

And the sight of this representative citizen was to Horvendile a tonic joy and a warming of the heart. For this man, and each of the thousands like him, as Horvendile reflected, had been within this hour

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sedately dining with his wife,—neither of them eating with the zest and vigor of their first youth, perhaps, but sharing amicably the more moderate refreshment which middle-age requires,—without being at any particular pains to conceal the fact from anybody. Here was then, after all, the strong and sure salvation of Philistia, in this quiet, unassuming common-sense, which dealt with the facts of life as facts, the while that the foolish laws, and the academical and stercoricolous nonsense of Philistia, reverberated as remotely and as unheeded as harmless summer thunder.

“Sir,” says elated Horvendile, “I perceive that you two have just been eating, and this fact emboldens me to ask you —”

But at this point Horvendile found he had been knocked down, because the parents of the representative citizen had taught him from his earliest youth that any mention of eating was highly indecent in the presence of gentlewomen. And for Horvendile, recumbent upon the pavement, it was bewildering to note the glow of honest indignation in the face of the representative citizen, who waited there, in front of the restaurant he usually patronized. . . .

IX. COLOPHON

HERE, rather vexatiously, the old manuscript breaks off. But what survives and has been cited of this fragment amply shows you, I think, that even in remote Philistia, whenever this question of "indecency" arose, everybody (including the accused) was apt to act very foolishly. It has attested too, I hope, the readiness with which you may read ambiguities into the most respectable of authors; as well as the readiness with which a fanatical training may lead you to imagine some underlying impropriety in all writing about any natural function, even though it be a function so time-hallowed and general as that to which this curious Dirghic legend refers.

x. A POSTSCRIPT

(French of C. J. P. Garnier)

THE SWINE that died in Gadara two thousand years
ago
Went mad in lofty places, with results that all men
know,—
Went mad in lofty places through long rooting in
the dirt,
Which (even for swine) begets at last soul-satisfying
hurt.

*The swine in lofty places now are matter for no song
By any prudent singer, but— How long, O Lord,
how long?*

EXPLICIT

V

SONNETS FROM ANTAN

“Nothing is true anywhere in the Marches of Antan. All is a seeming and an echo: and through this superficies men come to know the untruth which makes them free.”

— This brief collection of verse, as issued in the spring of 1929,
would seem to be sufficiently prefaced, and accounted for in general,
by its own generously proportioned Editorial Note.

For

JAMES RAYE WELLS

*who has made possible the commemoration of my fiftieth birthday
in a fashion so elaborate.*

EDITORIAL NOTE

YOU HAVE hereinafter the sonnets which Gerald Musgrave composed (or, more strictly speaking, paraphrased) during the course of his journeying toward Antan. They are accompanied by the explanatory notes which he more lately attached to these sonnets, circa 1840, when the aging scholar may be presumed to have contemplated a collected edition of his verse,—an intention which was not ever carried out until the appearance of the present volume.

These sonnets, it should furthermore be explained, were found among the many papers relative to the Musgrave family which were left inedited by Colonel Rudolph Musgrave, at his death in the spring of 1927; and each of them was at one time incorporated into the text of *Something About Eve*, upon the completion of which the present writer was then busied.

Before the Comedy of Fig-Leaves was published, however, its author was led, by various considerations, to delete from its final version all these verses save only the sonnet made for Evarvan. This was removed from its proper place, in the fourteenth chapter, to the front matter of the book, so that this sonnet might there serve as a brief summary of the general theme of *Something About Eve*. It was a change which the

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chilling voice of candor admits to have been not wholly well inspired: for over-many persons found this sonnet, when thus wrested from the circumstances which gave it birth, and when bereft too of the explanatory notes which make incisive the more delicate shades of its meaning, to be a thought difficult to understand. Gerald Musgrave's notes have in consequence been restored; and the sonnet made for Evarvan is here reprinted along with its fellows which hitherto have not appeared in book form.

THE dedicatory "dwarf sonnet," in lines of one iambic foot each, reveals, in the uncompromising light of recorded facts, no really valid claim to rank as a sonnet from Antan. It was written, to the contrary, in Lichfield: and it has previously figured in type, as long ago as 1837, as a sort of foreword to the second printing of the *Myth of Anistar and Calmoora*, which Gerald Musgrave in his late middle life thus non-committally dedicated to Evelyn Townsend. Musgrave seems not ever to have annotated this sonnet. And it has been included here, despite the title of the present compilation, because this "dwarf sonnet" is, to every appearance, the only other bit of verse composed by Gerald Musgrave which has been preserved.

WE HAVE thus, in these six sonnets, the complete poetical works of Gerald Musgrave. In bulk this brief collection compares, it may be, incongruously with the twenty-four ponderous volumes of his collected prose works: and yet the main point here is not altogether a question of bulk. The ethnological books,

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howsoever huge, are to-day as dead as so many mastodons: but these eighty-four frail lines of verse survive with not any whit of their original grace impaired, and with their significance as vivid to us as ever it was to any of Gerald Musgrave's contemporaries.

Here one speaks carefully. No madman asserts that Gerald Musgrave was a supremely great poet, nor that these sonnets are of the very first rank in English literature: for, indeed, the flaws, the word here and there which is distinctly not the one inevitable word, the occasional obscurities, are apparent enough.

But the point is that, while Gerald Musgrave the ethnologist died physically as long ago as 1845, and while Gerald Musgrave perished as an at all reliable "authority" during the 'seventies, the writer of these sonnets yet, quite actually, lives. The point is that, although the so elaborated, the so painstaking, the so ambitious, scholastic works in prose have long ago been superseded by more recent discoveries, and by the theories of later schools, the man's verse yet retains each value that it ever had in the way of graceful phrasing, of pity and of tenderness for the conditions of human life, of sublimity, of moral fire, of profound thought, and of sheer unmeaning musicalness also. The value of each one of these sonnets remains, that is, the value which each displayed upon the now remote day that its finally completed phrase was polished off. Time, which has since then corrupted iron, and turned granite into dust, has in no particle hurt these playthings.

Yet these tiny lyrics were produced without any forethought, in the warm idleness of some happy

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moment, with just the effortless ease of a thrush (or *Turdus musicus*) which sings merely because of its happiness, and with no meaning save to make joy communicable. And it is they, rather than the long-labored-on, long prose works, it is they which have survived. It is they which have journeyed (with something of the irresponsible, the engaging, the veritable dancing buoyancy of gaily colored, small paper-boats shaped by the fingers of a child who is but half intent upon the minute's pleasant task) all the long way across that welter of time which severs us from Gerald Musgrave,—a welter which has baffled so many sturdy merchantmen and rakish privateers in the traffic of print, a welter which has swallowed up who may say how large armadas of gravely planned and well-ballasted vessels of right-thinking, toward whose making went ungrudging, laborious, wholly wasted lifetimes? So affable is the inconsequence and the bland, bright, over-civilised beneficence of the event that one cannot but regard it as captivating.

For the body of Gerald Musgrave, as you should remember with appropriate deference, moiled away at its scholarly and instructive work through some three decades: yet you would wiseliest admire from a distance; for should you be so injudicious as to dust and open any one of those impressive looking quartos, you will find all obsolete and dead within, with no trace of an allied human personality revealed anywhere. Instead, there is only a desert of sound information now known to be incorrect; much very careful handling of facts which display the single defect of being untrue; and a developing everywhere of the

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most ingenious theories which have long ago exploded with the whole-heartedness of grenades.

BUT in the sonnets you may find a difference. They are, whatever else they may be, individual. You glimpse therein the actual, the so young maker of them, very vividly, if but briefly. . . . For one instant does this Gerald Musgrave regard you with that air of mildly humorous mockery which the Gilbert Stuart portrait yet preserves for us in another branch of art. He speaks, with that nice precision so exact as to convey to those of us whose comprehensive faculties have become, as it were, saturated with the too glib, with the slipshod, with the over-lightly hit-or-miss idiom of a hurried era's journalistic and colloquial speech, very precisely no meaning at all. He appends his scholarly, his not unpedantic footnote, somewhat as one appends a flourish to a signature, remaining always grave, young, slightly rapt, defensively sincere, and yet with something, too, of the mystagogue. . . . And then, sedately, he is gone.

It all lasts but for a moment. The point is that this moment, attained to by so many minor poets just once, and not ever any more thereafter, reveals a human being,—that during this moment one human being has spoken to another directly. It is so with Richard Lovelace, with Christopher Smart, with Blanco White, with Thomas Lovell Beddoes: it is so with many others who attained, just once, to this moment of direct speaking, among the otherwise forgotten talk, the ruined reams, of a poetaster's whole lifetime. Nor does it matter at all, as any anthology of the best English verse will soon convince you, whether the man speak in piety or grief, in an amo-

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rous transport or in some pardonably absurd outburst of patriotism, or in mere mystification: the point is, that the contact is established; he speaks directly. That is the thing, the supreme thing, which poetry alone can do.

Richmond-in-Virginia

December 1928

SONNETS FROM ANTAN

*“ Each sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul,—its converse to what Power 'tis due.”*

I. THE SONNET MADE FOR EVELYN

(*In Dedication of The Myth of Anistar and Calmoora*)

LOVE MAKES
Among
The young
Such quakes
And aches.

Youth rates
The Fates.

Age takes
What they
Allot,—
And yet,
The gray
Do not
Forget.

II. THE SONNET MADE FOR EVASHERAH

(*After Agathocles of Chios*)

WITH what long sobbing, love, intent to keep
Lone vigil in low slades¹ which, yet, none sows
With seed whose fruitage love full well foreknows,
Endures one dream that has no part in sleep,
Nor any share in sorrow's will to reap
Those reddened sheaves wherefrom shrewd nymphs²
refrain,
And life's large liege-lord³ gets not any grain,
And death's lank underlings win cause to weep. . . .

Thrust in time's⁴ sickle, then! Spare not at all
The gangling lions⁵ deemed immaculate,
Nor the dark dragon's spawn,⁶ but now let fall
That swift keen blade which shears the mirth of fate
And gives delight quick pause where temporal
And ruthless despots stay intemperate.

II. NOTES TO THE SONNET MADE FOR EVASHERAH

[1] Keightley remarks, as to this now provincial term: "The Anglo-Saxon *slæd* was certainly a valley: all the spots denominated slades that we have seen were rich, grassy, irriguous, but somewhat depressed lands. *Slett* is the Icelandic word; and it signifies a plain. 'Slade' is frequently employed in the *Poly-Olbion* of Drayton."

[2] This passage is somewhat obscure, inasmuch as there were eight classes of nymphs. The preceding mention of fruitage, however, would suggest that the reference here is to the Meliades, or Fruit-tree nymphs, who presided over gardens.

[3] The allusion, while indelicate, is very nicely veiled.

[4] Kronos, or Time, is often represented as carrying the sickle with which he mutilated Ouranos. But in his amour with Platyra he took the form of a stallion, and so fathered the centaur Cheiron, according to Pindar and Apollonios.

[5] Referring perhaps to the flesh and marrow of those lions upon which, Statius says, the young Achilles was nourished (*Achill.* II. 382 *sqq.*). Moreover, both Melanion and Atalanta were changed into lions (compare Hyginus, *Fab.* 185), because, according to the ancient mythographers, lions may not mate with one another, but only with leopards, so that after this transformation the lovers could not ever repeat the blasphemous incontinence of which they had been guilty. Yet the allusion here, if it indeed exists, appears far-fetched.

[6] The Sparti, or "sown," of whom, according to Pausanias (IX. 5. 3.), after Cadmus had given them life, only five outlived their fratricidal combat, namely, Echion, Udaeus, Chthonius, Hyperenor, and Pelorus.

III. THE SONNET MADE FOR EVARVAN

(*Lai of Gaston de Leigni*)

THESE SHADOWS here are subtle: for they wait
Like usurers¹ that briefly lend the sun
Disfavor and a stinted while to run
With flaunting vigor through life's large estate
Of fire and turmoil; or like thieves that hate
No law-lord save the posturing of desire²
With genuflexions³ where dejections tire
The fig-leaf's trophy with the fig-leaf's weight.

Yes; they are subtle: and where no light is
These tread not openly, as heretofore,⁴
With whisperings of that at odds with this
To veil their passing, where a broken door
Confronts the zenith, and Semiramis,⁵
At one with Upsilon,⁶ exhorts no more.

III. NOTES TO THE SONNET MADE FOR EVARVAN

[1] The Old French monetary table, it will be remembered, was: 10 as = 1 denier; 12 deniers = 1 sol; 20 sous = 1 livre. Usurers were therefore held in general contempt.

[2] We here encounter a regrettable instance of the repulsive coarseness which now and then mars the verse of Gaston de Leigni, inasmuch as this "desire" is frankly carnal. The "érection" of the original text has been more modestly rendered as "posturing."

[3] The original has here the rare Old French word "génuflexions" (LL. *genuflectere*, properly two words, *genu flectere*, to bend the knee: L. *genu*, acc. of *genu* = E. *knee*; *flectere*, to bend). To paraphrase this infrequently encountered word as "genuflexions" has seemed to the translator as accurate a rendering of the general meaning as the variance between French and English idiom permits.

[4] There appears to be in this passionate outburst an allusion to some event in the poet's personal history of which nothing is now known.

[5] Just so, Villon was later to write, "*Où est la très sage Héloïs?*" The observant reader will notice, moreover, that nowhere in Villon's *Ballade des dames du temps jadis* is there any conceded reference to Semiramis, and will draw his own conclusions.

[6] Not to be confused with any person mentioned elsewhere by the trouvères, such as Lancelot or Charlemagne, or with the twentieth letter of the Greek alphabet. Upsilon has here its numeric value, either as 400 (the number of paramours attributed to Semiramis), or as 400,000 (denoting, by synecdoche, the innumerable dead with whom this once famous Queen of Nineveh is now confounded).

IV. THE SONNET MADE FOR EVAINE

(*Adapted from the Nidhögg Saga*)

I KNOW you could but loathe me once your hands
Were as my hands are, — whenas, once, your lips
Yet lulled that larger clamor of all eclipse,¹ —
Tired yet insatiate by lust's demands
Where wrath wrests pleasure out of pain's red bands ²
Resistlessly; and yet — dared fate ³ essay
The vestment and last vestige of decay, —
What were our venture toward how long-sought
strands!

Toward dream-coralled strands untrodden by men
Whose low, lost lamentations attain what grace
From Caph's ⁴ thin tyranny, save only when
Two,⁵ and these two ⁶ alone, stand face to face,
And breast meets breast, and ⁷ death denies again
Caph's incomunicable carapace?

IV. NOTES TO THE SONNET MADE FOR EVAINE

[1] That is, when the sun and moon having been swallowed severally by the wolves Sköll and Hati, the resultant eclipse of all light will mark the beginning of Ragnarök.

[2] Vebönd, the consecrated or sacred bands, — *bönd* being the plural of *band*, which we may approximately translate as a band or cord. In the glossary of the second volume of the Edda are given several significations of the word *ve*, such as religion, peace, justice, &c. It seems to be cognate with the Mæso-gothic *veihan*, to consecrate, the Pehli *veh*, pure, and the Persian *veh*, excellent.

[3] Literally, “the Norns,” — Urdhr, Verdandi, and Skuld. But Skuld is here the more particularly implied, since she alone dealt with the future.

[4] Not, of course, to be confounded with the star Beta Cassiopeiae. The Hyperborean Caph, called also Bergelmir, was, according to the prose Edda, the one Frost-giant to escape from drowning in the blood of Ymir, by embarking in a skiff, or, by other accounts, in the carapace (as assumed hereinafter) of a huge tortoise.

[5] Indicating that duality from which all life originates, through the union of the male and the female.

[6] All Souls’ Day (2 November) being, it should be remembered, the second day of the second month of autumn. That fact, however, was unknown to the writer, or writers, of the Nidhögg Saga, who died before Pope John the Nineteenth had instituted this feast day.

[7] This ancient Anglo-Saxon word, used frequently by Elizabethan writers, and occurring also in the prose of Sir Thomas Browne, is here employed to denote a connected if opposed idea, and should therefore be regarded as a conjunction.

v. THE SONNET MADE FOR NERO AND VILLON

(*Upanishad of El Khoudr*)

THEN ONE returned — in gold and violet
Clad utterly, even as those Viewers¹ that were
The bane of Orn's old murderers,² — crying: *Sir,*
Albeit Love's last euphrasy beset
To-morrow's dawn, this day abides to wet
*Love's lids with weeping, whose lithe harp-player,*³
With fluent fingers resonant of her
*Thou knowest of seeks mirth,*⁴ *no less. And yet*
What bifold shadows quest life's baffled strain,
Hoarse-tongued and dominant!

It is enough —
I answered, — *that this multiversant*⁵ *Love*
*Seeks dawn,*⁶ *and always dawn's light loss of gain.*

— Then ended, leaving others to explain
The meaning of the dozen⁷ lines above.

v. NOTES TO THE SONNET MADE FOR NERO AND VILLON

[1] That is, the three all-viewing eyes of Siva, — which, according to Murdoch's *Siva Bhakti*, denote this deity's insight into the past, present, and future. The third eye is in the middle of the forehead, and a moon's crescent above it marks the measuring of time by months according to the phases of the moon.

[2] The phallic symbolism of this well-known myth need not here be dwelt upon.

[3] This appears to be Krishna, though the allusion to the harp is obscure. The passage has a more or less striking Biblical analogue, in Revelation, XIV, 2, — “I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.”

[4] Thus, after overcoming the demon King Naraka (or Bhun), Krishna straightway married 16,100 of Naraka's widows, and begot upon them 180,000 sons and daughters. Yet, although often known as “the butter stealer,” Krishna justified only five kinds of lying.

[5] A conventional epithet of Kāmadeva, the Hindu Cupid, called also “the bewilderer,” “the teacher of the world,” “he whose arrows are flowers,” &c. Just so was Venus known as “Verticordia,” and Aphrodite as “Epistrophia,” to signify the change that love brings into all hearts and other human affairs.

[6] Thus, as Max Müller points out, we read in a hymn celebrating the exploits of Indra, the chief solar deity of the *Veda*, “The Dawn rushed off from her crushed car, fearing that Indra, the bull, might strike her.” By a superb flight of imagery is later added, “She went far away.” It is possible that Indra is here confounded with Kāmadeva. In any case, the reader should not fail to note that, in India, dawn appears before the actual rising of the sun, and so makes valid the metaphor.

[7] Literally, “twelve.” Janus of the Romans, it will be recalled, ruled the twelve months, and was represented with twelve altars under his feet. Moreover, the Kabalists record twelve permutations of the Tetragrammaton.

vi. THE SONNET MADE FOR MAYA

(Adapted from the *Chi I* of Wang Po)

TO TREAD as others have trodden by faith controlled,
Handfast with hearsay, — these hardly heeding how they
Inevitably wane toward white through gray,
Subtly, as shadows¹ dwindle, — and tread with bold,
Inexplicable, unquestioning, manifold,
Superb unreason, keeps best our fathers' way²
Nowhere unfollowed, save where pride³ need slay
One, or some two, it may be . . . even as of old.

Nowhere unfollowed (saving but through pride),
Survives the inveterate wayfaring which men
Endure, as did their fathers,⁴ — though long denied,
Nowhere unfollowed, saving only when
Some two (or three, it may be), in mirth allied,⁵
Evade the unbreakable snares of faith . . . again.

VI. NOTES TO THE SONNET MADE FOR MAYA

[1] The implication here is obvious, and not peculiarly Chinese: thus, the Tasmanian word for the shadow is also that for the spirit; the Algonquin Indians describe a man's soul as *otahchuk*, "his shadow"; and the Abipones made the one word *loäkal* serve for "shadow, soul, echo, image."

[2] The second, and common to all men, of the six paths or ways (*gāti*) of existence: the other five being allotted to: (1) angels; (3) demons; (4) hungry devils, or *pretas*; (5) brute beasts; and (6) sinners in hell.

[3] A vice regarded with especial reprehension by Chinamen of the Taoist persuasion: and punished, according to the *Yü Li Ch'ao Chuan*, in the Sixth Court of Purgatory, where the proud (along with those who tear or obliterate worthy books) are enclosed in a net of thorns and eaten by locusts, prior to the removal of their skins, to be rolled up into spills. The ideogram rendered "even as of old" in the last line of the octave may perhaps refer, secondarily, to this traditional torment.

[4] The expression is exact: for a Chinaman, it should be remembered, may have as many as three legal fathers: (1) his actual father; (2) an adopted father, generally a male relative to whom he has been given as an heir; and (3) the man his widowed mother may marry. This third father, however, is entitled to only one year's mourning instead of the usual three, since in China, unless through exceptional circumstances, it is not considered creditable for a widow to marry again.

[5] Literally, "allied by Kwannon," the Chinese Goddess of Mirth and Mercy, she who "hears prayers" and, as is hinted here, is the bestower of children,—by whose birth "two" (the parents) may become "three." This appears to the present writer perhaps the most subtly rendered thought to be found in this present collection, for all that a number of scholars have believed the true significance of Gerald Musgrave's verses may be best appreciated by regarding this sonnet as an acrostic.

VI

CONCERNING DAVID JOGRAM

A SURVIVAL IN SACCHARINE

"Now the acts of David, first and last, behold, they are written in the book."

— The reader has before this time encountered that impractical romantic, Richard Fentnor Harrowby, to whose authorship the following tale also is accredited. You view him here in the days of his bachelorhood: beyond that statement there appears no need to reintroduce our old acquaintance.

Yet it should perhaps be repeated that this story, as finished in the February of 1911, was then meant to form part of a dizain wherein Harrowby would narrate ten of his adventurings among dubieties and odd phenomena. Eight of these tales were written. You have here the only one of them which yet exists in anything like its primal form, through the accident that this was the only one of them which any magazine editor at that time esteemed worth printing. Two of the others eventually blended, and grew up to be *The Cream of the Jest*. The fourth of these stories was, a bit later, incorporated into *Jurgen*. The other four were happily destroyed a great long while ago.

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MOIRA broke off our engagement to-day and gave me back the ring. The reason she advanced for this ridiculous behavior was that I am not in love with her.

It is a vexatious business to explain to a blue-eyed fiancée of considerable personal attractions that sensible people do not marry on account of a romantic infatuation. I know, for I attempted such enlightenment. And the more feelingly I pointed out that a partnership founded by two persons temporarily out of their minds is in the nature of things more than apt to end in disaster, the more irritated she appeared to become. She entertains, I think, the not uncommon delusion that "being in love" is something graver than an infantile disorder of the system.

"Yet I can perfectly understand," she said, cruelly, "that elderly gentlemen always want somebody to comfort their declining years. And I suppose they naturally prefer someone who is rather — or at least, not exactly — "

"As ugly as a dead monkey?" I suggested. "Yes, I believe they do try to avoid all unbearable strain on the eyesight. I am not, however, sufficiently intimate with any elderly gentlemen for them to babble out to me their hearts' dear secrets. Personally, I do not see why looks need matter much."

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

This was spoken with point, for so many whipper-snappers have raved over what they describe as Moira's "beauty" that the girl is in danger of having her head turned. Besides, she was insinuating foolishness. Thirty-seven is not elderly. She went on now:

"—And of course you have lots of money. And of course I would not have thought of marrying you if I hadn't liked you, tremendously. But then, of course, it was pleasant to think about the money, too, for, Dick, I am so tired of scrimping and contriving!"

"I know," I said.

There is no concealing that the Knapmans, *père* and *mère*, are the earthen pots of the fable. They "go everywhere," as the phrase runs; but everybody knows their only assets are several well-to-do kins-people and three handsome daughters.

Then Moira remarked: "And I thought that just liking you — tremendously — would be enough. But David Jogram says it isn't."

"Oh?" said I. "Does the — er, Grogram gentleman disseminate these drastic imbecilities in the form of verse or does he conduct a column of advice to the lovelorn?"

"He — Why, he is just a man I know," said Moira, in such a fashion that I was forced to shake my head reprovingly.

So she informed me I had an evil mind, but the color had mounted to her cheeks, for all that. Then she told me about this David Jogram.

It seems she met the young idiot last summer. He is a bookkeeper in a bank at Lichfield. Of course he had the impudence to fall in love with her. And that was not the worst. Moira was not at pains to

CONCERNING DAVID JOGRAM

conceal that but for his being very poor, and with a mother dependent on him already, she would have cheerfully married the blatherskite. The epithet is hurled advisedly, for she repeated some of his sentiments concerning "loveless marriages." All I will say of those sentiments is that they seemed out of place on the orchestra side of the footlights.

I voiced my opinion of such idiocy. I was fairly generous, I think. I conceded that this "falling in love," this mutual attraction of two people, was a law of nature and was primarily designed to useful ends. So were the laws of gravitation; yet it did not follow that aeroplanes were immoral, or that tumbling down the cellar steps was a commendable action. In fact, the laws of nature were all very well for people who were living in a state of nature. But if, through no fault of your own, you happened to be living in the twentieth century, it was judicious to remember that this state also shaped its laws according to its circumstances.

Then I returned to pointing out the many and perfectly sensible reasons why she and I should get married; and Moira went into a towering fury, and in the outcome agreed to keep on being engaged to me. She said with acerbity that I deserved no milder fate.

"And, my dear," I began, "I don't at all mind about this Gingham — "

"Jogram!" she indignantly prompted.

"Well, in any event, it is not a name which I would saddle upon a person I was sincerely fond of. 'Moira Jogram' sounds as if you had three English walnuts in your mouth. But, according to your own account, it is not possible for you to marry him. Now

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it is perfectly possible for you to marry me. It would make me very happy, your parents would be happy, and I honestly believe you would be happy too."

"Oh, yes, it would be a sensible match. But David Jogram says —"

"Confound the man! and does he never stop talking!"

"He doesn't talk so very much. But when he is excited he talks rather fast — And he combs his hair straight back, you know —"

"I know nothing whatever about his tonsorial performances."

"I mean, he keeps pushing it back from his forehead until it is like a plume," said Moira, in the most dreamy and inane way. "He has really beautiful hair."

"So," said I, "have most poodles."

MOIRA appears to be carrying on an intermittent correspondence with this David Jogram. She asked me if I minded? I told her, Of course not.

I cannot help thinking, though, it would be better for the boy if they avoided such nonsense. Looking back, I remember divers letters I wrote at twenty-six and thereabouts, — this Jogram is twenty-six, — and I prayerfully trust the recipients have destroyed them.

It is simply on this young, long-haired Jogram's account that I do not wholly approve of this letter writing.

Meanwhile I have, of course, for some time been using a hair tonic. No sensible person wants to be bald. I have as yet a reasonable sufficiency in the way of hair, and I mean to retain it for as long a while as

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I can. I notice, though, that after the tonic has been well rubbed into the scalp — as the directions tell you to do, — it becomes somewhat difficult to part the hair neatly. In future I shall simply brush my hair straight back. It saves trouble.

Moira says that in addition it is more becoming. She mentioned the improvement the instant I came into the room, and she seemed quite pleased. She compared it, rather prettily, I thought, to a plume.

I WAS wondering last night how it happened that I escaped falling in love with Moira Knapman. She is an attractive girl, and Jogram, for instance, seems to adore her. I judge this by the absurdities he writes her. She occasionally tells me bits of his letters.

If by any chance I had fallen in love with Moira it need not necessarily have interfered with my marrying her. She would still have been the wife my common-sense selected. And of course she would have been pleased by my being foolish about her, because such is the nature of women.

It seems almost a pity that I am not that sort of a tragic ass. I even wrote some verses concerning it, — a silly habit I thought I had outlived. I read them to Moira, because they are principally about this young Jogram, and I do not wish her to believe that I object to her intimacy with him. That sounds as if I did. But I do not. I never think about him, either one way or the other.

This is what I read to Moira:

“ How very heartily I hate
The man that will love you,
Some day, somewhere, and more than I,
And with a love more true; —

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Whom for that reason you will love
As you may not love me,—
Though I might hold your heart, I think,
Held I one heart in fee.

“ My dear, too many ghosts arise
Between us when I woo,
One mocking me with softer lips,
And one with eyes more blue,
And one with hands more fine than yours,
And one with lovelier hair — ”

“ I think they are impudent trollops,” said Moira.
So I looked up. She was regarding her hands held
out in front of her, and every finger was rigid with
indignation. Moira has wonderful hands, though,—
the sort that Van Dyck painted, only more beautiful.

I must change that line about the hands.

I said: “ It is not seemly thus to interrupt the care-
less rapture of a poet. And for the rest, these are the
ghosts of — er, personal friends of mine who have
either died or turned into other people, you under-
stand. So I really cannot have them abused. ‘ And
one with lovelier hair,’ ” I iterated, firmly, —

“ Proclaiming, *She is fair enough,*
But then . . . I too was fair.

“ *What of thy heart thou gavest me*
(‘ *And me!* ’ — ‘ *And me!* ’) — *is thine*
No more to give again. That part
Is mine. — (‘ *And mine!* ’ — ‘ *And mine!* ’)
And he that plays with love too long
Gets love of many an one,
But is denied Love’s crowning grace,
And can give love to none.

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“ Since these be truthful ghosts, I shrug,
And woo you without tears
Or too much laughter till with time
A properer Prince appears,
Whom very heartily I hate,—
The man that will love you,
Some day, somewhere, and more than I,
And with a love more true.”

“ And do you really hate poor David? ” Moira did not appear at all displeased by this unfounded notion.

“ Why, of course I do not. That,” I explained, “ is simply poetic license.”

SHE is constantly quoting this David Jogram. I am getting rather tired of hearing about what he thinks and does and what he looks like, and even what he wears. His gray suits and his blue cravats and so on are of no interest to me.

Moira would not refer to him so frequently unless the boy were always in her mind. It shows she cares a great deal about him.

Yet I honestly do not hate this young Jogram. To the contrary I often induce Moira to talk about him. It amuses me. And from what she tells me, he is in every way an admirable lad whose only fault is his poverty.

I am perfectly willing for Moira to keep on being friends with him.

I suppose he thinks of me as the abandoned nobleman of melodrama who is bent on severing purity in muslin from honest worth in homespun. Lord, how the lad must loathe me!

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MOIRA has not mentioned him for three days. I hardly like this reticence.

Moira would not avoid in this marked fashion even a passing mention of his name unless it were that her feeling is such she cannot trust herself to talk about him.

Meanwhile, if I have somewhat altered my style of dressing nowadays, in little matters, it was done simply to please Moira. Nobody else has anything to do with it.

If Moira likes a particular shade of blue in cravats — so much that, having seen it worn by a person, she remembers it, — it is entirely natural for me to get a cravat of that color. Moreover, on her part, the preference for the cravat is impersonal. If she had first seen it on a tailor's dummy she would have approved of it just as much.

Everybody agrees that light grays are more becoming to me. I do not mean in cravats, but in coats. I shall order two more from the same place.

SKETCHLY was asking me to-day about that Lichfield appointment. It seems we need a new man there to supervise accounts. The duties are light, and the place pays nicely, so that he has some thirty applicants for me to choose among. I wish he would not bother me with such matters. I am not a judge of book-keepers. I suppose now this David Jogram is, — in addition to his other perfections, — since he keeps books himself.

I do not know how I happened to think of Jogram, except that I am now and then puzzled into wondering how Moira Knapman ever came to care so much about anybody. For when she speaks of him she

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positively — “croons” is, I think, the word. She is like a mother over a child. Her eyes are big and wistful, and she forgets all about my existence, and I could almost weep because I am so sorry for her idiotic condition of mind.

She tells me all the commonplace, least trifles concerning him, very proudly and naïvely, just like a mother speaking of her child. I suppose all women really mother the man they love. It would be a beautiful thing if these two young people could be married. They would be like demigods.

I only mean, of course, it would be beautiful from an æsthetic standpoint. When you consider it rationally, the notion is preposterous.

SKETCHLY was after me again to-day about that Lichfield appointment. But if I were to give it to David Jogram, Moira would throw me over and marry him.

Besides, he has never asked for it. I do not even know if he is a competent bookkeeper. It is not my place to be running after him. It would be idiotic.

And I want her. I find that I want Moira very much. In fact, I may as well confess the absurd truth. I am quite probably in love with Moira Knapman.

It seems unbelievable that I once thought of her — to phrase it truthfully, — as a desirable article in household furnishings on which I held an option. But Jogram came with his covetous rhapsodies and I amusedly began for the first time to appraise the actual merits of my intended purchase, in order to get a good laugh out of the boy’s delusion. Well, intelligent scrutiny showed that he really undervalued her.

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

So I ought to be very happy. For I want Moira more than I want anything else in life, and her parents are ready to sell her to me.

No, I was wrong. There is that which I want more than I want Moira, a thing I lack the means to purchase for myself, and have not the bravery to buy for her. I saw it when, this afternoon, I passed the Prothero cabin.

This Tom Prothero is a farm-laborer. He was lounging on the porch, and had just been teasing that brat of his, who was standing between the man's knees. His wife had come to the door to call them in to supper. He was looking up at her, and she down at her husband, over the child's yellow head. That was all. She is a tall woman, pinched of face, not pretty, and indeed rather a slattern, yet her eyes were very lovely just then. Her eyes are blue, but they are more pale than Moira's.

I saw this wholly commonplace happening, I repeat: and it follows that I am again composing verses. I suppose I shall soon be writing those rhymed advertisements of Harrowby & Sons' products which contribute to the discomforts of riding on a street car.

Eh, well! it is an old, old tale, no more peculiar to Verona than elsewhere, but for the moment I am prefiguring myself as one of the guests at Juliet's début. Here are my verses.

“I had not thought the house of Capulet
Might boast a daughter of such colorful grace
As this whole-hearted girl, with flower-soft face
Round which the glory of her hair is set
Like some great golden halo; — and as yet,

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Love is to her a word that, spoken, stirs
Wonder alone, since love administers
In nothing to the mirth of Juliet.

“ What if some day I woke this heart unharried
As yet by love, and won these lips more red
Than rain-tossed cherries? . . . *Look, the dancers*
go.

What's he that would not dance? if he be married
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed . . .
God rest you, sweet! the knave is Romeo.

There are unscrupulous persons who will tell you that Juliet was not a blonde. I would as willingly believe she was a blackamoor. What man has ever slept the worse because a woman had dark hair?

But gold hair flames through sick, half-waking dreams,— such dreams as trouble you by their slow movings rather than their incidents. And then at last — when you have been for just an instant almost sound asleep, and almost not thinking about her and him, — then the dawn comes, jaded and reluctant and comfortless. And time moves so slowly that it breeds a sort of hysteria. It is unendurable.

WHAT right has he to everything when I have nothing? It is not fair.

When I think of him I know how murderers feel. May heaven forgive me, but I long to have this Jogram's throat between my hands,— his beautiful, warm, young throat whose comeliness is not marred by time, as mine is. He is the younger man, and it may be that in the ordinary affairs of life he is the stronger, but I would be the stronger then. So I told Moira to-

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day that Sketchly had written to offer the Lichfield appointment to David Jogram.

"He will doubtless think that Harrowby & Sons have been smitten with insanity. But unless you have had the misfortune to grow enamored of an imbecile, he will jump at the chance."

Moira did not say anything. There was only meditation in her eyes, as yet.

"You see," I explained, "it will give you and him and his infernal mother enough to live on."

To that Moira replied, "Oh — ?"

She said no more than this. But her face had altered just as I had known it would alter. And all the joy and all the beauty of the world seemed gathered in her brightly colored face.

"There will be trouble," I said, "with your parents and other sensible people. That need not matter. They will tell you that you are throwing away your chances. They will be alluding to me and my soap-vats. That will be rather funny. The single opportunity you have of throwing away any really important chance is to permit long-headed idiots to bully you into marrying Harrowby & Sons. But you must not do that. Oh, Moira, you are very lovely — !"

My voice was not behaving properly, and I was beginning to talk at random.

And mercifully I was permitted to get no further. Moira had risen. I remember that she stood in silence, trembling a little, it seemed to me, and that the dear hands which I had blasphemed went to her breast and stayed so for a while. Then without haste she came to me and touched my arm.

"You are looking badly, Dick."

"I didn't sleep last night — not well, that is."

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"I—I am sorry."

And now she held her eyes away from me. I suppose that my eyes had been telling tales.

"You shouldn't be anything but pleased by such a pretty compliment," I complained. "It is a really sweeping tribute to your charms, my dear. You see, my fondest hopes in life being thus irrevocably blighted, I am gallantly becoming a devotee of sleepless nights—"

But Moira would have none of flippancy. She raised her eyes, and to my astonishment tears were in her eyes. Her eyes are colored like the April heavens after a brief storm.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Dick," she said.

I did not try to pretend ignorance of what she meant. It did not seem worth while.

"— But I couldn't let you marry me," she pointed out, "as if you were engaging a housekeeper —"

"Eh, what a pompous fool I was!" And I groaned to think of past complacency. All that seemed such a great while ago.

"— Because I was too proud. And besides, I was in love with you long before you wanted me. And afterward you—oh, but you hurt me with your foolish common-sense!"

My face, I have since learned, expressed surprise.

"— And David Jogram was so absolutely necessary to you, Dick. You really did need him very badly, my dear—I know, because I invented David Jogram. You see, there was never any such person," Moira explained, "and I am wondering what will become of Mr. Sketchly's letter."

EXPLICIT

VII

WORDS AS TO BOOKS

"He was wont to say that there was no book upon any topic howsoever dull but that profit might be derived from some part of it."

— The following prefaces should be included, I think, among the auctorial annotations upon the Biography of the life of Manuel, although I freely confess this is a point well open to dispute. In any case, they record my personal comments as to two commentaries upon the Biography; and this pair of prefaces thus rank, to my finding, as annotations at but one remove.

I. A NOTE UPON CABELLIAN HARMONICS

(Written as a preface to Cabellian Harmonics, a volume by Warren A. McNeill, which dealt with some of the stylistic and other devices employed in the Biography of the life of Manuel.)

THIS book I have read with extraordinary interest. For it is not always with the writings of the greatest authors, nor with exegetical comment thereupon, that our concern is most lively. Through one reason or another, some of the admittedly smaller fry may chance to appeal, in a manner less speedily to be justified than it is to be granted cordial and engaging. . . . In fact, the conceded masterpieces of literature are to most of us a bit suggestive of those officially tended municipal and state buildings which we visit through motives distinctly disconnected from pleasure, such as paying the gas bill or inspecting dusty acres of oil paintings; whereas these smaller fry maintain private residences, howsoever time-dilapidated, in which we may hope for congenial hospitality. Not always, therefore, do we desire to spend our evenings with the very great: for example, Mr. Calvin Coolidge of Vermont is technically, at the moment I write, the greatest living American.*

* In fact, as many living persons may yet recall, Mr. Coolidge at this period was President of the United States.

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Well, and just so, I personally do not consider Congreve, let us say, to be a more important writer than is that other William to whom the current intelligentsia no longer refer as the Swan of Avon; but I, personally, do find Congreve much the more entertaining to read in and about. I find that even Sir Edmund Gosse became quite readable when he was writing about Congreve, or, for that matter, about Sir Thomas Browne. Then too Villon is, to me, more interesting than is Dante; Horace, as they say, "comes home" as Homer simply does not. And, in very much the same unreasoned fashion, my own personal interest in the author whom Mr. McNeill commemorates has always been illogically deep and biased, for reasons which are not really literary at all.

Nor does it matter that Mr. McNeill and I are not invariably at one in our interpretation of this author's text. It is a text which has diverted both of us: that seems enough, in a world not over rich in diversion. Moreover, nothing appears, to me, more strangely futile than to appraise the intentions and the "meanings" of an author in the while that he was composing any particular book. Whatsoever may be our other jurisprudent idiocies, we do not as yet consider pardoning any unlicensed felon upon the plea that his father firmly meant to beget a prohibition agent. . . . For a book, once it is printed and published, becomes individual. It is by its publication as decisively severed from its author as in parturition a child is cut off from its parent. The book "means" thereafter, perforce,—both grammatically and actually,—whatever meaning this or that reader gets out of it.

And such, too, to my finding, is, by and by, the
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attitude of any seasoned author toward the books which he himself has written, excepting only the latest borne. The others have gone out of his mind, into cloth bindings. Their literary ranking has been duly settled, by the Devil, known at least in our fair Southland as H. L. Mencken, and perhaps by God also, in one or another of His more thoroughly omniscient writings for the *Nation*, under the pseudonym of Clifton P. Fadiman.* They have thus been converted into merchandize. They have become, in fine, books which their author reads very much as he reads other books.

They are books in which he makes discoveries of, by ill luck, two kinds. But about these discoveries, if the man be fairly intelligent, as authors average, he does not say anything whatever.

— Which is, in brief, the exact reason that I do not question Mr. McNeill's interpretation of the author whom Mr. McNeill discusses. I instead end here, precisely as I began, by saying that I have read Mr. McNeill's book with extraordinary interest.

* Here I can but confess to an unfortunate, if natural, error, inasmuch as the fact developed, later, that what I had taken to be an apt and rather clever *nom de plume* was, to the contrary, the real name of a being who was but human. The younger critics very often thus confuse us.

Richmond-in-Virginia
April 1928

II. ABOUT THESE BOOKS

(Written as the preface to A Bibliography of James Branch Cabell, a most imposing compilation by Guy Holt, which dealt with the first editions and the first "states" of the various books composing the Biography of the life of Manuel.)

UPON a number of counts, I prefer here to say nothing about these books. Apart, entirely, from much inner monitory whispering as to the aureate qualities of silence, I have found the minuteness and split hairs — the superfine orthology and the paraded cantlets and flitters — of the bibliographic art, when in full exercise, to beget in its beholders speechlessness. . . . Nobody will, I hope, misunderstand my meaning. With all appropriate awe and admiration I have considered intricate mathematical research as to the number of existent "states" of *The Eagle's Shadow*, and concerning how many copies of *From the Hidden Way* display upon the backbone an underlined C. I have applauded the nicety with which one can distinguish to a quarter-inch between the second and first printing of *Jurgen*. I have been suitably perturbed over the prestige imparted by a blue binding to *The Soul of Melicent* as compared with the sable investiture of relative parvenus. And I have, rather naturally, rejoiced that this meticulous method of cataloguing in legible

WORDS AS TO BOOKS

print all my least deeds and misdeeds as a writer does not, even more embarrassingly, invade the field of my actions as a human being. . . . It is, in fine, my appreciation, rather than any crass derisory estimate, of such painstaking in our superficial world, that troubles me. It is as indefatigation's beholder that I am left, really, speechless.

And, for another matter, I would prefer here to say nothing about these books because thus only might I avoid confessing that, were the choice afforded me, no one of these first editions hereinafter anatomized would to-day exist. That I perceive to be, as a gambit, maladroit. I, none the less (not all unbiased), cannot but view these first editions with distaste, even shudderingly, as abortions begotten by the depravity of the compositor upon the incompetence of the author. The emotions roused in me by a first edition of *Beyond Life* or of the revised *Cords of Vanity* are, in fact, not the sort of thing that can be printed.

These two are in the infirmary of my collected works the worst cases. But in viewing any one of these first editions I am signally condemned to consider the misprints, and the more dire untypographic blunders that are due to auctorial noddings, in rather the frame of mind in which one fidgets through the familiar nightmare of attending a public gathering, cynosurally, in one's sleeping attire. And nowhere could I more pleasurable warm, in the old phrase, the very cockles of my heart than beside a bonfire whose fuel was every existing copy of these first editions. . . .

Yet that is worded over-rashly. For I would perforce protest against destruction of *From the Hidden*

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Way, which I admit to be, for reasons wholly un-literary, my favorite among my books; and toward which my sentiments are so disastrously unique that nobody anywhere has ever suggested a second printing.* All the other first editions, then, I would incinerate — elatedly, and in, as people mystically put it, the twinkling of a bed post, — now that a revised and an approximately corrected version of each one of these books exists, to fall (by howsoever little) a whit less short of the Intended Edition which may not ever, in our aforementioned superficial world, be thoroughly perfected. . . .

BUT of this Intended Edition, also, it seems that I might wisely here say nothing; and thus avoid confessing that, even in a bibliography, to list these books according to the date of publication disquiets me. Commencement with *The Eagle's Shadow*, for example, appears, to me, most clamantly unreasonable, in the light of my flaming private conviction that *The Eagle's Shadow* is, in truth, the fifteenth chapter of the longish Biography upon which I am yet engaged. This point I shall not argue, though, not even with appeals to the prevalent assemblage of the Leather-Stocking saga or of the *Comédie Humaine* or of the works of Rabelais. It seems too generally agreed that, when I speak of my separate publications as the chapters of one book, my babblings are attributable, at the auditor's choice, to affectation or insanity. I privily retain my notion, then, that with the completion, and the fitting into their niches, of some four

* It is pleasing to record that this artfully implied suggestion had the proper effect upon my publishers before the year was out.

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or more chapters,* this Biography may yet reveal the coherence of a not unplanned nor wholly accidental edifice. But I retain my notion tacitly: and I elect to blurt out, in my impulsive, unconsidered way, nothing further about it here, lest, here again, I wander into over-rash declarings. . . .

In fine, I discover on every side the impossibility of saying anything about the various items of this particular bibliography without asserting rather more than I have leisure to substantiate or second thoughts to endorse. Therefore I skuttle toward shelter in the umbrageous, shielding depths of a jungle of orotundity.

THE trouble may well be — here to resort to candor as the likeliest forceps with which to extract the teeth of detection, — that I at times regard these books almost quite seriously. And I dare even venture to palliate my attitude. For, these books are — and I must, howsoever unwillingly, admit they are, — not merely æsthetic trivialities, not merely dissolute time-wasting in the wanton fields of what some of us (in Dr. P. E. More's † fine phrase) "are pleased to call art." These volumes represent, just as they stand, the increment of such assets in the way of imagination and industry and youth and health as were, two decades since, my sole endowments. Each

* The reference here is to *Straws and Prayer-Books*, *The Silver Stallion*, *Something About Eve*, and *Townsend of Lichfield*, each at that time unwritten: and the Storisende Edition now approximates to the above-talked-about Intended Edition with that very striking incompleteness which humanizes the results of every sort of vain-glory.

† A writer of the day, who appears to have survived only in the fragment here quoted.

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one of these endowments has been given, utterly, throughout some twenty years, to the making of these books: one all the while, as an Economist, regarding this disposal of one's assets as, upon the whole, a possibly judicious hazard. These books, just as they stand, thus represent the dividends and accrued interest of their writer's annual investments; and therefore should by level-headed persons, I submit, be regarded with the unfrivolity appropriate not (heaven knows!) to any "artistic" nonsense, but to the outcome of a business transaction. For the Biography is really a matter of finance, in that man-handled word's first meaning. In every business transaction, failure has its graver aspects; and not even the most imperilled investor goes under bond to be wholly free of seriousness.

So I confess that, here again for reasons utterly unliterary, I regard each one of the increments of my long-standing investment with a naïve and unhidden seriousness. These increments are diverse. A number of them in no way resemble reading-matter. . . . That perhaps is why — just as I stated at outset, — I prefer, for more reasons than one can have at only ten finger-tips, here to say nothing about these books. And I have, I hope, indulged this preference.

Dumbarton Grange
January 1924

VIII

A NOTE UPON POICTESME

“The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it is worth.”

— This paper was written as a preface to the illustrated edition of *The Silver Stallion* issued in 1928. To the map on page 245 was appended upon its first appearance the following note:

“Copied from the frontispiece of: POPULAR TALES OF POICTESME | Supernatural, Romantic and | Legendary | Collected and Illustrated | by John Frederick Lewistam | (drawing) | London: | Sampson Howe, Son, and Marsden. | 24, Ludgate Hill. | 1855. | The Right of Translation is reserved.”

“This map, be it noted, omits the Bas-Taunenois region (*Val-Ardray*), which in the thirteenth century formed the northern and eastern frontier of Poictesme. In *Val-Ardray* were the old Forest of *Bovion* (now, like the greater part of *Acaire*, cleared ground) and the plains of the *Ardre* River, then defended (as is shown) by *Aradol* and, further east, by the fortresses of *Nointel*, *Basardra*, *Yair* and *Upper Ardra*.

“This district would appear to have been, somewhat naïvely, left out by Lewistam so as to make room for his map’s title. A similar awkwardness in cartographic art has, one deduces, led to the omission of *Lorcha*, so often mentioned in the text of the Popular Tales, — that evil tower which stood, of course, in *Acaire*, about midway between *Asch* and the *Château des Roches*. It is noteworthy, for the rest, that this map retains the old name *Beauvillage* for the little town more ambitiously entitled, since the seventeenth century, *Beau-séant*. *Bülg*, doubtless, is followed here.

“John Bulmer’s marriage in the former Forest of *Acaire*, it is estimated, took place near this map’s M in the word ‘FORMER.’”

A NOTE UPON POICTESME

NOW that I come to preface the illustrated edition of *The Silver Stallion*, I find myself in the position, not altogether unexampled to human experience, of noting that affairs in this inexplicable world of ours sometimes fall out a bit quaintly. For I regard these soul-contenting pictures which Mr. Papé has just completed, at his home in Tunbridge Wells, to adorn the pages of this the lateliest written, and the last, of all the stories of Poictesme. I recall the yet earlier illustrations — in *Jurgen*, and in *Figures of Earth*, and in *The High Place*, and in *The Cream of the Jest*, — which have been coming, now for nine years, from Mr. Papé's studio, on St. John's Road in Tunbridge Wells, to represent Poictesme as a land of such never-failing loveliness and drollery as I have found but too often to be humiliatingly absent from the accompanying text. And I recall, too, how my own less scintillant province, the Poictesme of the text, came out of this same Tunbridge Wells as long ago as 1905.

NOBODY need believe in the coincidence. I do not quite believe in it myself. None the less, I well remember how when I was writing *Gallantry* the characters perforce all went to Tunbridge Wells and spent the earlier half of my book there, and thus landed me — who then had not ever visited this water-

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ing place, — in endless difficulties. Maps and histories are all very well: but they do not comfortably suffice in dealing with a town which you have never seen, and which still endures to confute you. . . . Meanwhile to every side problems arose. Upon which of the hills would Lady Allonby have lodged in 1750? just where would Captain Audaine have fought his duels? what was, in 1750, the dubious quarter of the town to which a profligate nobleman would abduct an heiress? into what suburbs would Vanringham most naturally have eloped with his Marchioness? and at what inn would the great Duke of Ormskirk have sought accommodations when he came down from London to dispose of the Jacobite conspiracy? Such were but five of the hundred or so niggling problems which fretted my imaginary stay in Tunbridge Wells; which made mere maps and histories inadequate; and which caused me to resolve for the remainder of the book, and indeed for the remainder of my auctorial career, to deal with a geography less prodigally adorned with doubts and pitfalls.

Never again, when any possible option is at hand, I said, will I lay the scene of any story in a real place. And I have held faithfully to that saying. Of the books written since 1905, only *Chivalry* and *The Certain Hour* have ever paid any tribute, howsoever small, to the fixed laws and to the shapings of a world contrived by any other demiurge. . . .

So when Ormskirk had disposed of his English imbroglios, and when he quitted the Wells, to our shared relief, and when he went into France to visit incognito his betrothed wife, then Mr. Bulmer's first

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meeting with Mademoiselle de Puysange occurred in a byway of Louis Quinze's kingdom thitherto unknown to cartographers. For it was at this time, in the final months of 1905, that Poictesme was born — of an illicit union between Poictiers and Angoulesme, — and that a rejuvenescent John Bulmer discovered this province. It was then that the château of Belle-garde was erected, and the Forest of Acaire was planted, to suit the needs of John Bulmer's story. Upon the horizon the Taunenfels arose, to afford Achille Cazaio an appropriate residence; the Duar-denez river flowed coyly just into sight; and somewhere in the background, too, as I gathered from the conversation of the people whom John Bulmer met in Poictesme, were Manneville and Des Roches and Beauséant.

This much alone of Poictesme then came into being, this tiniest snippet of the land then sprouted, as it were, out of my trouble with Tunbridge Wells; and this much of the province served me at this period, quite adequately, throughout the episode called *In the Second April*.

And Poictesme availed me yet again as I went on with *Gallantry*, and wrote, in 1906, the episode of *The Scapegoats*, which a bit more definitely established the existence of the town of Manneville. . . . But by this time I was caught. No author lately escaped from all that trouble in Tunbridge Wells could resist the attractions of a land so courteous in providing out of hand for its historian's least need in the way of inns and cities and forests, and not even boggling over the instant erection of a mountain range wherever it would come in most serviceably. So the town in which Nelchen Thorn had just been mur-

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dered by Monsieur de Gâtinais was immediately visited by Prince Edward Longshanks and Ellinor of Castile,— which couple conducted a tenson in this same Manneville, as is duly recorded in *Chivalry*; and already two of my books dealt with Poictesme.

THERE Poictesme rested until 1910, when *Domnei* was started. And then, with this obliging province standing ready, with this whole realm at hand wherein no blunders in any point of fact or in any geographical detail were humanly possible, then quite inevitably the story of *Domnei* began in Poictesme; and yet further civic additions were made, in Montors and Fomor. A little later Felix Kennaston explored this so convenient nook of old-world France, during the composition of *The Cream of the Jest* in 1914; and it was he who first heard of Naimes and Bovion and Perdigon and Lisuarte, and who came as a pioneer to the castle of Storisende.

But far more important, to me at least, was this Felix Kennaston's discovery that Poictesme was "a land wherein human nature kept its first dignity and strength, and wherein human passions were never in a poor way to find expression with adequate speech and action." For that discovery — again, to me at least, — touched upon what I have since found to be the special feature of this province. Poictesme is a land wherein almost anything is rather more than likely to happen save one thing only; it is not permissible in Poictesme for anybody to cease, for one moment, from remaining a human being or ever to deviate from human sanity. . . . For, as Mr. Gilbert Chesterton once observed:

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“The problem of fairy tales is — what will a healthy man do with a fantastic world? The problem of the modern world is — what will a madman do with a dull world? In the fairy tales the cosmos goes mad; but the hero does not go mad. In the modern novels the hero is mad before the book begins, and suffers from the harsh steadiness and cruel sanity of the cosmos.”

I mean in other words very much what Mr. H. L. Mencken has declared concerning the various legends of Poictesme: — “What gives them, as documents, their peculiar tartness is the fidelity of their realism. Their gaudy heroes, in the last analysis, chase dragons precisely as stockholders play golf. Is Jurgen, even when before the great God Pan, superbly real? Then it is because he remains a Rotarian in the depths of that terrible grove. Is Manuel? Then it is because what he hopes and suffers and achieves in Poictesme is substantially identical with what Felix Kennaston hopes and suffers and achieves in Lichfield.”

So, then, did Poictesme continue to sprout out of the trouble which Tunbridge Wells had caused me: and *The Cream of the Jest* thus added its large quota to the laws and to the geography, and to the past, of this province.

Thereafter I followed Jurgen’s adventuring, throughout the greater part of 1918: and the lay of Poictesme was now sufficiently known for a map to be made of it. Yet *Figures of Earth* and *The High Place and Straws and Prayer-Books* and *The Silver Stallion* were each later to add here and there to the land’s physical features, until finally, in 1925, in the pages of *The Silver Stallion*, the very last settlements were effected, at St. Tara and St. Didol. Meanwhile

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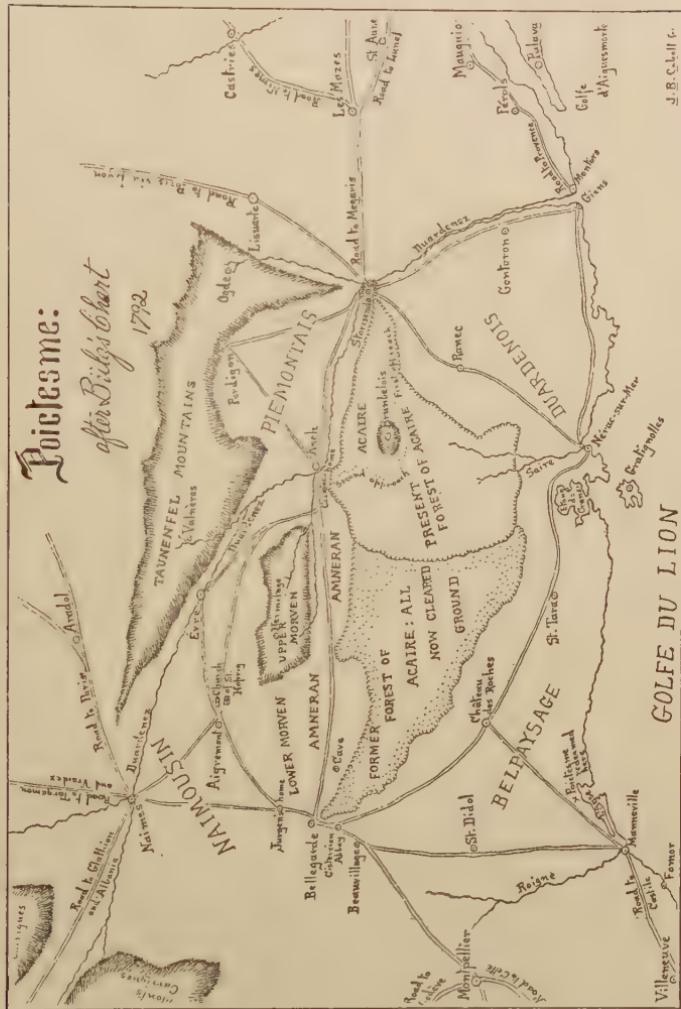
the history of Poictesme, between the years 1234 and 1750, had been revealed to me: and the land, so far as I can judge, had become real.

NEVER again, I had said, will I lay the scene of any story in a real place. So I invented Poictesme: and thereupon — for such, again, was the quaint fashion in which affairs fell out, — Poictesme rebelliously became a real place. . . .

At least it seems to me a real place, nowadays, by every known rule of logic. I find Poictesme is duly listed in modern dictionaries and similar books of reference. The maps attributed to Koch and Bülg and Borsdale present the province in three different stages of civilization. Its longitude is now definitely known to have been just four degrees east, although its latitude, to be sure, has been disputed, as too largely moral. Each one of its leading personages has been commemorated in a biography; the land's history is upon public record; its laws and legends have been summarized; a considerable section of its literature has been preserved; in at least one symphony its music endures; and its relics in the way of drawings and paintings and mural decorations and sculpture are fairly numerous.

As for the bibliography of Poictesme, it now rivals in bulk, if it does not excel, that of many other French provinces. You have but to compare Poictesme with Chalosse, for example, or with Amont, or with Grasivaudan, or with Quercy, or with Velay, to see at once how much more numerous are all logical proofs of the existence of Poictesme. For these other provinces have found but partial and infrequent historians, in publications not ever very widely known:

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whereas a host of notable and diverse savants — such as Gottfried Johannes Bülg, and Carl Van Doren, and John Frederick Lewistam, and H. L. Mencken, and Paul Verville, and John S. Sumner, and many others, — have year by year increased the bibliography of Poictesme, from every conceivable point of view.

So is it that, when once you have ventured into logic, the evidence for the reality of such famous realms as Sumeria and Carthage, and of Philistia itself, appears less multifariously established than is the reality of Poictesme. So is it that when, in Pliny, let us say, I read of such once notable places as Ta-compsos (by some called Thaticê), and of Gloploa, and of Rhodata, where a golden cat was worshipped as a god, and of the pleasant island kingdom of Hora, and of Orambis (so curiously situated upon a stream of bitumen), and of Molum, which the Greeks, as you will remember, called Hypaton, — that I then, of course, believe in the reality of every one of these places as vouched for by Roman science, but that, even so, upon the whole, I think the proofs to be more numerous and more clear, to-day, for the existence of Poictesme.

Nor do I find here any need to dwell upon the claims which Poictesme may advance, to-day, to be believed in as an actual place, as compared with the claims of lands for whose existence we have the irrefutable warrant of Holy Writ. It may, of course, be that I reason hastily. But to me, in any event, this land of Poictesme appears as real and as readily accessible a country as the land of Temani, or as the land of Erez, or as the land of Shinar, — wherein, as every Sunday-schoolboy knows, the great Emperor

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Nimrod ruled over Accad and Erech and Babel and yet other dependencies. . . . In fine, I have come to believe in the family-tree of the Counts of Poictesme as completely as I do in that of the Dukes of Edom. And that Bellegarde and Montors and Storisende were once real cities in this actual land standing midway between Montpellier and Castries seems to me as thoroughly demonstrated as that Reheboth and Nineveh and Resen once stood midway between Calneh and Calah.

And I find it droll enough to reflect that all these things were created, not as the *Ænseis* create, but, rather, as though these things had sprouted, a little by a little, out of the trouble which Tunbridge Wells once caused me. For I gratefully recognize that, for twenty-odd years now, Poictesme has been to me a never-failing source of diversion and, at times, of active delight. Without any such sure elation, I recognize also that, for twenty-odd years now, I have lived in Poictesme, as go all practical and serious intents, with occasional brief trips abroad to visit my family and other merely physical intimates.

IN any case, this is the last of all the stories of Poictesme. And, as I said at outset, it seems queer, now that I appraise the last batch of Mr. Papé's pictures which has come out of Tunbridge Wells to establish yet more clearly the existence of Poictesme, — yes, it seems very queer, to reflect how prodigally Tunbridge Wells has, in the end, atoned for all the trouble which Tunbridge Wells once caused me.

Richmond-in-Virginia
March 1928

IX

ANOTHER NOTE ON LICHFIELD

“Neither give faith to fables and endless genealogies which minister questions rather than godly edifying: so do I now.”

— This paper was written as a preface to the illustrated edition
of The Cream of the Jest issued in 1927.

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IN sending forth a new edition of *The Cream of the Jest*, in which for the first time the art of Mr. Papé extenuates the inadequacies of the author, it seems well here to add also a brief explanatory protest,—about Lichfield.

The Lichfield of this comedy, and of yet other comedies, has been so often and so persistently located in Virginia that it probably is useless for me again to point out that in Virginia exists no post office of that name. There appears, indeed, to be nowhere in the United States of America any city or town, or even a village, called Lichfield.

The deduction should, thus, be fairly obvious, for every considerate person, that Lichfield, as well as Storisende, is to be found only in, as Richard Harrowby has phrased it, "that happy, harmless Fable-land which is bounded by Avalon and Phæacia and Sea-Coast Bohemia, and the contiguous forests of Arden and Broceliande, and on the west by the Hesperides."

YET I, for one, have rather frequently speculated, during my writing of the five books relative to Lichfield, why the American descendants of Manuel and of Jurgen should all have elected to settle in such an out-of-the-way place. My concern with this ques-

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tion has been, to be sure, not wholly academic, not quite unselfish, inasmuch as the remoteness of Lichfield could not but make the compiling of these descendants' histories by any chronicler resident in Virginia additionally inconvenient. Had kindlier accident but removed the American descendants of Manuel to Norfolk or to Richmond, I have reflected,—or even to Atlanta or Jacksonville or Little Rock,—or, for that matter, to any city whatsoever within the States which geographers ordinarily catalogue as Southern,—then my contemporaries among the twenty-third generation of this family would have been more accessible. Their actions would have been far easier to observe. The costs of a visit to them would have been esteemed, by any fair-minded Commissioner of Internal Revenue, a legitimate expense in the conduct of my business. And, best of all, perhaps, their own comparatively starveling existence, in that mere backwater of a Lichfield, would every day have been glorified by contact with one or another of the above-alluded-to cities' material and cultural splendors and unexampled progress since the War Between the States,—preeminencies in which our Lichfield has rather notably lacked.

"Why can you not live"—I have, therefore, very often inquired of the latter-day Manuelides,— "in some town which is more generally known? Why need your names be encounterable in the telephone directory of no place which a greater number of people have visited, and in which they consequently take a quasi-personal interest? My publishers assure me that the effect upon sales would be highly gratifying. Now, in candor, and in example also, I admit the ad-

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vantages of living in a Southern climate. Yet why could you not live in one or another Southern city a thought more familiar to everybody, and to me too, so that I might record your doings against an at once recognizable background of local facts and civic traditions and customs and foibles and general polity? Why have you, in fine, compelled me always to write about this Lichfield which, when my writing was done, nobody could quite certainly identify as a real Southern city?"

But they one and all evade an answer, replying only that it is out of their forethought for me. These Kennastons and Harrowbys and Hugonins — these Musgraves and these Townsends, — have not ever given me any more rational and frank response to that inquiry, as to why the American inheritors of Manuel's blood all live in Lichfield.

Instead, the Manuelides evade me, with a wise smiling, almost tacitly. When they speak at all, it is about such seemingly irrelevant matters as the Louisianian romances of George Washington Cable; or about a Richard Bale of Balisand who lived imprudently in Gloucester County, Virginia; or about the Hard-Boiled Virgin who traduced Atlanta and Charleston; or about that temerarious, that by-all-his-gods-forsaken Englishman, John Drinkwater, who first placed upon the stage at Richmond-in-Virginia, before an audience very largely made up of Daughters of the Confederacy, a drama dealing with Robert E. Lee. And thereafter, privily, they talk — in the hushed voice of one whose speech fares into purlieus wherein meditation dare not dwell — about that H. L. Mencken who wrote *The Sahara of the Bozart*.

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JOHN CHARTERIS, though,— I now recall,— did once go a bit farther, and did refer me to the eleventh fable in his own *Foolish Prince*. That apostrophe I therefore in this place append, as the sole answer which I have ever been able to extort from these over-willful characters.

And the fable is called

PREHISTORICS

As was the manner of those far-off days, the traveler came mounted upon a hippocriffn to the bronze gates of a walled city. “ And I have often heard of your city,” he said, when he had inspected the place, “ but not one-tenth of its wonders”— he added, upon the excellent principle that there is nothing like the decimal system,— “ had ever been told to me.”

They answered him modestly, as was the manner of those far-off days: “ Indeed, we cannot deny that our city was the cradle of this nation, nor that it was the first begetter of all civil and religious liberty, of statesmanship and patriotism and every virtue, nor that it is the only stronghold, in these degenerate times, of exalted culture and morality. We cannot deny our men are the bravest and most chivalrous that have ever lived, our women the most beautiful and chaste. Nay, more than this! because of our exceedingly great love for candor, we cannot even deny that no other place shows in the past a history so soul-inspiring as does our city; that to-day no other place may be compared with us in prosperity nor in contentment nor in our wholesome way of living; and that never at any time in the future shall any other city equal the least of our glories.”

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“ Now I also, no word of this do I deny,” replied the traveler, with such frank enthusiasm as was the manner of those far-off days. “ For many excellencies do I unfeignedly admire you and your city. Yet — ”

— Whereafter, very promptly, lest that “ yet ” should prove the beginning of a hint as to their city’s displaying some fault, they abolished the traveler and his hippocriffin also, with large paving stones, as was the manner of those far-off days.

Richmond-in-Virginia

September 1927

X

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT EVE

"St. Clement records the Manichean tradition that Adam was created like a beast, coarse, rude and inanimate: but from Eve he received his upright position, his polish, and his spirituality."

— This paper was written as a preface to the illustrated edition
of *Something About Eve* issued in 1929.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT EVE

THIS *Something About Eve* is a book which concerns itself, as its title indicates, peculiarly with women, and it so raises what has become, with me, a delicate topic. For a Southerner is very often, and quite easily shocked, especially in any matter which touches chivalry. I, thus, am frequently upset to an unbelievable degree when people tell me, as they do over and over again, with rather maddening unanimity, that women have not been fairly dealt with in that collection of my books which make up the Biography of Dom Manuel's perpetuated life upon earth. . . . Yet other persons, to be sure, profess that women are introduced into the Biography solely in order that men may deal fairly with them in Jurgen's personal application of this phrase. Either way, there seems a general feeling — particularly awkward for a Southern author to be encountering, — that, throughout my books, this half of the world's population has been neglected, if not actually slandered.

After due confession that this is quite possibly true, I confess that I do not think it is true. I must point out that women, in common with all other non-human creatures such as gods and fiends and ghosts, appear in the Biography only as this one or the other of them seems to this or that human, and therefore, of course, to this or that very easily deceived, male

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person. I must point out that the point of view of the Biography is always masculine. I must remind you, in brief, that I have attempted no actual or complete portrait of any woman anywhere; but only a depiction of some man's notions about one or another woman.

To this rule there are but two exceptions, I believe, throughout the entire Biography,—in “Sweet Adelais” and Porcelain Cups,—wherein for technical reasons all is necessarily seen through a young girl's lustrous and youth-blinded eyes. Elsewhere I have self-confessedly rendered the man's notion of the woman, whether the man's own all-tincturing nature be a medium so heavily or so slightly en-coloring whatever it transmits as I have variously employed in Nicolas de Caen and in Richard Harrowby and in Gottfried Johannes Bülg and in Robert Etheridge Townsend and in Captain Francis Audaine and in the anonymous redactors of the legends of Poictesme.

Everywhere I have but recorded one or another more or less individualized male's notion about an especial woman, as a notion for the correctness of which I could assume no responsibility. And I find it droll to note that, because of my superabundant cautiousness whensoever I came to deal with women, in all the many thousands of pages which I have written, just twice—once in *The Story of the Choices*, and once in *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*,—are two women ever left alone together, and the mystery is briefly guessed at, how they behave when no man is present.

I have preferred to err, where error appeared inevitable, upon the safer side. Reading any printed

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT EVE

narrative by a woman wherein the authoress — for at this precise point all female writers become mildly quaint authoresses, — purports to render for you the interior being of any male character, then the male reader becomes, at happiest, puzzled and just vaguely perturbed. The tattered creatures are clever. They, whose empirical knowledge is complete, do understand us — almost. But, after all, nothing in the picture is really quite right. The most gifted woman writer, at her most excellent, seems but to give, in dealing with her ostensibly male characters from the inside, one of those "artistic" photographs in which not any especial feature but merely everything is slightly out of focus. I can recall no instance in which a woman writer has depicted a man even fairly credible, to any of her male readers, when once she had reversed the intentions of nature by trying to penetrate the man's exterior.

Since, heaven knows, they understand us far better than we do them, I can but deduce that when a male writer attempts to depict a woman from within, he also, with an even heavier emphasis, does but make a fool of himself. And I refrain from at least that single form of folly as far as may be possible. I present frankly, throughout the whole Biography, all women and gods and fiends and ghosts and fabulous monsters which enter thereinto, only as they appear to some especial male, because that, after all, is the sole point of view from which I or any other man can ever regard any of these myth-enveloped beings.

— WHICH reminds me, through no instantly apparent connection, of my daily correspondence. There

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are, I now and then hopefully imagine, no more persons remaining anywhere in the United States of America sufficiently interested in the correct pronunciation of my surname to write and ask me about it: then the postman comes, to confute optimism, and upon the following Saturday I must type off two or three more statements that Cabell rhymes with rabble. But almost if not quite so often does the postman bring an inquiry as to what was the really fundamental explanation of one or another phenomenon witnessed by Manuel, or by Jurgen or Florian or Gerald, or by some other of my leading male Manuelides; if the symbolism were such and such; if the person encountered is to be interpreted as so and so; if one or another word should be regarded as an anagram; and, in brief,—through that sempiternal assumption that all art is a branch of pedagogy,—what allegorical teaching did I intend by this or that passage? What, here to employ the usual phrase, does this or that passage in the Biography of the life of Manuel “mean”?

Then, on the following Saturday, I must type off a confession of more or less humiliating ignorance. I must explain that I have but recorded from the point of view of one or another especial male that which he witnessed. I have told the reader, for example, what Manuel saw and heard, or I have set down all that Florian or Jurgen or Gerald ever knew about some particular matter: and concerning this same matter that is all which I myself can pretend to know. Certainly no reader has any call to know more. The reader should respect the book’s point of view as zealously as does the author. To these plain truisms, in one or another wording, I then sub-

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scribe myself, upon Saturday after Saturday, Yours faithfully. . . .

After that, I try to fold my note so as to fit it neatly into the stamped and self-addressed envelope which was thoughtfully enclosed by my correspondent, and I find that never by any chance is the achievement possible. For it appears that, through a truly remarkable coincidence, the more inquisitive of American novel readers, in common with most collectors of autographs, all deal with the same stationer, who purveys a very special sort of envelope so abbreviated lengthwise as to accommodate not any known size of writing paper.

Well, but my point is, that just so do women rank in the Biography. I can but tell you all that my protagonist, in each especial volume, ever knew about them, and as a rule that is not much.

YET it may be that there is a second reason for this gingerly handling of women, as concerns at least their unphysical aspects. It may be that I remain too much the romantic, even before the rising phantom of a fiftieth birthday, ever quite to regard women as human beings. . . . For one has the assurance of the very best-thought-of critics that "the author of *Jurgen*" — whom I privately tend to disesteem as a semi-fabulous creature, — is "an embittered romantic." He began, it seems, by writing the most philanthropic, if somewhat overblown and cloying tales, in his faraway youth: but, with advancing age, he found the world not altogether that which he had expected it to be, and so lost his temper, and began to be dreadfully peevish about affairs in general. He seems to have been as completely upset by the shock as was

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Tannhäuser in *Something About Eve*. He has never got over it. Every week the returns from the clipping bureau bring me the most authoritative information as to this embittered romantic existing in a never-lifting atmosphere of despair and frustration. . . . And one resignedly accepts the label, because, after all, every writer of some years' standing has to be classified, by those who are both younger and more certain about everything than he can ever hope to be again.

The only trouble is that this labeling does a bit complicate private life. Nobody can, with any real comfort to himself, go on being an embittered romantic twenty-four hours to the day when so many pleasant things are continually happening. It would call for more self-control than seems reasonable. Besides, if I dared to try out the rôle of an embittered romantic in the home circle, and among those surroundings in which the major part of my life is passed, everyone would be surprised and upset. The family physician would be sent for. So upon the very rare occasions that I provisionally attempt to live up to the standards of the best-thought-of critics, by behaving as becomes an embittered romantic, the thing has to be done when the presence of company has temporarily stilled the frankness of connubial comment.

Even so, when you first meet strangers, and particularly interviewers, the situation is now and then faintly embarrassing. You feel the weight of social obligations, you feel that these aliens at least may expect you to behave as an embittered romantic, and that they may even have some assured information, denied to you, as to how an embittered romantic does

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behave: and in consequence you do not at all know what to say or do. You can but desperately attempt to hide behind a look of friendly but cynical amusement, and to assume an air of thinking superior thoughts well suited to publication in the *Dial*, which you are leaving unworded. And you feel too that you are bungling the whole affair. . . . For no embittered romantic, I must here repeat, can maintain the appropriate atmosphere of despair and frustration in his private and social life with any real comfort to himself.

— All which is a bit afield. I had meant only to say that a romantic, even when of the embittered variety, perhaps cannot ever, quite, regard women as human beings.

Now to do this is, of course, the signal attempt of the twentieth century,— to regard women as human beings. I am not sure the experiment will succeed: but the outcome, after all, I take to be no concern of mine, whereas I am certain I find it drollly interesting to observe the progress of Eve's daughters. . . . For so great a while they were but conveniences, equally for housework and copulation. Then, as the more talented courtesans were evolved, women here and there began to be ranked among the luxuries and adornments of life, exactly as we of late have seen yet other bed-chamber and kitchen furnishings, under the name of Early Americana, turned into prized ornaments of the drawing-room.

But the apex was reached in the mediæval notion of domnei,— perhaps the most aspiring, and very certainly the most unpredictable, of all the inventions of romanticists,— whereby women became god-

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desses, or, at least, Heaven's bright and lovely symbols upon earth. Of this domnei I have written sufficiently in another place. Yet I must here point out that domnei was always a cult limited in its membership to the upper classes, and limited too, as though instinctively, in any avowal of its faith, to the golden and pleasurable befogging haziness of verse. Side by side with domnei, as the main trend of mediæval prose literature shows very plainly, persisted always the monkish notion of woman as a snare of the devil, and the bourgeois notion of woman as a false and lustful animal. The romanticist, that is, tended, as he still tends, howsoever timidly, to be a gentleman. Domnei prevailed only among the gentry, among those who had the leisure, and the good taste, to play with what Gerald Musgrave calls a rather beautiful idea.

Well, and now, as a part perhaps of the very general discrediting of all gentle notions everywhere as a bit overflavored with fudge, now this ends. To every side of us, the lady — a word which is so significant that to record the four letters of it here must permeate this whole page with oldfashionedness, — the lady, I observe, is triumphantly climbing down to full equality with the butler and the congressman. I daresay, who have at least Madame Melior de Puysange to back me, that the pedestal upon which domnei exalted every gentlewoman had its discomforts. . . . The lady, in any event, grows nowadays as rare as the horse; these two, who were formerly the dearest prized chattels of every wellbred male, now race neck and neck into extinction: and the progress of woman's evolution toward that day, now so clearly to be foreseen, when women will at last have become

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human beings, appears quaint and edifying. Yet I watch it with auctorial disinterest, for with that day the Biography of the life of Manuel has no concern. The Biography, throughout, treats of more backward days when this surprising metamorphosis had hardly, if at all, begun.

I CONFESS, in brief, that the male inheritors of Manuel's life — from whose point of view I have written all that which makes me an embittered romantic every Thursday, when the envelope from the clipping bureau comes in, — that these Manuelides have, throughout the Biography, approached the daughters of Eve with that underlying feeling of unintimacy which one perforce harbors toward all gods and fiends and other non-human creatures. And now occurs to me yet a third reason for this confessed fact.

I would suggest that the inheritors of Manuel's life were perhaps the victims of heredity. For it was Manuel, as you may remember, who remarked upon Upper Morven, at the height of his love-affair with Queen Freydis:

“What can I ever be to you except flesh and a voice? I know that my distrust of all living creatures — oh, even of you, dear Freydis, when I draw you closest, — must always be as a wall between us, a low, lasting, firm-set wall which we can never pull down. There is no way in which two persons may meet in this world of men: we can but exchange, from afar, despairing friendly signals in the sure knowledge they will be misinterpreted. No soul may travel upon a bridge of words.”

Well, and I suspect that in this particular no one

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of Manuel's race has ever greatly differed from their great progenitor. For it was then that Manuel, after all, spoke the final and all-comprehending words that any man may say to or about any woman. Or, for that matter, about any other man.

Richmond-in-Virginia

October 1928

APPENDIX A

JURGEN AND THE LAW

A Statement with Exhibits, including the Court's Opinion, and the Brief for the Defendants on Motion to Direct an Acquittal.

EDITED BY GUY HOLT

I
A STATEMENT

A STATEMENT

§ I

If Mr. Cabell had not pre-empted the phrase, the words with which he characterized the tale *Jurgen* might well be used as a title for an account of the tale's adventures with the law. Those adventures, which the matter of this book commemorates no less effectively than it helped to divert them from a less happy outcome, form indeed a comedy of justice: a comedy which, perhaps, aroused more of indignation than of mirth, and which, in its duration, somewhat exceeded the time-limit that a canny dramatist allots himself, but which ended appropriately on a note of justice, and thus showed Mr. Cabell to be not only the maker of a happily descriptive phrase but also somewhat of a prophet.

Well, the comedy of *Jurgen's* suppression is ended. The book is admitted once more to the freedom of the library, and the pawnbroker is again at liberty to wander throughout the universe in search of rationality and fair dealing. And in due course, time and the wisdom of other generations will decide whether the pawnbroker, or the book, or the adventures of either, be in any way memorable.

To-day, however, the vicissitudes of *Jurgen* are of indisputable importance, if only because similar misfortunes may overtake yet other publications. At the moment it appears that the position of literature is less precarious than it has been in the recent past. For the courts, of late, with gratifying accord have failed to detect obscenity in a number of volumes at which professional righteousness has taken offense, and there apparently is cause to hope that legal precedent will dispel the obscurity which so long has surrounded decency — within the meaning of the statute.

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Yet it is still possible for an incorporated organization to waylay and imprison art: to exercise by accusation a censorship which impermanence makes no less dangerous. Until the difference between the liberty permitted to art and the license forbidden to the vulgar be clearly defined, it remains impossible for any artist to foreknow how fully he may describe and thereby interpret life as he sees it, or for the community to enjoy uninterrupted access to much of the best of ancient and modern literature.

In the pages which follow is printed an argument that expressly defines the test whereby that which is legally permissible and that which is prohibited may be determined. It is, explicitly, an argument in behalf of *Jurgen*, submitted at the trial of the publishers of that book: and it is published in book form, in part because of its intrinsic interest to all readers of Cabell, in part because it is a valuable addition to the literature of censorship. But here there seems need to preface the argument with a brief history of the *Jurgen* case.

§ 2

It is now a trifle less than three years ago that a Mr. Walter J. Kingsley, a theatrical press agent, sent to the literary editor of a New York newspaper a letter* directing attention to James

* "James Branch Cabell is making a clean getaway with *Jurgen*, quite the naughtiest book since George Moore began ogling maid-servants in Mayo. How come? Dreiser had the law hot after him for *The Genius*, and *Hagar Revelly* came close to landing Daniel Carson Goodman in Leavenworth, yet these volumes are innocent compared with *Jurgen*, which deftly and knowingly treats in thinly veiled episodes of all the perversities, abnormalities and damn-foolishness of sex. There is an undercurrent of extreme sensuality throughout the book, and once the trick of transposing the key is mastered one can dip into this tepid stream on every page. Cabell has cleansed his bosom of much perilous stuff — a little too much, in fact, for *Jurgen* grows tiresome toward the end — but he has said everything about the mechanics of passion and said it prettily. He has a gift of dulcet English prose, but I like better the men who

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Branch Cabell's *Jurgen* as a source of lewd pleasure to the sophisticated and of menace to the moral welfare of Broadway. Hitherto *Jurgen* had found some favor with a few thousands of discriminating readers; it had been advertised — with, its publishers must now admit, a disregard of the value of all pornographic appeal — as literature. Critics, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, had applauded the book as a distinguished addition to American letters; three editions had been printed and the tale promised to enjoy the success to which its wit, its beauty and the profundity of its theme entitled it. No one, until Mr. Kingsley broke silence, had complained of *Jurgen* as an obscene production; no letters of condemnation had been received by the publishers; and the press had failed to suggest that decorum, much less decency, had anywhere been violated.

Mr. Kingsley's letter altered affairs. Immediately a chorus in discussion of *Jurgen* arose. In the newspapers appeared many letters, some in defense of the book, others crying Amen to Mr. Kingsley. Within a week, the merry game of discovering the "key" to *Jurgen* was well under way and a pleasant, rather heated controversy had begun. In the upshot some one sent a clipping of the Kingsley letter to Mr. John S. Sumner, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, calling upon him to do his duty. Mr. Sumner procured a copy of the book, and, on January 14th, 1920, armed with a warrant, he entered the offices of the publishers, seized the plates and all copies of the book and summoned the publishers to appear in

say things straight out and use gruff Anglo-Saxon monosyllables for the big facts of nature that we are supposed to ignore.

"It is curious how the non-reading public discovered *Jurgen*. A few days after it appeared on the newsstands a male vampire of the films who once bought Stevenson's *Underwoods* in the belief that it was a book of verses hymning a typewriter, began saying up and down Broadway: 'Say, kid, get a book called *Jurgen*. It gets away with murder.'

"This sold the first edition quickly. How do they discover these things?"

WALTER J. KINGSLEY

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

court the following day on a charge of violating section 1141 of the Penal code.*

Thereafter the record is uneventful. Mr. Sumner's complaint † was duly presented and the case was called for formal hearing in the magistrate's court on January 23. Upon that date the de-

* See page 323.

† "John S. Sumner, Agent New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, being duly sworn, says: That on the 6th day of January, 1920, and prior, and sworn thereto at the city and county aforesaid, Robert M. McBride & Company, a corporation, and Guy Holt, manager of said corporation, Book Department, did at No. 31 East 17th Street in the city and county aforesaid, unlawfully print, utter, publish, manufacture and prepare, and did unlawfully sell and offer to sell and have in their possession with intent to sell a certain offensive, lewd, lascivious and indecent book, in violation of Section 1141 of Penal Code of the State of New York. At the time and place aforesaid, the said Robert M. McBride & Company by and through its officers, agents and employees did print, publish, sell and distribute and on information and belief the said Guy Holt did prepare for publication and cause to be printed, published, sold and distributed a certain book entitled *Jurgen* by one James Branch Cabell, which said book represents and is descriptive of scenes of lewdness and obscenity, and particularly upon pages 56, 57, 58, 59, 61, 63, 64, 67, 80, 84, 86, 89, 92, 93, 98, 99, 100, 102, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 114, 120, 124, 125, 127, 128, 134, 135, 142, 144, 148, 149, 150, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 170, 171, 174, 175, 176, 177, 186, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 203, 206, 207, 211, 228, 229, 236, 237, 238, 239, 241, 242, 271, 272, 275, 286, 321, 340, 342, 343, thereof, and which said book is so obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent that a minute description of the same would be offensive to the Court and improper to be placed upon the records thereof. Wherefore a fuller description of the same is not set forth in this complaint . . ."

The pages cited above correspond, in the Storisende Edition of *Jurgen*, to pages 51-54, 56, 58, 59, 62, 75, 80, 82, 85, 88, 89, 94-96, 98, 100-104, 110, 116, 120, 121, 123, 124, 130, 131, 137-138, 140, 144-146, 148-154, 157-164, 166, 167, 170-173, 182, 192-196, 199, 202-204, 207-208, 224-225, 232-236, 237-239, 272-273, 276, 287, 323-324, 342, 344-346.

JURGEN AND THE LAW

fendants waived examination and the case was committed for trial in the Court of Special Sessions. The trial was set for March 8, but upon motion of Mr. John Quinn, then Counsel for the Defense, who appeared before Justice Malone, the case was submitted for consideration to the Grand Jury which found an indictment against the publishers * thereby transferring the case to the Court of General Sessions and enabling the defendants to secure a trial by jury. On May 17, 1920, the publishers pleaded not guilty . . . and, until October 16, 1922, awaited trial.

For, in New York, a "crime wave" was in progress. The courts were crowded with cases which involved other than a possible technical violation of the laws; and, however anxious to

* COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS OF THE PEACE IN AND
FOR THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

vs

GUY HOLT, ROBERT M. McBRIDE & Co.,
AND ROBERT M. McBRIDE:

.....

THE GRAND JURY OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK by this indictment, accuse Guy Holt, Robert M. McBride & Co. and Robert M. McBride of the crime of UNLAWFULLY POSSESSING AN INDECENT BOOK, committed as follows:

The said Guy Holt, Robert M. McBride & Co., a corporation at all times herein mentioned existing under the laws of the State of New York, and Robert M. McBride, acting together and in concert, in the County of New York aforesaid, on the 14th day of January, 1920, and for a considerable time prior thereto, with intent to sell and show, unlawfully possessed a lewd, lascivious, indecent, obscene and disgusting book entitled JURGEN, a more particular description of which said book would be offensive to this Court and improper to be spread upon the records thereof, wherefore such description is not here given; against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the people of the State of New York, and their dignity.

EDWARD SWANN
District Attorney

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rid the docket of the *Jurgen* case, neither the courts nor the District Attorney's office could do other than give precedence to the trials of persons charged with more serious offenses.

On October 16, then, two and one half years after the indictment, the *Jurgen* case was called before Judge Charles C. Nott in the Court of General Sessions. A jury was drawn, the book was submitted in evidence and the people's case was presented. The defendants, through their attorneys, Messrs. Goodbody, Danforth and Glenn, and their counsel, Mr. Garrard Glenn, moved for the direction of a verdict of acquittal, submitting, in behalf of their motion, the brief which is printed hereinafter. The trial was adjourned for three days; and on October 19, 1922, Judge Nott rendered his decision, which also appears hereinafter, and directed the jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal.

§ 3

' There ends the record of the tale *Jurgen's* adventures with the law. The record is, as has been said, uneventful. A book had been impugned, that is all. An author had been vilified and his publishers indicted; certain thousands of readers had been deprived of access to a book which critical opinion had commended to their interest; and author and publishers both had been robbed of the revenues from whatever sale the book might have had during the nearly three years in which it was removed from publication.

True, Mr. Cabell and his book had received much publicity. . . . There is a legend, indeed, that the author of *Jurgen* (and of a dozen other distinguished books) owes much of his present place in letters to the advertising which Mr. Sumner involuntarily accorded him. But one may question that. An examination of the publishers' files seems to show that most of the expressions of admiration for *Jurgen* were repetitions of an enthusiasm expressed before the book's "suppression." And if the enthusiasm and the sympathy of Mr. Cabell's admirers were hearteningly evident, the attacks of his detractors did not flag; and an inestimable number of persons, knowing Mr. Cabell's work only

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through the recorded opinions of Messrs. Kingsley and Sumner, did certainly condemn him unread, and, shuddering, barred their library doors against him. . . . No, Mr. Cabell owes no debt of thanks to the accusers of *Jurgen*.

But all this is by the way. The argument, which appears in the following pages, is of importance not alone because it so ably defends *Jurgen*, but because it defines, more clearly than any other recent document, the present legal status of literature in America in relation to permissible candor in treatment and subject matter. The brief is not in any sense an argument in behalf of unrestricted publication of any matter, however obscene, or indeed in behalf of the publication of obscenity in any form. It is not a denial of the community's right to protect itself from offenses against good taste or against its moral security, or to punish violation of the laws by which the public welfare is safeguarded.

But one need not be an apologist of license to perceive that there is in a thoughtful consideration of every aspect of life no kinship to indecency; or to perceive that the community cannot, without serious danger to its own cultural development, ignore the distinction between the artist's attempt to create beauty by means of the written word, and the lewd and vulgar outpourings of the pornographer. When these two things are confused by a semi-official organization which is endowed with suppressive powers, even when the courts fail to sustain its accusations, the menace to the community is measurably increased. As a protection against this menace the brief presents, with admirable clarity, a legal test, the validity of which common-sense will readily recognize, for the determination of literature as distinct from obscenity.

GUY HOLT

New York City
November 14, 1922

II

BRIEF FOR THE DEFENDANTS ON MOTION TO DIRECT AN ACQUITTAL

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Court of General Sessions of the Peaec

IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW
YORK
AGAINST
GUY HOLT, ROBERT M. MC-
BRIDE & COMPANY and
ROBERT M. McBRIDE.

BRIEF FOR DEFENDANTS ON MOTION TO DIRECT AN ACQUITTAL

The defendants have moved for a directed acquittal at the close of the People's case. The defendants did not dispute upon the trial the facts which went to make up such case as the People had. That case is that the defendants had in their possession, with intent to sell (they are publishers) a book, *Jurgen*, by Mr. James Branch Cabell; and it is contended that the book is lewd and obscene within Section 1141 of the Penal Law.

I — THE QUESTION PRESENTED IS ONE OF LAW, WHICH THE COURT SHOULD DECIDE

The rule here to be applied is that obtaining in all criminal cases. It is the Court's duty to direct an acquittal when the People's case has failed to show guilt beyond a reasonable doubt.

People v. Gluck (188 N. Y. 167)

People v. Smith (84 Misc. 348)

Babcock v. People (15 Hun 347)

The indictment is for having in possession with intent to sell, a book offending against Section 1141 of the Penal Law. Since

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the defendants do not dispute the fact that they did have in their possession the book with intent to sell it, the simple question is whether this book violates the criminal law of this state as expressed in the section of the Penal Law above noted.

While it is sometimes said that this question is one of fact, upon which it is the function of a jury to pass, nevertheless it is clear that, when the defendant raises the question whether the book, as a matter of law, violates the statute, that question is one of law upon which it is the duty of the court to pass.

People v. Brainard (192 App. Div. 816)
Halsey v. New York Society (234 N. Y. 1)

"It is true that whether the book offends against this statute is ordinarily a question of fact for the jury in the first place to determine. It is equally true that upon the review of a conviction for having offended against this provision, it is the duty of this court to examine the publication and see whether the conviction can be sustained under the facts proven. Upon an examination of the book I am satisfied that neither defendant has been guilty of the offense charged in the information, and for this reason the judgment and conviction of the defendant corporation, as well as the defendant Brainard, should be reversed and the information dismissed." (*People v. Brainard*, 192 App. Div. 816, 821.)

2 — THE TEST IS THE LITERARY AS DISTINCT FROM THE PORNOGRAPHIC

It being a question of law, what are the tests which the courts use in the determination of that question? Those tests, like all the others which the courts have used in the application of criminal law to the case of the individual against whom it is alleged that his act has offended the interests of society, are simple and do not go beyond the actual necessities. Courts in this respect have not forgotten the lessons of history; and of these lessons one which Macaulay's schoolboy knows is that under our common law dispensation there has not been, since the abolition of the Courts of Star Chamber and of High Commission, nor will there ever

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be again, such a spirit in our law as may result, through statute or decision, in the institution of a censorship of the mind in its modes of expression. To use the words of Seabury, *J.*, "it is no part of the duty of courts to exercise a censorship over literary productions" (*St. Hubert Guild v. Quinn*, 64 Misc. 336, 340). And it is in that spirit that common law courts have approached any case such as this from the days when the obscene became cognizable by common law courts in the exercise of a jurisdiction which they took over from the Courts Spiritual. (*Rex v. Curi*, 17 How. St. Trials, 153.) It is true that, for a time, during the intellectual ferment in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, the courts, under the inspiration of Lord Eldon *did* revert to an idea of censorship closely resembling that which Laud advocated in the days of Courts of High Commission; but contemporary opinion of the best minds of the bar, as well as of the public, revolted against this attitude, and the rule thus suggested never became a part of our law.

Seabury, *J.*, has well traced this as follows:

"The early attitude of the courts upon this subject discloses an illiberality of opinion which is not reflected in the recent cases. Perhaps no one was more responsible for this early position than Lord Eldon, who refused to protect by injunction Southey's *Wat Tyler* until the innocent character of the work was proved. *Southey v. Sherwood*, 2 Meriv. 437. He assumed a like position in reference to Byron's *Cain* (6 Petersdorff Abr. 558, 559), and expressed a doubt (which he hoped was reasonable) as to the innocent character of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. When Dr. Johnson heard of some earlier opinions to the same effect, he is reported to have said: 'They make me think of your judges, not with that respect which I should wish to do.' Judging from the fact that a jury held the publication of Shelley's *Queen Mab* to be an indictable offense (Moxon's Case, 2 Mod. St. Tr. 356), it seems that jurors were no more liberal than judges in these matters. In commenting upon some of Lord Eldon's judgments on the subject of literary property, Lord Campbell remarked that 'it must have been a strange occupation for a judge who for many years had meddled with nothing more imaginative than

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

an Act of Parliament to determine in what sense the speculations of Adam, Eve, Cain, and Lucifer are to be understood.'¹⁰ Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, 257." (*St. Hubert Guild v. Quinn*, 64 Misc. 336, 339, 340.)

But the spirit of censorship, thus for a time strangely revived, soon passed. To-day therefore the courts apply simple tests, tests savoring of nothing that involves censorship, tests necessary only for the protection of the public against influences that directly, and without the necessity of argument in demonstrating their effect, bear upon public morals. It requires, therefore, but a few words to describe these tests as they are known to the law of this state to-day.

In the first place, the words of the statute mean exactly what they say and require no subtlety of interpretation. In the words of Cullen, *C. J.*, the statute "is directed against lewd, lascivious and salacious or obscene publications, the tendency of which is to excite lustful and lecherous desire." (*People v. Eastman*, 188 N. Y. 478, 480.) That being true, this simple test excludes others which, however subtle may be the argument in their support, however honest the intention of the people who urge them, inevitably lead to the thing which Seabury, *J.*, has said,—but which everybody would know even if it had not been said by this particular Judge,—is outside the purview of criminal law as administered in English-speaking countries,—censorship by indictment.

In the second place this statute does not forbid publication of the polemical. "It seems to be," says Andrews, *J.*, of the book under review by the Court of Appeals, "largely a protest against what the author, we believe mistakenly, regards as the prudery of newspaper criticism." (*Halsey v. New York Society*, 234 N. Y. 1, 4.) The prosecutor, and indeed the court itself, may not agree with what the book may advocate, may not take the sentiment which it expresses, but the book cannot be condemned for that. "Differ as men may as to the views of Voltaire on many questions," said Seabury, *J.*, in the case which we have already cited, "his works cannot be burned by the public hang-

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man under the guise of a section of our Penal Code." (*St. Hubert's Guild v. Quinn*, 64 Misc. 336, 342.) We need not, however, pursue this subject further, because *People v. Eastman* (188 N. Y. 478) stands as a monument to the proposition under discussion. One has only to read the article for which an indictment was brought (it is repeated verbatim in the dissenting opinion of O'Brien, *J.*, at pp. 482-484) to realize that its nature was such as to excite in the minds of thousands of our best citizens feelings which it is impossible adequately to describe. Yet, disregarding the decision of the English courts in *Regina v. Hicklin* (L. B. 3 Q. B. 369), where a precisely similar book was held indictable, our Court of Appeals sustained a demurrer to an indictment which set forth the article in question.

Nor is it necessary, in order to protect a book from indictment, that it teach a moral lesson.

People v. Brainard (192 App. Div. 816)
Halsey v. N. Y. Society (234 N. Y. 1)

The Appellate Division of this Department has well borne out this proposition when, in reversing a judgment of conviction, it said:

"I can see no useful purpose in the publication of the book. I cannot agree that it has any moral lesson to teach. Its publication might well be prohibited as a recital of life in the underworld, as is prohibited books containing recitals of crimes." (*People v. Brainard*, 192 App. Div. 816, 821.)

In short, this statute was not intended, as the Court of Appeals has said in one of the cases above cited, "to regulate manners." (*People v. Eastman*, 188 N. Y. 478, 480.)

What then do these tests of the law come to? The courts in their own words have told us that. If the book has literary merit, then it is not within the condemnation of the statute.

O'Brien, *J.*:

"It is very difficult to see upon what theory these world-renowned classics can be regarded as specimens of that porno-

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graphic literature which it is the office of the Society for the Suppression of Vice to suppress, or how they can come under any stronger condemnation than that high standard literature which consists of the works of Shakespeare, of Chaucer, of Laurence Sterne, and of other great English writers, without making reference to many parts of the Old Testament Scriptures, which are to be found in almost every household in the land. The very artistic character, the high qualities of style, the absence of those glaring and crude pictures, scenes, and descriptions which affect the common and vulgar mind, make a place for books of the character in question, entirely apart from such gross and obscene writings as it is the duty of the public authorities to suppress. It would be quite as unjustifiable to condemn the writings of Shakespeare and Chaucer and Laurence Sterne, the early English Novelists, the playwrights of the Restoration, and the dramatic literature which has so much enriched the English language, as to place an interdict upon these volumes, which have received the admiration of literary men for so many years." (*Re Worthington Co.*, 30 N. Y. Supp. 361, 362; 24 L. R. A. 110.)

Andrews, J.:

"With the author's felicitous style, it contains passages of purity and beauty * * * Here is the work of a great author, written in admirable style, which has become a part of classical literature." (*Halsey v. N. Y. Society*, 234 N. Y. 1, 4, 6.)

Seabury, J.:

"Offensive as some of the phrases of this book undoubtedly are to the taste of our day, yet I do not think we can declare a contract for its sale illegal on this account." (*St. Hubert Guild v. Quinn*, 64 Misc. 336, 338.)

Literature, to use the phrase of Matthew Arnold, is nothing more or less than a criticism of life, of the relation of man to the universe and to his fellow man. When any phase of that subject is discussed, then you have literature, though you may not agree with the point of view which the author advocates. Thus, in one of the cases from which we have already frequently

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cited, Seabury, *J.*, points out the violent differences of opinion that arose and still exist, regarding Voltaire's *Maid of Orleans*:

"Frederick the Great admired it and paid it the doubtful compliment of imitation, and Condorcet regarded it only as an attack upon hypocrisy and superstition. Less prejudiced critics than these condemn it with severity, and even admirers of Voltaire regret that there are passages in it which have dimmed the fame of its author." (*St. Hubert Guild v. Quinn*, 64 Misc. 336, 338.)

For that very reason the final test of the law, as recognized by the courts of this state, is simple. It is only whether the thing is literature as distinct from a simple effort to portray the obscene.

It is quite true that scattered here and there in the books, are to be found expressions to the effect that a thing may be literature and yet be within the statute. The argument is that there are two classes in the community, the intelligent and the ignorant. Something may be literature and the intelligent will so appreciate it, but the statute is to protect the other class — the ones who ought not to be entrusted with books at all. The *sequitur* is that a book is unlawful unless it can be read by the ignorant, by the child incapable of appreciating the sustained thought. To this effect will one find expressions in *U. S. v. Clark* (38 Fed. 734), and the General Term decision in *People v. Muller* (32 Hun, 209). But one will never find that the Court of Appeals of this state has spoken to that effect, or has made that classification. It did not do so in affirming the judgment in *People v. Muller* (96 N. Y. 408), which, by the way, dealt with a picture and not a book; and it certainly did not do so when it expressed itself in *People v. Eastman* (188 N. Y. 478) or in *Halsey v. N. Y. Society* (234 N. Y. 1). In *People v. Eastman*, as we have said, the article was undoubtedly such as should not fall into the hands of a child; and in *Halsey v. N. Y. Society* the majority opinion frankly admits that there are paragraphs in the book which, standing alone, are undoubtedly indecent. Nor has the successor of the General Term, the Appellate Division, spoken to that effect. Its decision in *People v. Brainard* (192 App. Div. 816) certainly

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does not bear out such interpretation. Nor have judges, sitting at Special or Trial Term, or in the Appellate Term, so expressed themselves. O'Brien, *J.*, certainly made no such distinction in *Matter of Worthington* (30 N. Y. Supp. 363; 24 L. R. A. 110). Nor did Seabury, *J.*, make any such distinction in *St. Hubert Guild v. Quinn* (64 Misc. 336). If that were the law of this state, we say, with all sincerity, that literature would have to be reduced to the level of the movies; the stage would be reduced to the rendition of charades, thousands of plays being barred, ranging from those of which Shakespeare was the craftsman, to the productions of Somerset Maugham; Swinburne's Chorus in *Atalanta in Calydon* would be on the index, and Keats would be barred from any public library because of *Endymion* and *The Eve of St. Agnes*. Nay, Sir Walter Scott's collection of border minstrelsy would be barred because it contains those two exquisite ballads, *The Eve of St. John* and *Clerk Saunders and May Margaret*; and, incidentally, the *Oxford Book of English Verse* should be burned because it contains reprints of all these things. But it is useless to pursue this subject, for, to use the favorite phrase of the late Chief Justice White, "to state the argument is to answer it." No, the test is whether the thing is literary; whether it is a criticism of life; whether that effort is apparent in the book.

3 — IN APPLYING THIS TEST, ALL REASONABLE DOUBT SHOULD BE RESOLVED IN FAVOR OF THE BOOK

The courts, to repeat, apply the simple test of literature as distinct from the mere portrayal of the obscene. And in getting at whether a thing is literature, they are not disposed to substitute their judgment for that of others who speak of the book in the spirit of sincerity; nor are they disposed to tip the scales, even if people of that sort differ in their conclusions. "We have quoted," says Andrews, *J.*, in the latest case, "estimates of the book as showing the manner in which it affects different minds. The conflict among the members of this court itself points a finger at the dangers of a censorship entrusted to men of one profession, of like education and similar surroundings." (*Halsey*

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v. N. Y. Society, 234 N. Y. 1, 6.) Likewise, the opinions in *St. Hubert's Guild v. Quinn* (64 Misc. 336), and *Matter of Worthington* (30 N. Y. Supp. 363; 24 L. R. A. 110) refer to various criticisms of the books involved, as do the opinions of Magistrate Simpson and Magistrate Oberwager in the very recent (and still unreported) cases of *People v. Seltzer* and *People v. Salsberg and Boni & Liveright*. In all of those cases the criticisms were contained in book or magazine form, which were available to the Court. In the present case the various criticisms of the book here involved are not available in such form, and consequently we are submitting herewith copies of letters and newspaper clippings containing the opinions of many competent critics concerning that book, which we respectfully ask this Court to consider in rendering its decision upon this motion.

4 — IN JUDGING THE BOOK BY THE STANDARDS ABOVE INDICATED, IT MUST BE READ AS A WHOLE, AND, ON THAT BASIS, IT MUST BE UPHELD EVEN THOUGH IT MAY CONTAIN PORTIONS WHICH WOULD NOT STAND THE TEST IF ISOLATED

From what has already been said another conclusion follows: — The book is to be judged not by isolated passages in it, but by the whole book. Peculiarly is this true in the present case, where the book at large is indicted, not parts of it, as was the case when complaint was made in Special Sessions, but all of it without reference to any particular part. That, when a book is indicted as a whole, no judgment can be passed upon it which is not based upon a reading of the whole, with the necessary test of correlation which this entails, would seem manifest on its face. But in view of certain expressions which judicially fell in the federal case of *U. S. v. Bennett* (16 Blatchf. 338; Fed. Cs. No. 14,571), it is just as well to refer to the fact that, both in England and in this State, the test is the whole book, not isolated parts to which it may please the prosecutor to point an accusing finger.

Halsey v. N. Y. Society (234 N. Y. 1)
Fitzpatrick's Case (31 How. St. Tr. 1170, 1186)
St. Hubert's Guild v. Quinn (64 Misc. 336)

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"The judgment of the court below is based upon a few passages in each of these works, and these passages have been held to be of such a character as to invalidate the contract upon which the action has been brought. These few passages furnish no criterion by which the legality of the consideration of the contract can be determined. That some of these passages, judged by the standard of our day, mar rather than enhance the value of these books can be admitted without condemning the contract for the sale of the books as illegal. The same criticism has been directed against many of the classics of antiquity and against the works of some of our greatest writers from Chaucer to Walt Whitman, without being regarded as sufficient to invalidate contracts for the sale or publication of their works."

St. Hubert Guild v. Quinn (64 Misc. 336, 339)

"No work may be judged from a selection of such paragraphs alone. Printed by themselves they might, as a matter of law, come within the prohibition of the statute. So might a similar selection from Aristophanes or Chaucer or Boccaccio or even from the Bible. The book, however, must be considered broadly as a whole."

Halsey v. N. Y. Society (234 N. Y. 1, 4)

The proposition thus laid down is nothing but common sense, — the common sense which was expressed, over a century ago, in a trial in the Irish King's Bench, for the publication of an alleged libel:

"Mr. Burrowes. — My lords, I beg to know, whether the Court be of opinion, that without any averment respecting other passages in the book, the counsel for the crown are entitled to read them.

Mr. Justice Day. — In order to show the *quo animo*, they may read those other passages.

Mr. Justice Osborne. — I think they have such right, as evidence of the intention.

Lord Chief Justice Downes. — And the defendant, if he thinks fit, may read all the rest of the book." (*Fitzpatrick's Case*, 31 How. St. Tr. 1170, 1186.)

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It follows that if the book must be taken as a whole, then it cannot be condemned piecemeal. No part can be read without a mind to its relation to the whole. In the latest case on the subject, Andrews, J., speaking for the majority of the court, twice concedes that, taken by themselves, certain parts of the book are not to be justified:

"It contains many paragraphs, however, which taken by themselves are undoubtedly vulgar and indecent. * * * On the other hand, it *does* contain indecent paragraphs." *Halsey v. N. Y. Society* (234 N. Y. 1, 4, 6).

Yet the book was upheld for all that, both because, in the words which the court adopted from the late Professor Wells of Sewanee, the author there involved "helps us over the instinctive repulsion that we feel for the situation," and because he excites "a purely artistic interest," etc. (*Halsey v. N. Y. Society*, 234 N. Y. 1, 5.)

5 — THE BOOK, READ AS A WHOLE, SUSTAINS THE TEST OF THE LAW

The following has been prepared by counsel, with full appreciation of the fact that the book under review must, in the last analysis, speak for itself, and that every book makes its different impression on each mind that it reaches. The only possible aid to reflection which this writing can constitute therefore, lies in such suggestion as it fairly may convey, that Mr. Cabell's book is literature, in the accepted sense of that term, which is, as the foregoing brief shows, the legal sense as well. It presents a theme and its object is to stimulate reflection.

The book in question is a criticism of life. It treats with satire certain of the thoughts so current among us. It is Matthew Arnold and Carlyle in different guise. But the guise adopted is not new or novel. In the Sixteenth Century Erasmus put forth his comments on the ruling ideas of his time by writing a book *In Praise of Folly*. Mr. Cabell has adopted the same method of treatment. To his book can be applied the words which Professor Wells spoke of a book which our Court of Appeals has recently held

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not to be within the condemnation of the statute invoked in the present case: "With a springboard of fact in the seventeenth century to start from, he . . . transfers the adventures from the real world to a sort of forest of Arden, where the Rosalind of Shakespeare might meet a Watteau shepherdess and a melancholy Jacques." (*Halsey v. N. Y. Society*, 234 N. Y. 1, 5.)

But that is not the only motive of the book. It deals also with aspirations for the unattainable, aspirations which it falls to the lot of some men to feel,—aspirations whose portrayal finds expression in books ranging from Goethe's *Faust* to Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*. These are things which, to use the words of Magistrate Simpson in the recent (and still unreported) case of *People v. Seltzer*, are not "naturally calculated to excite in the susceptible impure imaginations." And if we want a moral lesson, we have it, because these desires are shown to be useless. The conventional cannot be escaped by fleeing to sin, for wickedness itself is conventional.

And may we observe in passing that the author, Mr. Cabell, is no radical? He makes no plea for reform by way of sociological experiment. Indeed, as expressed in *Beyond Life*, his contempt for sociology has been condemned by one of the apostles of the new Reign of Science and a lecturer in the Rand School (Robinson, *The Mind in the Making*, page 208). "What we want," said Mr. Gradgrind, "are facts." Mr. Cabell's book now under attack deals with things not within the spectrum of the Gradgrind School,—eternal things which continue whether the world happens to be of the "New Philosophy" mode of thinking, or to have returned to the Age of Faith. How well he succeeds with what he has undertaken is quite another matter; in law it is sufficient that he has assumed the task. And with this in mind, the following undertakes to tell what one reader, at least, may think that *Jurgen* is about.

Jurgen's name is "derived from jargon, a confused chattering such as birds give forth at sunrise (179)." * He is a pawnbroker, and he lives in Poictesme, but it might just as well be Kennaqu-

* The numerals in parentheses refer to the page numbers in the Storisende Edition of *Jurgen*.

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hair. In his youth he had been in love with a Lady Dorothy; at forty-four we find him a pawnbroker, settled down to business, with a wife who has all the virtues of the good wife; somewhat hen-pecked, longing, like Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt, for he knows not what. He has not the culture of Faust, he is not a Ph.D.; but, like the doctor of Leipzig whose venturings as set forth in legend attracted Marlowe and then Goethe, Jurgen yearns for "the distant land," where he shall be able "to grasp infinite nature." He thinks that he is a "monstrous clever fellow"; — so did Faust, the learned doctor, — in the end he reaches his salvation through a return to the routine from whence he came. Like Faust he assumes to unravel a tangled knot. Life is a riddle, nature is a mystery, justice has an indefinable basis. The learned man in Goethe's poem seeks to find out why these things are so; Mr. Cabell's hero is a man of ordinary station, but he, too, pursues the quest.

Jurgen passes from his routine of life, as Faust does, through communion with spirits that partake of the power of darkness. It all starts with one night when, on his way home from a day of trafficking in his shop, Jurgen passes a Cistercian monk who, having stumbled over a stone, is cursing the devil that had placed it there. "Fie, brother," says this worldly-wise, this all sufficient Jurgen, "have not the devils enough to bear as it is?" (1) This attracts the attention of an earth spirit, one Koshchei, "who made things as they are."

For that reason this spirit, Koshchei, has his limitations. To him love is impossible — not carnal love, but the love of God, such love as never enters into Hell (257); such love as Jurgen's grandmother, instructed by the priest, has for God (300, 303). Also to this earth spirit, Koshchei, is pride impossible (303). Of heavenly love the earth spirit cannot conceive, because he "made things as they are, and day and night he contemplates things as they are." "How then," says God Himself, "can Koshchei love anything?" (304). Pride, as the philosophical Satan tells Jurgen, is impossible to whoever it was that made things as they are, because he has to look at them, having nothing else to look at, so how can he be proud? (257). Almost, having in mind a cer-

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tain treatise, *De Civitate Dei*, we can imagine St. Augustine speaking. The things of this world, the things as they are, are not to be loved, and he who made them, assuredly not the real God, finds love foreign to his breast.

Anyhow, this Koshchei, "monstrously pleased" with Jurgen's defense of the devils against the Cistercian monk, puts himself in Jurgen's way. Appearing to the hero in the shape of a small black gentleman, the earth spirit promises Jurgen a reward (4-5).

What that reward is to be soon develops. Arriving home, Jurgen finds his wife has vanished. She has gone to a cave, of evil magic, across Amneran Heath. On Walpurgis night, that night renowned in the calendar of demonology, Jurgen follows her there; but first, at her bidding he must remove from his neck a cross which had hung there, the gift of his dead mother (7).

Then comes a medley of classic, of Russian, and of Norse mythology. Jurgen finds in the cave a centaur, who gives him a Nessus-shirt (10) — "an old poet, loaned at once a young man's body and the Centaur's shirt" (127) — the young man's body which Faust desired, but the Nessus-shirt which even Hercules could not wear for long. Jurgen is now off for his tour of the infinite.

And yet it is not the real Jurgen who makes this voyage. The real Jurgen, where is he? There are, in fact, many Jurgens. One of these is a little boy in Heaven. "That boy," says God, "is here with me as you yourself have seen. And today there is nothing remaining of him anywhere in the man that is Jurgen" (298). Another Jurgen is "a young man barely come of age" (18) who had loved the young girl Dorothy, and who sees the Jurgen of today only "as one might see the face of a dead man drowned in muddy water" (26). Then there is the Jurgen of today, the Jurgen who "retains his shop and a fair line of business," the Jurgen whose *confiteor* is that Koshchei, the earth spirit "who made things as they are," has dealt with him very justly. "And probably his methods are everything they should be; certainly I cannot go so far as to say that they are wrong; but still, at the same time —" (371). And, separate from all these Jurgens, the little boy who loved God, the youth who cherished

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the normal things of youth, and the Jurgen of middle age who worships things as they are, is yet another Jurgen — the Faust-Jurgen, who, by favor of the powers of darkness, goes careering on his voyage of the world of fancy, the world of vision, the world of regrets, the world of disillusion.

The sequence of his adventures may easily be traced.

In the first episode Jurgen visits a garden between dawn and sunrise. It is a garden where "each man that has ever lived has sojourned for a little while, with no company save his illusions" (14). And the spirit of it all is shown forth in the people whom he first encounters. For they are a small boy and a girl who forever walk in the glaze of a mustard jar (13), — forever, that is, like the youth and the maid on the Grecian urn which drew the immortal gaze of Keats. The glance sweeps forward soon, however, and hence presently in this garden of memory Jurgen meets the girl Dorothy, meets her and talks with her (17-28). When she had gone all was gone and so, when the sun rose, it was simply "another workday" (29). The Philistine spirit blew upon the garden, it was to be remodelled and all the gold was to be rubbed away (32).

Then follows a visit to a character of many names, but always the same. Jurgen calls her Sereda, after the manner of Russian mythology, but she corresponds with the Roman Cybele, the Goddess of Earth (206-7, 318) and in the Norse she is called Æsred (172-3). Goddess of Earth, she takes the color out of all things. The Fates spin the glowing threads and weave them into curious patterns; but when she is done with them there is no more color, beauty or strangeness apparent "than in so many dishrags" (35), for she bleaches where others have colored. Naturally enough she refers Jurgen back to Koshchei, the spirit who made things as they are. Once more, through his intervention, Jurgen meets Dorothy. For in his attempt to answer life's riddle, he must perforce return to the girl whom he had loved while young. If but they two could be together again in youth, would not the failures of his life, the disappointments of the middle years, be but as things that never had happened? (See 25.)

While the glamour still holds its spell, to Jurgen this is the

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young Dorothy, the girl who has not yet married; and so, on the moonlit ramp of her father's castle they talk of many things as young lovers would. To them soon comes the girl's future husband, but to Jurgen the magic makes it the appearance simply of a rival suitor; and, the magic having not yet exhausted its force, the conventional will have it that, in the words of the old stage directions, "they fight, and the rival is slain." Then the conqueror turns to the lady, but dawn is coming and the magic is spent. Jurgen finds that this is not the Dorothy whom he had seen in the garden between dawn and sunrise (43-54). She is now repulsive, and he repels her. It is meet and right, therefore, that the next place to which Jurgen comes is a cave where are the bodies of many whom he had formerly known (55-60).

Winding his way through this cave he comes to Guenevere. She is held by the power of a giant; and from that giant does Jurgen rescue her (61-73).

Guenevere, of course, is the lady, charming but of errant fancy, to whom the chronicles *Morte d'Arthur* and *Mabinogion* were devoted, and of whose vagaries speak Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. At this time her marriage to Arthur has been arranged, and Lancelot is coming as his master's envoy to arrange the details of the wedding. In the end Lancelot captures the heart of Guenevere (142) but, meanwhile her inclinations have their way with Jurgen. For Jurgen abides with her father in the latter's city of Cameliard, which, of course, is but another name for Camelot (73-142). It is, to use the words of our time, a house party; and, like many house parties, it brings forth various events. To the guest Jurgen it befalls to do things ancient and modern, to rescue a princess from a giant, after the fashion of Sir Thomas Malory (79), to converse with ghosts in a haunted bedroom (107-122) and to carry on with the fickle Guenevere, whose outstanding trait is "her innocence, combined with a certain moral obtuseness" (104). Her worldly-wise father learns of the affair, talks it over with Jurgen, and reminds him of the duty apparent in the circumstances, that, if necessary, Jurgen should lie like a gentleman (88). The matter, however, comes to nothing, for the time of Guenevere's marriage to Arthur is at

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hand. So she and Jurgen part, she with her mind already full of Lancelot (142) and Jurgen being taken with the charms of a new person of the play, of whom presently. In short, Jurgen leaves Guenevere where Tennyson takes her up, the stage being thus cleared for the drama of Lancelot.

Jurgen leaves Camelard with one who is called Anaïtis (143). But even as Guenevere typifies innocence combined with obtuseness (104) Anaïtis is the personification of a capital sin. Like the earth goddess Sereda, known also to men as Cybele and Æsred (of whom *supra*) this Anaïtis bears different names in different places. But always she is the same. In the Arthurian legend she is the Lady of the Lake (105), in classic lands she was Venus, on Eastern soil she was Ashtoreth. She serves the moon (146), she is the sun's daughter (169); and in all lands from Paphos to Babylon do men rear temples in her honor (343-4). But the breath of evil nevertheless goes forth from her; and in her train follows Alecto, whose quality is retribution (175).

With this Venus, this Anaïtis in her land of Cocaigne, Jurgen lives for a time. But he is not the only guest of whom legend bears record, not the only visitor of whom contemporary literature and art have spoken. Mr. Cabell, however, preserving that balance of humor which always in this book is kept level, has given this situation a new color. *Tannhäuser* is tempted to return to the Venusberg; Jurgen leaves Anaïtis with never a glance behind.

But while he stays there, things of black magic happen. Nor is that strange. Anyone familiar with the legend embodied in *Tannhäuser* might expect to find that all things abhorred by Christians are practised in the land of Venus, the Cocaigne of Anaïtis.

And so we are able truly to understand the episode, occurring while Jurgen abides in this country of Cocaigne, to which so much attention has been directed by Mr. Sumner (chap. 22, pp. 147-154). This Moon Goddess (155) "who ruled not merely in Cocaigne but furtively swayed the tides of life everywhere the Moon keeps any power over tides" (155) had but one

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mission, "to divert and to turn aside and deflect" (155). Goethe puts into the mouth of Mephistopheles the tremendous words, "I am the spirit that always denies." The episode in the present book simply shows forth the action of the spirit that denies, for to deflect is to deny. What occurs in the passage to which Mr. Sumner objects is nothing but a repetition of the mediæval practice of the Black Mass, the Devil's Mass. It is certainly not against the dictates of literature to publish what the author conceives as a detail of the mysterious Black Mass; for if so then the novel, *Black Diamonds*, by the famous Hungarian novelist of a generation ago, Maurice Jokai, would never have been allowed in translation. And that the ceremony in question was a Black Mass is clear after we read, not merely the words describing the ceremony itself, but the references to it that follow.

In the inner sanctuary we find a toad nailed to a cross (153). The incident occurred "on the eve of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist" (155), in other words Midsummer Night's Eve, at which time, according to mediæval tradition, the powers of darkness are allowed abroad.* Let us remember that in the country of Venus "the Church is not Christian," and the law is "do that which seems good to you" (157). The very goddess herself was "created by perversity, and everyone knows that it is the part of piety to worship one's creator in fashions acceptable to that creator" (161). That goddess, whose mission it was to divert, to deny, naturally enjoyed "the ceremony of God-baiting" as Jurgen calls it (153). *Tannhäuser* abode in the Venusberg, and nobody has dreamed of forbidding Wagner's opera based on that. Jurgen lived in precisely the same place, but simply described with more cynicism. Really, we have nothing but *Tannhäuser* as it would have been written by Heine, if he had happened to take up the German legend in the spirit of his own cynical wit. Wagner took it seriously, and Mr. Cabell does not take it seriously; that is all the difference.

It will probably be advisable at this point to explain the details

* (Cf. the old Scottish Border legend, "The Eve of St. John," to be found in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and Compton Mackenzie's latest novel, *Altar Steps*.)

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of the lance and the veil as used in this Devil's Mass. The explanation, fortunately, can be shortly put. The lance was a real lance, which the hooded man handed to Jurgen (149). The veil was also real. It hung before the *adytum* (Gr. = inner part of a temple) and inside this *adytum*, beyond the veil, was the cross with a toad nailed upon it (153). The tip of the lance was red (150) and with it the veil was pierced that concealed the cross, but upon the cross hung the disgusting figure of a toad. The whole thing was, as Jurgen called it on the spot, a piece of "God-baiting," a mockery, after the manner of the mediaeval necromancers, of the mystery of the Passion of the Cross, of the lance that pierced a sacred Side, of the veil of the Temple that broke with a certain event which changed all the tides of history.

Taking it by itself this incident is not obscene or lewd; for mockery of sacred belief does not, as matter of law, fall into that class. An attack on religious belief cannot be indictable as an obscenity under Section 1141 of the Penal Code; if prosecuted, it must be indicted as a libel (*People v. Eastman*, 188 N. Y. 478). But we will not allow the defendants, nor Mr. Cabell, the author, to remain for a moment solely under that protection. This book puts forth the attack upon the Christian belief, not to support the attack, but to deride the attack itself. It is a matter of common observation that infidelity itself partakes of a religious fervor, and it is of that fervor that Jurgen makes fun. "Well, well!" says Jurgen, "but you are a little old-fashioned, with all these equivocal mummeries" (153). Being "skeptical" (161) he denies that "death is going to end all for him" (167). And so Cocaigne "does not satisfy him" (168), he expresses his discontent at length (159-166) until Anaïtis, in wrath, calls him "irreverent" (163), and that leads to their parting.

Surely that is a moral ending! Jurgen leaves Anaïtis, his heart and mind not going along with the beliefs and practices of a goddess who enjoys every "far-fetched frolic of heathenry," and who goes forth into the world to tempt people like St. Simeon Stylites and the hermits of the Thebaid (171-2). If it is unlawful to say that in print, then we must suppress Flaubert's

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Temptation of St. Anthony, and we should certainly never permit *Tannhäuser* or *Thais* to be sung at the Metropolitan.

Then what survives all of this? What indeed but the words of one of the goddess' friends, the Master Philologist, who says: "The Jewish mob spoke louder than He Whom they crucified. But the Word endures" (178). Jurgen, in short, tires of this place, a place where "it appears that their notion of felicity is to dwell eternally in a glorified brothel" (183).

He is now looking for Helen of Troy. Of course it is not criminal to think about her, since otherwise the second part of *Faust* should not be allowed in print, nor should Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*. So it is lawful for Jurgen to look for her, and he does look. But on his way comes another episode.

In the domain of Leukē (189) he meets a hamadryad named Chloris. Leukē is the land of conventionality where nobody ever does anything except what he has been accustomed to do, and would never dream of doing a thing which nobody ever heard of doing (199–204). Consequently the wisest person among them is the god Silenus, the god of drunkenness, and he is always drunk in order to escape the conventional (204–6). That of course is not right, but the indictment is not drawn under the Volstead Law. Jurgen stops among these people and marries a little hamadryad, who is all that a wife should be (211) and who puts up a lunch for him when he goes for a walk (211). So conventional is Leukē, be it noted, that even a stroll is out of keeping. In this country of conventionality the people have never taken a holiday, nobody ever having heard of such a thing (202). It is the Utopia of the Podsnaps of Dickens' time, of the Rotarians of our own. But his life in this happy place, where nothing out of the ordinary ought in nature's course to happen, does not last long. War is threatened by the Philistines.

Be it observed, from what has already been said, that the Philistines and the people of Leukē were made by the same creator, the power that made things as they are, and consequently it does not much matter who will win, because all it will amount to is that "dullness will conquer dullness" (206). Yet in the matter of dullness the balance is with the Philistines. Fire is

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their means of sacrifice, not because of the glow, but because it ends in ashes, and the gray of ashes is their favorite color (226). They are Realists (227) and they believe that there is no art except "it teach something" (237). Their high priests claim to have read every book ever written, and denounce those who doubt the assertion (244). Knowing everything, believing in nothing that is not practical, they have a summary way of dealing with those who presume to disagree. All such recalcitrants are sent to Hell, "relegated to Limbo" (242).

Against the people of Leukê, the ordinary conventionalists, came these Philistines, the militant Realists. Naturally the Philistines conquered, and the people of Leukê were condemned to death. Jurgen's wife, the little hamadryad whose life was bound up with that of her tutelary tree (211) perished with its felling. The Philistine Queen took a fancy to Jurgen, but he "coming of morbid ancestry" (247) declined to abide in Philistia; and so they sent him to the limbo which they call Hell (250).

A better fate befalls the allied city of Pseudopolis. There live those of the Grecian spirit, of that spirit of Hellenism which, according to Matthew Arnold, wars always with the genius of Philistia. There abides Helen of Troy. Her Jurgen sees (221-5) the occasion being much the same as that which is pictured in Keats' *St. Agnes Eve*. These people the Philistines could not slay, for "when the Philistines shouted in their triumph, Achilles and all they who served him rose from the ground like gleaming clouds and passed above the heads of the Philistines, deriding them" (227). But Jurgen and the people of ordinary conventionality perished, and thus our next view of Jurgen finds him in Hell.

The Hell to which he has gone is the Hell of his forefathers, being in truth but a monument to their egotism. They built it "out of the pride which led them to believe that what they did was of sufficient importance to merit punishment" (253). There Jurgen sees his father standing calmly in the midst of an especially tall flame, and very well satisfied with it, because of his confidence that he is important enough to deserve a special place

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in Hell. Therefore he is angry when the attendant devil does not sufficiently tend his furnace (254, 260-7).

It is not obscene, at least at common law, to speak lightly of Hell. If it were otherwise a great many books would be condemned. Every lawyer knows what was said about Lord Hatherley, when he, sitting in the Privy Council, held that the Calvinistic idea of Hell was not part of the religion of the Church of England. It was said that Lord Hatherley had dismissed Hell with costs and had deprived thousands of their hope of everlasting damnation. Nor is it obscene to represent that there are people whose sense of personal importance rules even in death, people who think that their sins are greater than the sins of anybody else, not because of their quality as sins but because of the persons who commit them. And, pausing yet further at this point, let us suggest that if it is lewd to make fun of Philistia, then all of Matthew Arnold's books should be burned by the hangman; and certainly Whistler's book, *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, should never have been allowed in public print. Indeed it was Arnold, the father-in-law of a late most respectable member of this Bar, who invented the term Philistines as used in the present connection. Mr. Cabell has simply put in another form the protest that can be made against this point of view. At least it is open to protest.

Of course, we may not be able to agree with all of Mr. Cabell's classifications as to what pertains to Philistia. Many of us are citizens of that country without knowing it. But it is not obscene or lewd for some one else to call us Philistines because of the views we may happen to hold dear. Legally we cannot object; practically we conserve our energies by not doing so. Like the famous Bishop Bonner of Queen Mary's time, we may do well to laugh at the caricatures which the heretics make of us.

With this in mind we might get enjoyment out of Jurgen's observations as to the real issue between Heaven and Hell. The war between them is not as Milton saw it. Rather, the war is between autocracy and democracy; and Hell is fighting to make the universe safe for democracy (288). Everybody knew how Satan came to be the chief magistrate of Hell, he was elected

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to that office, and he has continued in office so long simply because elections are inadvisable in war time (278-9). And while Hell used vigorous methods against dissenters, that was only because of necessary war time legislation (278-9). But Heaven was indisputably an autocracy, because nobody knew how God derived his power. He had been there through the ages, and He proposed to have no successor (288). Such, then, was the issue. Of its outcome, the shrewd Jurgen was inclined to favor Heaven, because of its superior military efficiency (288). And so, although Jurgen's friends in Hell try to dissuade him (290), although he has married in Hell a vampire who is quite conventional, and life there is conventional also — "Hurry," says his wife, "for we are spending the evening with the Asmodeuses" (278) — Jurgen leaves Hell and visits Heaven.

At that moment the mood of the author changes. Jurgen ascends to Heaven, leaving irreverence behind, and the pictures now uncovered are of different tone and motive. The first person whom he sees is a little boy who was once Jurgen himself. When Jurgen meets God he says, "Once very long ago I had faith in you"; to which the reply is, "No, for that boy is here with me as you yourself have seen, and today there is nothing remaining of him anywhere in the man that is Jurgen" (298).* Heaven contains children, mothers and grandmothers. Logic cannot lead one to it, because logic does not exist there. Therefore, children, mothers and grandmothers can ascend to Heaven where people like Jurgen cannot. Taking Heaven as an illusion, Jurgen finds none of his own illusions there, and hence he must "return to such illusions as are congenial, for one must believe in something" (307). And yet he has stood motionless for thirty-seven days in that place, "forgetful of everything save that the God of his grandmother was love" (307). Nobody else, he is told, has willingly turned away so soon, and it is supposed that this is due to some evil wrought in the Nessus-shirt he was wearing, the like of which was never seen in Heaven (308). And finally this

* It would be impossible to go further except by quoting all (291-308). It should be read.

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wayfarer, this man of modern philosophy, says that he turned away from Heaven because he seeks for justice and he cannot find it in the eyes of God, "but only love and such forgiveness as troubled him" (308). To which archangels reply that because of that very fact he should rejoice (308).

If that is obscene, then *The Little Flowers* of St. Francis d'Assisi should at once be suppressed by Mr. Sumner. If it is lewd to teach that none of us would go to Heaven if we had justice done us, Christianity once more should betake itself to the catacombs.

We are let down from these heights by way of an interview between Jurgen and St. Peter. The Saint has something to say about prohibition (312-313) with which, theoretically speaking, many might disagree. But as the defendants are not indicted under the prohibition laws, it is needless to go into this discussion. The Saint also represents Heaven as pacifistic (314); but Mr. Cabell wrote after the Armistice, and pacifism is not, legally speaking, obscene or lewd, whatever else it undoubtedly is.

The travels of Jurgen now draw near to their end, the rest of the book simply rounding out the ideas suggested. Returning to earth, he meets once more the earth goddess Sereda, and the pith of their talk is the conclusion, not that "there is no meaning in anything"—that, both agree, nobody really could face,—but that the lower god, Koshchei, who made things as they are, "is in turn the butt of some larger jest, . . . that all of us take part in a moving and a shifting and a reasoned use of things . . . a using such as we do not comprehend and are not fit to comprehend" (320). The quest of Jurgen ends, fitly enough, with a return to this lower power (331), this power that made things as they are, but is controlled, however rebellious, by a higher force beyond him (335).

We then have a return, in pageant form, of the women with whom, in this year of pilgrimage just ended (322), Jurgen has foregathered. First there is Guenevere (337) who is now ready to be his wife, Arthur being gone into Avalon and Lancelot being turned monk (337); Anaïtis follows (342), then Helen of Troy (347). But all of them he refuses. "For I am trans-

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muted by time's handling. I have become the lackey of prudence and half measures" (350). Then appears to him his wife (353) who disposes of Koshchei "casually, for she believed him to be merely Satan" (355). After ordering Jurgen to be sure to be home in time for supper and to stop on the way to get a half pound of butter, she passes out "neither as flame nor mist, but as the voice of judgment" (358). Jurgen follows her (359), but on the way he sees Dorothy, Dorothy as she is and not as she had lived in either memory or imagination (367). He arrives home recollecting that he had forgotten to do the errand his wife told him to perform, but reflecting that after all things were just about as well with him as could be. He has his wife, he has his business, and the god of things as they are has probably dealt with him very justly. "And probably his methods are everything they should be; certainly I cannot go so far as to say that they are wrong; but still at the same time — Then Jurgen sighed and entered his snug home" (371).

Doubtless we have erred in many ways in our interpretation of the book under attack: we are quite sure that we have not done it justice. After all, it must speak for itself, for everyone has his own reading of whatsoever comes to his notice. But of one thing we are sure, that it fills the test of literature as distinct from pornography; that it has a theme, sustains a thought, criticises life. It attempts, among other things, to show the futility of escaping from conventionality by way of seeking sin, for sin itself has its conventions. It pictures sin in this spirit, and in doing so it perforce speaks of sin. But it must be judged as a whole, not by a sentence here, or even by a page there (*Halsey v. N. Y. Society*, 234 N. Y. 1). And, as decided in the case just cited, a publication can be lawful even if it should happen to contain indecent passages.

6 — THE PASSAGES, TO WHICH REFERENCE HAS BEEN MADE IN THE COMPLAINT ORIGINALLY FILED IN SPECIAL SESSIONS, ARE NOT INDECENT

We submit that, having in mind the context, there is nothing in *Jurgen* which is indecent. A man studiously on the alert for

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the indecent can put his finger on certain words in the book; but the very meaning of these words is decent if we will but read them in the connection to which they are meant to refer. And other things that are said, so far from being indecent, are things lawfully to be said, unless the body of our literature should perish from the earth.

All of this is illustrated by the bill of particulars which Mr. Sumner, one of the prosecutors in this case, furnished when he filed a complaint in the Special Sessions. Mr. Sumner there enumerates the pages containing, as he thinks, lewd and obscene matter. We shall now deal with the particulars thus furnished.*

What is there to complain of on pages 54, 84, 95, 110, 130-1, 276? Pages 84 and 95 require no discussion. On pages 130-1 Guenevere takes leave of Jurgen, that is all. On page 54 occurs "temptress," which is not obscene. On page 110 the ghost of Smoit tells Jurgen that he is his grandfather, instead of the putative ancestor whom Jurgen had always accepted. But if this is lewd, then we must stop the sale of such books as Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*. On page 276 Jurgen stops his vampire wife from sucking his blood through biting his chest. Burne-Jones' painting, *The Vampire*, is familiar,—even to those of us who never frequent galleries at home or abroad,—through Kipling's famous poem.

But as perhaps it is not suitable thus to summarize the particulars which Mr. Sumner was at such pains to gather, we will take the other pages which he mentions and deal with them *seriatim*.

Pages 51-54—Jurgen's conversation with Dorothy in the garden. A kiss is not indecent. Temptation came, but it was dispelled.

Page 56—Reference to "the bed" is made—but for whom? The bride. A bridal bed is not obscene or lewd. *Vide* wedding march in *Lohengrin*, and the relative chapters in Scott's *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

Page 58—"Had wondered if he were really the first man

* The page numbers hereinafter refer to the Storisende Edition of *Jurgen*.

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for whom she had put a deceit upon her husband," etc. If this is obscene, then nearly all current fiction is, to say nothing of the classics, ancient or modern.

Page 59 — Jurgen counts up his conquests. But so did Don Juan. "The end of all is death" — but so said Villon — "*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*"

Page 62 — Speaks simply of a kiss. Whether long or short, a kiss is not lewd.

Page 75 — Jurgen is talking about Guenevere to her father — "I can get justice done me anywhere, in all the bed chambers of the world." If this is lewd, then we should abolish Ophelia's mad song in *Hamlet*. Anyhow, Jurgen goes on to say (same page) "I only meant in a manner of speaking, sir."

Pages 80-82 — Jurgen tells Yolande she must reward him by candle light, etc. This contains no description of any offensive act. There is nothing explicit.

Page 85 — Guenevere's father suspects that she was not entirely chaste while in the giant's cavern. Has literature, ancient or modern, never previously exposed a father's doubt of his daughter's chastity? Did no one ever study the Greek tragedies?

Page 88 — The King wonders whether "a thing like this is happening" in his city in many places, and Jurgen says that it probably is. Sinclair Lewis has similar speculations in *Babbitt*. The references to a "breakage" refer to infractions of moral law.

Pages 88-9 — The King says that, if Jurgen has had improper relations with Guenevere, he should lie like a gentleman. Where is the obscenity? Has not that phrase become timeworn, in literature and conversation, since the late eighties?

Pages 94-96 — Jurgen looks forward "to more intimate converse" with the lady. Entirely compatible with just what it says. The dreadful word "liaison" also is used. But the late war has brought it into such use — "liaison officer"; "liaison between the Y. M. C. A. and the chaplains' corps," etc. — that the word now has *Anglice* the extensive meaning that the French always allowed it.

Pages 98, 100-104 — These deal with Jurgen's affair with

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Guenevere. If read as a whole, bearing in mind the outstanding point, that Guenevere's characteristic was "her innocence, combined with a certain moral obtuseness" (104), there is nothing lewd or obscene in this any more than in Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Reference may be made to page 98, where Jurgen had his answer to the question, what sort of service did women most cordially appreciate. He believed they did not really desire to be served as (99) a symbol of Heaven's perfection, as (338) half goddess, half bric-a-brac. But this opinion was not suitable for a mixed audience in Glathion, where people believed otherwise (100-104). They are not said to have done anything but kiss and talk. The reasons for their talking in privacy are logical. If any improprieties took place the text nowhere alludes to them. Compare the first part of Goethe's *Faust*, Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian*, George Eliot's *Adam Bede* and *Middlemarch*, or Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston*, for precisely similar deductions.

Page 116 — Jurgen gets into the bedroom of the Bishop. "His eminence was not alone, but as both occupants of the apartment were asleep, Jurgen saw nothing unepiscopal." — If we are to be literal, then let us observe that this passage does not say (a) that the other was a female; (b) that they were in bed together. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* has passages much more explicit.

Page 140-1 — Jurgen talks concerning Guenevere and Lance-lot. Tennyson, in verse, discoursed of the same thing.

Pages 157-164 — Deal with Jurgen's matrimonial quarrels with Anaïtis, who, for all she is a nature myth and believes in symbolism, is quarrelsome. She does not like Jurgen to "talk so flippantly about her religion" (161) and regrets his dislike of his "in-laws," such as Apis, the well-known Egyptian god, who "will go about in public wearing a bull's head." What is lewd or obscene here? Surely not the terms "sacti-sodhana" and "mantras." They may look obscene because they are in an unfamiliar language, but in that language, Sanscrit, counsel are informed, they refer to religious rites of the Brahmins, who are not commonly rated as lewd.

Pages 166-7 — Shows that nature myths last only as long as

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the philologists let them, hence they are Epicureans. But Jurgen, being a doubter, is not sure that death ends all. Is there anything lewd or obscene in this quaint turning of the tables on the materialists?

Pages 170-173 — Continues the matrimonial life of Jurgen and Anaītis, ending with the conviction, forced on him, that the ruling spirit of this land of hers is nothing else but Cybele, the Roman goddess of earth, or Æsred, or Sereda, as she is variously called. And so he became convinced "that all such employment was a peculiarly unimaginative pursuit of happiness" (173). Surely a good moral lesson, if anything.

Page 182 — Simply a symbolic way of telling us that "Time begets nothing." He sleeps in Atlantis, while Briareus watches. Life is a ceaseless round, history is a ceaseless round, of old things. It is a commonplace of Greek mythology that Chronos [Time] was mutilated by his son Zeus.

Pages 182, 323, 150 — Carry reference to the fact that there are such things as eunuchs. If it is wrong to refer to eunuchs, then most literature, not only of the East, but referring to it, should be expunged. St. Philip's first convert was an eunuch (Acts VIII, 26-40). In *Innocents Abroad* Mark Twain gives the story of the revenge which Heloise's uncle caused to be taken upon Abelard.

Page 207 — Refers to the priests of Cybele. If they were eunuchs, that would not be, as said above, an obscene fact. But they were not eunuchs, as it happened. The priests of Cybele were madmen: that is, they had been deprived of their wits, and had thus "parted with possessions which Jurgen valued." Above all things the practical-minded Jurgen valued sanity. See Tooke's *Pantheon*, p. 172: "The Priests of Cybele were named Galli, from a river of Phrygia. Such was the nature of the water of this river, that whoever drank of it immediately grew mad. The Galli, as often as they sacrificed, furiously cut and slashed their arms with knives; and thence all furious and mad people were called Galantes."

Pages 192-196, 199, 202-4, 121-124, 144-146 — References to objects:—

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(a) Jurgen's staff (192–196, 199). The answer to this, like the answer to the insinuations about the lance in chapter 22 (*vide supra*) is that it was a staff, and nothing else (see p. 91).

(b) Harpocrates, "who held an astonishing object" (203). This is attacked along with the reference to the People of the Fields, who practise eudæmonism. Jurgen sees the People of the Fields, "who dwell between the forest and the city of Pseudopolis (200). These people "did one and all what they had always done" (201) whereas, "whoever heard of the People of the Wood doing anything useful?" So Jurgen, after being informed that the People of the Field never take a holiday (202) decides to see what the People of the Wood do about it (202). He finds them practising eudæmonism outdoors instead of indoors. Eudæmonism: "The type of utilitarian ethical theory that makes the pursuit, enjoyment and production of happiness the supreme end in moral conduct." — *Funk & Wagnall's Dictionary*. This was of course the creed of Cocaigne—"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." The point here is that satyrs do not go indoors, for the reason that for a satyr to go indoors is unheard-of. If it is indecent to mention a satyr, then not only should Keats and Swinburne be destroyed, but Elizabeth Barrett Browning should be reprimanded for writing that poem *A Musical Instrument*, which is all about "The Great God Pan," chief of Satyrs. As to Harpocrates, we refer to Tooke's *Pantheon of the Heathen Gods*, — a most respectable authority. It is there said (p. 352): "The Egyptians worshipped Harpocrates as the god of Silence . . . They consecrated the tree persea to him; because the fruit was like a heart . . . He was painted with a finger upon his lips, thereby commanding silence." It is, therefore, probably the persea fruit which Harpocrates is carrying, and the astonishment of Jurgen at seeing the human heart thus publicly displayed is equally nature and good allegory. The custom that led to stiffness was of course Harpocrates' custom of not speaking to or answering the remarks of others.

(c) Jurgen's sword (121–124, 144–146). Mention is made

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of Jurgen's sword. But, like the staff and the lance (*vide supra*) all that need be said is that it really is a sword, Caliburn. The book tells just where and how he got it (63).

(e) The door knocker on the entrance to Cocaigne (146). These were simply the nude figures of Adam and Eve. Jurgen, being conventional, and yet seeking sin, is embarrassed at the nude, and thinks it is indecent; so he talks about it.

Pages 192–196, 199 — Jurgen's meeting, and marriage, with Chloris, the hamadryad. There is nothing in this does not bear comparison with the *Endymion* of Keats, or the Chorus from Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. As to the marriage, see two books in common publication: — Flaubert's *Temptation of St. Anthony*, Modern Library, p. 226: "These are the deities of marriage. They await the coming of the bride. Domiduca should lead her in, — Virgo unfasten her girdle, — Subigo place her in the bed, — and Praema open her arms, and whisper sweet words into her ear." Tooke's *Pantheon of the Heathen Gods, Adapted for the Use of Students of Every Age and of Either Sex*, p. 281: "Jugatinus joined the man and the woman together in the yoke of matrimony. Domiducus guided the bride into the bridegroom's house . . . Priapus, or Mutinus, was also reckoned one of the nuptial gods, because in his lap the bride was commanded to sit."

Pages 272–3, 287 — The marriage with the vampire goes no further than passages in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* and the novels of Fielding. The conversation of the vampire leaves things unsaid rather than said. There is no reason for taking in a wrong sense the reference to the sceptre.

Pages 232–236, 237–239 — Jurgen's conversation with the Queen of Philistia is nothing but a take-off on the mediæval — occasionally modern — belief in the magic of numbers. See Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, Appendix E, p. 651: "Pythagoras taught that each number had its own peculiar character, virtue and properties. The UNIT, or the monad, he says, is the principle and the end of all; it is this sublime knot which binds together the chain of causes; it is the symbol of identity, of existence, of conservation, and of general harmony . . . The

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number Two, or the dyad, the origin of contrasts, is the symbol of diversity, or inequality, of division, and of separation. Two is accordingly an evil principle, characterizing disorder and confusion . . . THREE, or the triad, is the number containing the most sublime mysteries, for everything is composed of three substances . . . NINE, or the ennead, being the multiple of THREE, should be regarded as sacred. Finally, TEN, or the decad, is the measure of all, since it contains all the numeric relations and harmonies." "EIGHT (p. 652) is the number of the Beatitudes."

Pages 342-346 — contain nothing but a statement of the fact that Venus, as a cult, has her followers and her temples, — nothing that poets of times past have not told us again and again. The temples existed, and are mentioned freely in all books of classical mythology.

We are almost at the end of Mr. Sumner's particulars; but there are two that deserve notice.

He finds obscenity on pages 224-225. There we find Jurgen standing at the bed of the sleeping Helen, but leaving her untouched, because he wants to retain his "unreasonable dreams." If this is obscenity, then indeed Keats wrote in lewdest mood the *Eve of St. Agnes*.

And Mr. Sumner finds obscenity on page 137-138. What do we find there? We find Jurgen kneeling before a crucifix!

And there let us leave the case.

7 — IN CONCLUSION

No book, no matter by whom it is written, should be read without an appreciation of the motive of its writing. It is the embarrassment of a case such as this, that the very fact of an indictment, the notoriety attending it, makes it difficult to sit down to the reading with the frame of mind that is present when we take a book from a library shelf. However one may attempt to resist it, there is always present a certain feeling, if somebody has said that the book is indecent. That suggestion can influence minds, even the most philosophical. In Lord Haldane's most recent book, *The Philosophy of Humanism* (p. 75), he quotes

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from the memoirs of the great German philosopher, Hegel, as illustrating how suggestion can lead to conceptions:

"In my youth I remember hearing a city magistrate complain that book writers were going too far, and trying to rout out Christianity altogether. Some one, it appeared, had written a defense of suicide. It was horrible, too horrible! On further inquiry it turned out that the book in question was *The Sorrows of Werther.*"

The last resort against this influence of suggestion is now made. The book is submitted to this court for judicial scrutiny, guided by the tests of the law.

Dated October 16, 1922

Respectfully submitted

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III

DECISION OF JUDGE CHARLES C. NOTT IN PEOPLE
vs. HOLT, McBRIDE & CO., ET AL

PEOPLE

vs.

HOLT, McBRIDE & CO. ET AL.

THE defendants herein, at the close of the People's case, have moved for a direction of acquittal and the dismissal of the indictment on the ground that the book *Jurgen*, on the possession of which the indictment is based, is not an "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting book" within the meaning and intent of section 1141 of the Penal Law, for the alleged violation of which the indictment has been found.

I have read and examined the book carefully. It is by Mr. James Branch Cabell, an author of repute and distinction. From the literary point of view its style may fairly be called brilliant. It is based on the mediæval legends of Jurgen and is a highly imaginative and fantastic tale, depicting the adventures of one who has been restored to his first youth but who, being attended by a shadow in the guise of the shadow of his old self, retains the experience and cynicism of age which frustrates a perfect fulfilment of his desire for renewed youth.

The adventures consist in wanderings through mediæval and mythological countries and a sojourn in Hell and Heaven. He encounters beings of mediæval folk-lore and from classical Mythology. The most that can be said against the book is that certain passages therein may be considered suggestive in a veiled and subtle way of immorality, but such suggestions are delicately conveyed and the whole atmosphere of the story is of such an unreal and supernatural nature that even these suggestions are free from the evils accompanying suggestiveness in more realistic works. In fact, it is doubtful if the book could be read or understood at all by more than a very limited number of readers.

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In my opinion the book is one of unusual literary merit and contains nothing "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting" within the meaning of the statute and the decisions of the courts of this state in similar cases. (See *Halsey v. New York Society*, 234 N. Y. 1; *People v. Brainard*, 192 App. Div. 116; *St. Hubert Guild v. Quinn*, 64 Misc. 336.)

The motion, therefore, is granted and the jury is advised to acquit the defendants.

IV

STATUTES RELATING TO THE PUBLICATION, SALE,
ETC., OF OBSCENE LITERATURE

NEW YORK STATUTES

PENAL LAW — SECTIONS 1141 AND 1143

SEC. 1141. *Obscene prints and articles.* 1. A person who sells, lends, gives away or shows, or offers to sell, lend, give away, or show, or has in his possession with intent to sell, lend or give away, or to show, or advertises in any manner, or who otherwise offers for loan, gift, sale or distribution, any obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting book, magazine, pamphlet, newspaper, story paper, writing, paper, picture, drawing, photograph, figure or image, or any written or printed matter of an indecent character; or any article or instrument of indecent or immoral use, or purporting to be for indecent or immoral use or purpose, or who designs, copies, draws, photographs, prints, utters, publishes, or in any manner manufactures, or prepares any such book, picture, drawing, magazine, pamphlet, newspaper, story paper, writing, paper, figure, image, matter, article or thing, or who writes, prints, publishes, or utters, or causes to be written, printed, published, or uttered, any advertisement or notice of any kind, giving information, directly or indirectly, stating, or purporting so to do, where, how, of whom, or by what means any, or what purports to be any, obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, disgusting or indecent book, picture, writing, paper, figure, image, matter, article or thing, named in this section can be purchased, obtained or had, or who has in his possession, any slot machine or other mechanical contrivance with moving pictures of nude or partly denuded female figures which pictures are lewd, obscene, indecent or immoral, or other lewd, obscene, indecent or immoral drawing, image, article or object, or who shows, advertises or exhibits the same, or causes the same to be shown, advertised, or exhibited, or who buys, owns or holds any

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such machine with the intent to show, advertise or in any manner exhibit the same; or who,

2. Prints, utters, publishes, sells, lends, gives away or shows, or has in his possession with intent to sell, lend, give away or show, or otherwise offers for sale, loan, gift or distribution, any book, pamphlet, magazine, newspaper or other printed paper devoted to the publication, and principally made up of criminal news, police reports, or accounts of criminal deeds, or pictures, or stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust or crime; or who,

3. In any manner, hires, employs, uses or permits any minor or child to do or assist in doing any act or thing mentioned in this section, or any of them.

Is guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, shall be sentenced to not less than ten days nor more than one year imprisonment or be fined not less than fifty dollars nor more than one thousand dollars or both fine and imprisonment for each offense.

SEC. 1143. *Mailing or carrying obscene prints and articles.*
A person who deposits, or causes to be deposited, in any post-office within the state, or places in charge of an express company, or of a common carrier, or other person, for transportation, any of the articles or things specified in the last two sections, or any circular, book, pamphlet, advertisement, or notice relating thereto, with the intent of having the same conveyed by mail or express, or in any other manner, or who knowingly or wilfully receives the same, with intent to carry or convey, or knowingly or wilfully carries or conveys the same, by express, or in any other manner except in the United States mail, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

APPENDIX B

EVOLUTION OF THE BIOGRAPHY

“Mot à mot on fait les gros livres.”

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HIS listing takes no account of contributions to college magazines. Of the verses which appeared in the *William and Mary College Monthly*, 1895–98, some reached eventually the pages of *From the Hidden Way*. The first of the several essays written at college, a paper on The Comedies of William Congreve, done in 1895, was rewritten in 1899, and was used later in preparing *Beyond Life*; along with six other essays written 1896–98, originally entitled Christopher Marlowe, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, In Defence of an Obsolete Author (Dickens), "Black Spirits and White," The Old and the New, and Concerning Criticism. Another paper, On Telling the Truth, dating from 1897, was used in *The Eagle's Shadow*. The Revival of a Classic, done also in 1897, was incorporated into the text of *Figures of Earth*. Of four "pastels in prose," written in 1896, two were used in *Chivalry*, one in *The Cream of the Jest*, and one in *Jurgen*.

So far as has proved humanly possible, the various items have been arranged in the order of their composition, which is a wholly different matter from the sequence in which they were published. Very often the writing of two or more items was contemporaneous: in such cases their relative order is settled by the actual completion of each,—which rule has also been followed in dealing with articles begun in one calendar year and completed during the ensuing year.

Italics denote magazine publication as well as the first inclusion of the item in the Biography. Matter not included in the Biography is enclosed in brackets. Titles in capital letters indicate the first publication in book or pamphlet form, or, else, the resetting, and more or less complete revision, of an earlier published volume. Quotation marks denote books written in part by other authors.

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For the rest, such matter as has received newspaper publication only, unless in literary supplements, has not been recorded. The Author's Notes for the Storisende Edition, since each Note is dated, have likewise been omitted.

The definitive versions which appear in this Storisende Edition were made during 1926–1929. The fact that the writer has worked simultaneously upon all eighteen volumes prevents the giving to any one of them a date of composition more specific.

1899

The Comedies of William Congreve, revision of a paper done in 1895. *International*, April 1901. *Beyond Life*, 1919.

Post Annos. *Poetry*, August 1915. *From the Hidden Way*, 1916, wherein these verses are called One End of Love.

1901

An Amateur Ghost. *Argosy*, February 1902. *Jurgen*, 1919, wherein the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters are based upon this story.

As Played Before His Highness. *Smart Set*, March 1902. *Gallantry*, 1907, wherein this story is called The Ducal Audience.

(As Told by Hastings. Short story, not ever published in magazine form, and destroyed.)

Love-Letters of Falstaff. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, March 1902. *The Line of Love*, 1905.

(The Intervention of Castle. Short story, not ever published, and destroyed.)

In the Summer of Saint Martin. *Smart Set*, August 1902. *Gallantry*, 1907, wherein this story is called Love at Martinmas.

The Rhyme to Porringer. *Collier's Weekly*, 15 April 1905. *Gallantry*, 1907.

1902

The Story of Adhelmar. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, April 1904. *The Line of Love*, 1905, wherein this story is called Adhelmar at Puysange.

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- Afternoon in Arden. *Smart Set*, July 1902. *The Cords of Vanity*, 1909.
The Conspiracy of Arnaye. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, June 1903. *The Line of Love*, 1905.
As the Coming of Dawn. *Smart Set*, September 1902. *The Cords of Vanity*, 1909.
An Incarnation of Helen. *Smart Set*, October 1902. *The Cords of Vanity*, 1909.
The Castle of Content. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, August 1903. *The Line of Love*, 1905.
The Shadowy Past. *Smart Set*, January 1903. *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, 1915.
In Ursula's Garden. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, May 1903. *The Line of Love*, 1905.
Heart of Gold. *Smart Set*, February 1903. *Gallantry*, 1907.
The Husbands' Comedy. *Smart Set*, June 1903. *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, 1915.

1903

- The Story of Stella. *Smart Set*, August 1903. *The Cords of Vanity*, 1909.
Old Capulet's Daughter. *Smart Set*, September 1903. *The Cords of Vanity*, 1909.
The Eagle's Shadow, first thirteen chapters (in Storisende Edition) written in May 1903.
The Awakening. *Smart Set*, February 1904. *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, 1915.
Mammon's Match. *Smart Set*, March 1904. *The Cords of Vanity*, 1909.
The Eagle's Shadow, last seventeen chapters written in November 1903.
In Necessity's Mortar. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, October 1904. *The Line of Love*, 1905.

1904

- Sweet Adelais. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, March 1905.
The Line of Love, 1905.

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The Line of Love, completed in April 1904, receiving its final revisions September 1904.

April's Message. *Ainslee's Magazine*, May 1905. *Gallantry*, 1907.

Simon's Hour. *Ainslee's Magazine*, April 1905. *Gallantry*, 1907.

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW. Published 4 October 1904 by Doubleday, Page & Company.

The Fox-Brush. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, August 1905. *Chivalry*, 1909.

The Sestina. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, January 1906. *Chivalry*, 1909.

1905

The verses composing From the Hidden Way collected in book form during the first part of 1905.

(In the autumn of 1905 was destroyed the manuscript of The Romance of Lusignan, a partially completed thirteenth-century romance dealing with the Hugh de Lusignan who eventually married Isabella of Angoulême, the widow of King John of England.)

THE LINE OF LOVE. Published 28 September 1905 by Harper & Brothers.

The Casual Honeymoon. *Ainslee's Magazine*, May 1906. *Gallantry*, 1907.

Actors All. *Appleton's Magazine*, May 1906. *Gallantry*, 1907.

In the Second April. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, April-May 1907. *Gallantry*, 1907.

1906

The Housewife. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, August 1906. *Chivalry*, 1909.

The Scapegoats. *Appleton's Magazine*, September 1906. *Gallantry*, 1907.

The Tenson. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, December 1906. *Chivalry*, 1909.

Gallantry completed May 1906.

The Rat-Trap. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, December 1907. *Chivalry*, 1909.

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The Navarrese. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, September 1907.
Chivalry, 1909.

The Choices. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, March 1908.
Chivalry, 1909.

1907

The Satraps. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, April 1909. *Chivalry*,
1909.

The New Virginia. A toast, in "Jamestown Tributes and Toasts,"
edited by Julia Wyatt Bullard, privately printed September
1907. *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, 1915.

The Scabbard. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, May 1908. *Chivalry*,
1909.

(Branchiana written.)

(The Other Malberge. Short story, never published, and
destroyed.)

The Second Chance. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, October
1909. *The Certain Hour*, 1916, wherein this story is called
Olivia's Pottage.

The Ultimate Master. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, November
1908. *Domnei*, 1913.

GALLANTRY. Published 10 October 1907 by Harper & Brothers.

(BRANCHIANA. Privately printed 10 October 1907.)

Belhs Cavaliers. *Lippincott's Magazine*, June 1915. *The Cer-
tain Hour*, 1916.

1908

His Relics. *Ainslee's Magazine*, November 1909. *The Rivet in
Grandfather's Neck*, 1915.

(A partially completed seventeenth-century romance dealing with
Robert Bulmer, Earl of Pevensey, a contemporary of King
Charles the Second of England, was destroyed in 1908.)

The Cords of Vanity completed June 1908.

1909

Chivalry completed February 1909.

A Fordyce of Westbrook. *Red Book*, July 1909. *The Rivet in
Grandfather's Neck*, 1915.

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THE CORDS OF VANITY. Published 11 March 1909 by Doubleday, Page & Company.

The Soul of Mervisaunt. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, April 1911. *Domnei*, 1913.

CHIVALRY. Published 21 October 1909 by Harper & Brothers.
Pro Honoria. *McBride's Magazine*, September 1915. *The Certain Hour*, 1916.

1910

Judith's Creed. *Lippincott's Magazine*, July 1915. *The Certain Hour*, 1916.

The Irresistible Ogle. *McBride's Magazine*, October 1915. *The Certain Hour*, 1916.

Concerning Corinna. *The Certain Hour*, 1916.

Prince Fribble's Burial. *Red Book*, May 1911. *The Certain Hour*, 1916, wherein this story is called A Princess of Grub Street.

The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck begun and laid aside.

Domnei begun and laid aside.

1911

Concerning David Jogram. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, November 1911. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

The Audit at Storisende, and In the Flesh; two short stories, never published, which were combined in *The Cream of the Jest*, 1917.

The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck completed.

(The Loves of Alan. A short story, never published, and destroyed.)

(The Other Side of the Fence. A short story, never published, and destroyed.)

(BRANCH OF ABINGDON. Compiled and written during this year, and privately printed 27 December 1911.)

1912

Domnei completed. From the Hidden Way rewritten.

The Dream. *Argonaut*, 23 November 1912. *The Certain Hour*, 1916, wherein this story is called The Lady of All Our Dreams.

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A Brown Woman. *Lippincott's Magazine*, August 1915. *The Certain Hour*, 1916.

Balthazar's Daughter. *Smart Set*, May 1913. *The Certain Hour*, 1916.

The Certain Hour completed November 1912.

1913

(In 1913 was destroyed the manuscript of a partially completed seventeenth-century romance dealing with England and the Colony of Virginia in the years 1619 to 1623.)

Quis Desiderio? Richmond (Virginia) *News-Leader*, May 1913.
From the Hidden Way, 1916.

DOMNEI. Published September 1913 (as The Soul of Melicent),
by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Letter: undated: headed Author Discusses Public with Non-Literary Tastes. *Boston Herald*, December 1913. Used in Auctorial Induction of *The Certain Hour*, 1916.

1914

On the Mercifulness of Being Vital. Richmond (Virginia) *News-Leader*, May 1914. Used in Auctorial Induction of *The Certain Hour*, 1916.

(The Strength of the Hills, a partially completed modern romance dealing with the Bulmer and Musgrave families, destroyed.)

The Cream of the Jest completed.

1915

Involuntary Sonnet. "Big Names and Little Verses," published 1915 by George H. Doran Company. Quoted in Author's Note to *From the Hidden Way*, 1929.

Aprilis Gesta. Richmond (Virginia) *News-Leader*, April 1915.
From the Hidden Way, 1916.

THE RIVET IN GRANDFATHER'S NECK. Published 13 October 1915 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

(THE MAJORS AND THEIR MARRIAGES. Written during this year, and privately printed 13 December 1915.)

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1916

Sed Risit Midas. Richmond (Virginia) *News-Leader*, 20 January 1916. *From the Hidden Way*, 1916.

Letter: undated: headed Why People Should Own and Read Books. *Boston Herald*, 11 March 1916. Used in the tenth chapter of *The Cream of the Jest*, 1917.

Paschalia. *Emmanuel Parish Light*, 23 April 1916. *From the Hidden Way*, 1916, wherein this sonnet is called Easter Eve.

THE CERTAIN HOUR. Published 4 November 1916, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

FROM THE HIDDEN WAY. Published 18 November 1916 by Robert M. McBride & Company. Of this volume some fifty-odd of the verses were written at college 1895-98; some fifteen in 1899-1903; and the remainder were produced at long intervals for one or another special occasion. All then existent were revised in 1912.

1917

(A Discourse for Friends of Virginia and Carolina by Joseph Glaister. Genealogical article, *William and Mary College Quarterly*, April 1917.)

(Thomas and William Branch of Henrico and Some of Their Descendants. Genealogical article, *William and Mary College Quarterly*, October 1917.)

Beyond Life begun.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST. Published 27 September 1917 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

1918

Beyond Life completed. Extracts from the manuscript were published in the *Chicago Tribune* during this year, under the following heads: Literature and Life, 14 April; The Demiurge, 21 April; Evasions, 28 April; Dynamic Illusions, 5 May; Of Witches, 12 May; On Marriages, 19 May; Domnei, 26 May; Marlowe: Economist, 2 June; The Artist, 9 June; The Reactionary, 16 June; The Great Romance, 23 June; Con-

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greve, 30 June; The Candle, 7 July; The Gadfly, 14 July; Personal, 21 July; Realism, 28 July; Books, 4 August; and Preferences, 11 August.

(Branch of Henrico. Genealogical article, *William and Mary College Quarterly*, April 1918.)

Some Ladies and Jurgen. *Smart Set*, July 1918. *Jurgen*, 1919.

The Tragedy of Mr. Tarkington. Review of Booth Tarkington by Robert Cortes Holliday. *Chicago Tribune*, 6 April 1918. *Beyond Life*, 1919.

(The Hunnicutts of Prince George. Genealogical Article, in two parts, *William and Mary College Quarterly*, July and October 1918.)

Some Morals: from the French of Villon. Review of The Poems of François Villon. *The Dial*, 18 June 1918. *Beyond Life*, 1919.

Jurgen written March — October 1918.

1919

BEYOND LIFE. Published 18 January 1919 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

Rogue's March: to a Flemish Air. Review of The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel by Charles de Coster. *The Dial*, 22 February 1919. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

The Wedding Jest. *Century Magazine*, September 1919: reprinted in "The Best Short Stories of 1919." *The Line of Love*, 1921.

Porcelain Cups. *Century Magazine*, November 1919: reprinted in "O. Henry Prize Stories, 1919." *The Line of Love*, 1921.

Figures of Earth begun July 1919.

The Feathers of Olrun. *Century Magazine*, December 1919. *Figures of Earth*, 1921.

In Respect to Joseph Hergesheimer. *Bookman*, November-December (combination number) 1919. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

JURGEN. Published 27 September 1919 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

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(Cabell on Bojer's Latest. Review of *The Face of the World* by Johan Bojer: reprinted in "Johan Bojer, the Man and His Works," by Carl Gad, 1920. *New York Sun Literary Supplement*, 12 October 1919.)

(Mr. Cabell on Turtle-Meat and Broomsticks. Review of *From a Southern Porch* by Dorothy Scarborough. *New York Sun Literary Supplement*, 7 December 1919.)

It Is of Linda. Review of *Linda Condon* by Joseph Hergesheimer. *Bookman*, January 1920. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

1920

The Judging of Jurgen. *New York Tribune*, 8 February 1920: reprinted in "Jurgen and the Censor," 1920. *Jurgen*, English edition, 1921.

The Hour of Freydis. *McClure's Magazine*, May 1920. *Figures of Earth*, 1921.

The Head of Misery. *McClure's Magazine*, July 1920. *Figures of Earth*, 1921.

The Hair of Melicent. *McClure's Magazine*, September 1920. *Figures of Earth*, 1921.

The Designs of Miramon. *Century Magazine*, August 1920. *Figures of Earth*, 1921.

Letter: dated 6 May 1920: used as Preface to "Jurgen and the Censor," privately printed October 1920. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

The Image of Sesphra. *Romance*, October 1920. *Figures of Earth*, 1921.

Domnei and The Cords of Vanity rewritten during the opening months of 1920.

Figures of Earth completed in August 1920.

THE CORDS OF VANITY. Revised version, with an introduction by Wilson Follett. Published 28 September 1920 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

THE JUDGING OF JURGEN. Published in pamphlet form in October 1920 by The Bookfellows, Chicago. *Jurgen*, English edition, 1921.

DOMNEI. Revised version of The Soul of Melicent under this

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new title, with a preface by Joseph Hergesheimer. Published 22 October 1920 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

The Taboo in Literature. *Literary Review*, 11 December 1920: reprinted in a pirated leaflet, Chicago, 1920. Expanded into Taboo, 1921. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

(Letter: dated 30 November 1920: headed A Word from James Branch Cabell. *The Double-Dealer*, January 1921.)

1921

The Jewel Merchants written and performed. *Smart Set*, July 1921. *The Jewel Merchants*, 1921.

FIGURES OF EARTH. Published 26 February 1921 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

TABOO. Published March 1921 by Robert M. McBride & Company. An expansion of the Literary Review article which had appeared 11 December 1920. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

A Postscript. *Reviewer*, 15 April 1921. Verses which had appeared some three weeks earlier in Taboo.

The Line of Love rewritten.

The Delta of Radegonde. *Vanity Fair*, June 1921. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

Chivalry rewritten.

Letter: dated 23 April 1921: printed as An Epistolary Preface to "A Bibliographic Check List of the Works of James Branch Cabell" by Merle Johnson, published September 1921 by Frank Shay. Used in The Epistolary Dedication of *The Lineage of Lichfield*, 1922.

(Letter: dated 24 April 1921: headed Mr. Cabell Replies. *Literary Review*, 30 April 1921. This spoke with ardor concerning Maurice Hewlett's review of Figures of Earth.)

Exit. *Reviewer*, 1 June 1921. *The Lineage of Lichfield*, 1922.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. Published in pamphlet form October (but dated August) 1921 by The Bookfellows, Chicago. An expansion of the two Bookman articles, as published November-December 1919 and January 1920. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

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Introduction, dated July 1921, to "The Queen Pédaue" by Anatole France, Modern Library edition, published February 1923. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

The Lineage of Lichfield. *Reviewer*, three instalments, October, November, and December 1921. *The Lineage of Lichfield*, 1922.

The Comedian. *Vanity Fair*, November 1921. Used in The Epistolary Dedication of *The Lineage of Lichfield*, 1922.

Dictated but Not Read. (Signed Burwell Washington.) *Reviewer*, October 1921. Used in the twenty-second chapter of *Something About Eve*, 1927.

Prehistorics. (Signed Henry Lee Jefferson.) *Reviewer*, October 1921. Used in Another Note on Lichfield, which first appeared as a preface to the illustrated *Cream of the Jest*, 1927. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

JURGEN. Illustrated by Frank C. Papé. The text reset from the 1919 edition, with The Judging of Jurgen incorporated, as it now appears in the Storisende Edition, as a part of the thirty-second chapter. Published October 1921, by John Lane, London.

Cobwebs and Iron. (A sonnet, signed Claiborne Hauks Anderson.) *Reviewer*, November 1921. Included, as The Sonnet Made for Nero and Villon, in Sonnets from Antan, 1929.

Beauty and Wizardry. Review of Messer Marco Polo by Donn Byrne. *Nation*, 2 November 1921. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

THE LINE OF LOVE. Revised version (with two new stories added, namely, The Wedding Jest and Porcelain Cups), with an introduction by H. L. Mencken. Published 15 November 1921 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

CHIVALRY. Revised version, with an introduction by Burton Rascoe. Published 15 November 1921 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

THE JEWEL MERCHANTS. Published 1 December 1921 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

(Autobiographic Summary. *The Trend*, 7 January 1922.)

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1922

The Candid Footprint. *Century Magazine*, May 1922. *The Silver Stallion*, 1926.

Gallantry rewritten.

A Note on Alcoves. *New Republic*, 12 April 1922. Reissued in "The Novel of To-morrow," a symposium, published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, December 1922. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

The Appeal to Posterity. *Literary Review*, 25 March 1922. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

The Eagle's Shadow rewritten.

THE LINEAGE OF LICHFIELD. Published by Robert M. McBride & Company, April 1922.

GALLANTRY. Revised version, with a preface by Louis Untermeyer. Published by Robert M. McBride & Company, 14 June 1922.

The Bright Bees of Toupan. *United Feature Syndicate*, in various newspapers, 5–6 August 1922. *The Silver Stallion*, 1926, wherein this episode is called Toupan's Bright Bees.

The Thin Queen of Elfhame. *Century Magazine*, December 1922. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

The High Place begun in July 1922.

(Letter: undated: in symposium on Santa Claus. *Collier's Weekly*, 15 December 1923.)

THE CREAM OF THE JEST. Revised and reset version, described on copyright page as the fifth printing, with an introduction by Harold Ward. Published December 1922 by Robert M. McBride & Company.

1923

"JURGEN AND THE LAW." Published January 1923, by Robert M. McBride & Company. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW. Revised version, with an introduction by Edwin Björkman. Published 28 August 1923, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

Letter: undated: in symposium on The Ten Dullest Authors. *Vanity Fair*, August 1923. Used in *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

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The High Place completed June 1923.

The sonnets for Evelyn, for Evasherah, for Evarvan, and for
Evaine, afterward included in Sonnets from Antan, 1929,
written in August, 1923.

Portrait of the Artist: Full-Length. Review of the Collected
Works of George Moore. *International Book Review*, November
1923. *Straws and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

With a Copy of Jurgen. *Book Notes from Beach's Bookshop*,
December 1923. *From the Hidden Way*, revised edition,
1924, wherein these verses are called In Fine —

THE HIGH PLACE. Published 12 November 1923, by Robert M.
McBride & Company.

Once More, the Immortals. Review of Fantastica by Robert
Nichols. *American Mercury*, January 1924. *Straws and Prayer-
Books*, 1924.

(JURGEN. Illustrated edition, with twelve full page drawings
by Ray E. Coyle. The text a reprint from the plates of the
1919 edition. Published December 1923, by Robert M.
McBride & Company.)

1924

Romantics About Them. *Literary Review*, 1 March 1924. *Straws
and Prayer-Books*, 1924.

About These Books. Introduction, dated January 1924, to "A
Bibliography of the Writings of James Branch Cabell" by Guy
Holt, published by the Centaur Book Shop, March 1924.
Townsend of Lichfield, 1930.

The Author of the Eagle's Shadow. "A Round Table in Poictesme," a symposium, privately printed April 1924, by the
Colophon Club of Cleveland, Ohio. *Straws and Prayer-Books*,
1924.

Why I Wrote The High Place. Contribution to a Symposium
appearing in various newspapers April 1924. Quoted in
Author's Note to *The High Place*, Storisende Edition,
1928.

Straws and Prayer-Books written February — June 1924.

FROM THE HIDDEN WAY. Revised version. Published September
1924, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

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The Second Way. *Reviewer*, October 1924. A sonnet, included (as The Sonnet Made for Maya) in *Sonnets from Antan*, 1929.

STRAWS AND PRAYER-BOOKS. Published November 1924, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

Above Paradise. *American Mercury*, February 1925. *The Silver Stallion*, 1926.

1925

(The Last Cry of Romance. Review of *Barren Ground* by Ellen Glasgow. Reprinted, though not in full, in "Ellen Glasgow" by Dorothea Lawrence Mann, as published 1927, by Doubleday, Page & Company. *Nation*, 6 May 1925.)

(Manuscript of Something About Eve, a partially completed romance, destroyed.)

The Mathematics of Gonfal. *Century Magazine*, August 1925. *The Silver Stallion*, 1926.

Map of Poictesme, with accompanying note. This appeared in "James Branch Cabell" by Carl Van Doren, published 1925, by Robert M. McBride & Company. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

What Saraïde Wanted. *Red Book*, November 1925. *The Silver Stallion*, 1926.

Preface (unheaded, signed Richard Fentnor Harrowby), added to seventh printing of *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, September 1925.

In the Sylan's House. *Red Book*, March 1926. *The Silver Stallion*, 1926.

Coth at Porutsa. *Red Book*, May 1926. *The Silver Stallion*, 1926.
(A Preface to These Pictures: dated September 1925. This appeared in the illustrated edition of *Figures of Earth*, published December 1925, by Robert M. McBride & Company. The major portion of this preface is quoted in the Author's Note to *Figures of Earth*, Storisende Edition, 1927.)

The Silver Stallion completed September 1925.

(A Foreword: dated 19 November 1925. "Skeleton Biography Form" by Cyrus W. Beale, privately printed by the Kappa Alpha Order, Richmond, Virginia, 1925.)

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

(Letter: dated 21 November 1925: used as Foreword to "The Worm Ouroboros" by E. R. Eddison, published 1926, by Charles & Alfred Boni.)

(FIGURES OF EARTH. Illustrated by Frank C. Papé, and having the new preface, A Preface to These Pictures. The text reset, with minor changes from the edition of 1921. Published by Robert M. McBride & Company, December 1925.)

1926

Between Worlds. *American Mercury*, September 1926. The ninth and tenth chapters of The White Robe, 1928.

(Letter: undated: in symposium on My Ideal Woman. *Vanity Fair*, August 1926.)

Letter: undated: in symposium on Immortality. *McCall's Magazine*, April 1927. Used in the nineteenth chapter of *Something About Eve*, 1928.

THE MUSIC FROM BEHIND THE MOON. Written in March–April 1926. Published 1 September 1926, by the John Day Company.

THE SILVER STALLION. Published 21 April 1926, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

Something About Eve begun in July 1926, for the second time.

1927

(A Note for the Intending Reader: dated 22 February 1927. Preface to "The House of Lost Identity" by Donald Corley, published June 1927, by Robert M. McBride & Company.) Something About Eve completed June 1927.

Confusions of the Golden Travel. Twelfth chapter of Something About Eve. *Bookman*, September 1927. *Something About Eve*, 1927.

A Note on Lichfield: dated September 1927. Published as a preface to the illustrated edition of The Cream of the Jest, October 1927. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930, wherein this paper is called Another Note on Lichfield.

SOMETHING ABOUT EVE. Published 19 September 1927, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

EVOLUTION OF THE BIOGRAPHY

THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Volumes One, Two, and Three. Published 19 September 1927, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

(THE CREAM OF THE JEST. Illustrated by Frank C. Papé, and having the new preface, A Note on Lichfield. The text reset, but following that of the 1922 edition. Published October 1927, by Robert M. McBride & Company.)

1928

A Note upon Poictesme: dated March 1928. Published as a preface to the illustrated edition of The Silver Stallion, October 1928. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

For Mrs. Millamant. A dedicatory ballade, followed by an unheaded prose preface. First printed in Ballades from the Hidden Way, published August 1928, by Crosby Gaige. *From the Hidden Way*, 1929, wherein the preface is quoted in the Author's Note, and the ballade is called The Way of the World.

THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Volumes Four, Five, and Six. Published 15 March 1928, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

THE WHITE ROBE. Published December 1928, by Robert M. McBride & Company. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

A Note upon Cabellian Harmonics: dated April 1928. Preface to "Cabellian Harmonics" by Warren A. McNeill, published November 1928, by Random House. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Volumes Seven, Eight, and Nine. Published 15 September 1928, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

A Little More About Eve: dated October 1928. *American Mercury*, January 1929. Published as a preface to the illustrated edition of Something About Eve, September 1929. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

(THE SILVER STALLION. Illustrated by Frank C. Papé, and having the new preface, A Note upon Poictesme. The text follows, approximately, the Storisende Edition of this com-

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

edy. Published October 1928, by Robert M. McBride & Company.)

SONNETS FROM ANTAN. Put together and annotated in December 1928. Published, nominally, in April 1929, but in point of fact delayed until June, by the Fountain Press. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

1929

REFLECTIONS FOR THE NINTH OF MAY. An extract from the paper headed Townsend of Lichfield. "Morrow's Almanack and Every-Day-Book for 1930," published by William Morrow & Company, Inc., October 1929. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930. KINDLY OMIT FLOWERS. *American Mercury*, June 1929. Another extract from the paper headed Townsend of Lichfield. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Volumes Ten, Eleven, and Twelve. Published 15 March 1929, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

THE WAY OF ECBEN. Completed in May 1929. To the story in its first form was appended — as The Colophon Called: Hail and Farewell, Etтар! — a large section of the paper headed Townsend of Lichfield. Published October 1929, by Robert M. McBride & Company. *Townsend of Lichfield*, 1930.

THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Volumes Thirteen, Fourteen, and Fifteen. Published September 1929, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

(SOMETHING ABOUT EVE. Illustrated by Frank C. Papé, and having the new preface, A Little More About Eve. The text follows, generally, the Kalki edition of 1927. Published September 1929, by Robert M. McBride & Company.)

(A Note on Frances Newman: dated September 1929. Preface to "Frances Newman's Letters," published 1929, by Horace Liveright.)

1930

THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Volumes Sixteen, Seventeen, and Eighteen. Volume Eighteen, containing *TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD*, then appeared for the first time in its entirety. Published March 1930, by Robert M. McBride & Company.

APPENDIX C
SOME OF THE ERRATA
“*Multa mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*”

SOME OF THE ERRATA

VOLUME ONE

Page XIV, line 2 from end, *et seq.*, the name, of course, should be J. Leslie Hotson.

Page 9, line 9. I read the name as Scrope. But readers of William De Morgan's *It Never Can Happen Again* will recall that Alfred Challis wrote, in point of fact, under the pen name of Titus Scroop.

Page 98, add final line: "—THE GENTLEMAN DANCING MASTER."

Page 102, line 6 from end. The word "discreed" has such a wholly plausible look that I am surprised not to find it as yet in any dictionary: meanwhile we can but substitute "decreed."

Page 107, line 7, lacks a comma after "but."

Page 117, line 14. Here again, in the cause of clarity, it would be better to insert a comma both before and after "through-out."

Page 223, line 8–10. This passage has evoked so many quite irrelevant letters as to those sugared nothings which Thackeray put into print concerning Dickens that it seems well here to record what Thackeray in actuality did think, and what Thackeray very frankly said in private conversation, about his unbearably popular rival:—"He knows that my books are a protest against his, and that if the one set is true, the other must be false."

VOLUME TWO

Page 58, line 14. All heralds differ here with the compositor, and elect to describe this stallion as "rampant."

Page 85, in chapter heading. For "an" read "and."

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- Page 207, line 6 from end. It seems obvious enough that for "beautiful" one should substitute "beautifully."
- Page 224, line 15. Assaults and arsons and large massacres and a complete loss of good temper have often resulted from an offense far less than is this gaudy typographic atrocity. The line, correctly, should read:—"Meanwhile Dom Manuel affably shook hands with"
- Page 266, line 7. Here I have over rashly followed the original text. As an historical fact, the then regnant Pope was Gregory the Ninth.
- Page 283, line 4 from end. This may pass as it stands. But in place of "hence" I wrote "thence."

VOLUME THREE

- Page 5, line 17. The error here is wholly trivial: yet my personal ear prefers "this" rather than "the."
- Page 28, line 3. "Ore" is a bit anachronistic, inasmuch as Duneval of Orc and Ore did not acquire the last named principality until 1251. The more precise will therefore read "Orc." Line 8 should have, if it at all matters, not "veining" but "veinings."
- Page 106, line 9. Here the compositor has, through the addition of one single letter, quite perverted my meaning. Instead of "circumstances," I had intended that Guivric should say "circumstance."
- Page 181, line 5. There seems no valid reason why the word "paintaking" should not exist, but it in point of fact graces no dictionary. It would be better therefore to read "pains-taking."
- Page 197, in line 12 from end, and in line 5 from end, the ready-witted reader will correct for himself the misspellings of "aboriginal" and "nevertheless."
- Page 224, line 8 from end. The word "religion" here appears, as is customarily the case, to be misused. I suggest "religious."
- Page 280, line 1. Although a compositor is entitled to err in the printing of quotations in any foreign language, it seems odd

SOME OF THE ERRATA

to bungle the one word in this line which is good English.
For “*créature*” read “*créature*.”

VOLUME FOUR

Page XI, line 4 from end. The word “five” here tends to the exaggerative. Upon reflection I would substitute “three.” For, as has been recorded elsewhere, *The Eagle’s Shadow* and *The Line of Love* did not fail absolutely as merchandize.

Page XIII, line 10, displays a wholly shocking error. The author of this particular Great American Novel was Robert W. Chambers: for whom, see *Beyond Life*, page 202.

Page 49, line 2 from end. It seems well to observe that a comma should have followed “nor,” even though this slight deficiency in punctuation can mislead nobody as to the meaning of the text.

Page 60, line 4 from end. In this place, however, occurs one of those quite damnable misprints which tacitly cheat the eye of every reader with a teasing effect of some meaning ungrasped by his intelligence. For “this” read “his,” and all becomes plain.

Page 100, line 13. For “comprehension” read “comprehension.”

Page 107, line 12. Here I applaud. The compositor has so improved upon my text that I vastly prefer his bold and picturesque “confided” to my tame “confined.”

Page 121, line 11. This text is acceptable. Yet the exact meaning intended would be a whit more exactly conveyed through the insertion of a comma after “stabbed.”

Page 146, line 17. Here also the addition of a comma, after “traitress,” would improve matters, although the meaning in any case is unmistakable.

VOLUME FIVE

Page X, line 19. “Massucio” is correctly incorrect, as an exact transcription of what the young man wrote.

Page XI, line 5. To the plain impossibility of “1907” I would here very much have preferred the real date, “1909.”

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

Page 9, line 2. This would be correct and comprehensible French if in place of “*s'armes*” one were to put “*d'armes*.”

Page 154, line 5, is plain enough, but lacks a comma after “luck.”

Page 210, line 4, *et seq.* I can but follow the text: yet Nicolas de Caen is as untrustworthy as Dumas in any matter touching English geography, and I think this river must in reality have been the Wye.

Page 291, lines 14 and 15. Nicolas, or else Mansion, has “*Pandonice*”: but Ovid preferred “*Pandonia*.”

VOLUME SIX

Page 73, line 17. Here I simply cannot follow the compositor, nor form any least notion as to what improvement of my text he may have had in mind. The line, in my intended version, was: — “Lord of Enisgarth and Camwy and Sargyll, came”

Page 116, line 6 from end. The original text reads “*sa éminence*” and I have adhered to it. Yet why a bishop should be given this title, I confess, I do not understand.

Page 193, line 2. Codman here devotes two masterly pages of adroit argument, in his most scholarly manner, to the suggestion that for the full stop a comma should be substituted. Either reading seems valid.

Page 229, line 28, in its present shape serves well enough. I believe, though, that in point of fact Chloris said, “But do you not understand?” The German version, at least, has “*Aber begreissst du denn nicht?*” and the Dutch, “*Maar begrijp je dan niet?*”

Page 274, line 3 from end. I wrote “rubber-ware,” but for some reason or another the compositor has slightly varied this word.

Page 281, line 27. By “irrelevant,” as the intelligent reader will deduce for himself, the compositor is here aiming at “irrelevant.”

Page 306, line 1. For “and” read “an,” — as would of course have been done by any tolerably sane person who was not a printer by trade.

SOME OF THE ERRATA

VOLUME SEVEN

Page 36, lines 14 and 15. The second of my parenthesis marks has unaccountably disappeared. It should follow "noted."

Page 182, line 17. This reads well enough. But instead of "it" I wrote "it is."

VOLUME EIGHT

This volume is unique in that it seems to contain no printer's error anywhere. Doubtless, I have overlooked several, here as elsewhere, through the sad liability of every author to read his proof sheets with the eyes of intention rather than of achievement. In any case, I have evened matters by contriving (at the very least) two tiny errors in the original text.

Page XVII, line 1. The word "also" should, plainly, be omitted.

Page 19, line 3. The two capital letters here remain, so far as I am concerned, wholly inexplicable. But I find that I wrote, and in my proof-reading passed, the line just thus.

VOLUME NINE

Page XXXI, line 3 from end. A comma should follow "*négligé*."

Page 38, line 4. I do not irretrievably quarrel with the text as it stands, but it displays "a widow" where I wrote merely "widow."

Page 142, line 12, would be improved by substituting "has" for "had."

Page 157, line 19. Upon mature deliberation I would omit the comma after "too."

Page 171, line 9. This is clear enough, but it might be bettered by inserting a comma after "going."

Page 284, line 20, needs rather obviously a comma after "disreputable."

VOLUME TEN

Page XXI, line 3 from end. It would be more neat, if but for the sake of uniformity a good bit farther on, to pluralize the word "fruit."

TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD

- Page 50, line 4, reads with a fine effect of plausibility. But instead of "unresisting" I wrote "unresting."
- Page 208, line 7 from end. This "which," in referring to a god, is doubtless a reminiscence of Gerald's Protestant Episcopal training and of his childhood's familiarity with the phrase "Our Father Which art in Heaven." I none the less would here prefer "whom."
- Page 310, lines 9 and 10, stand as I wrote them. But to ensure entire clarity I ought to have written "these ways free" instead of "free these ways."

VOLUME ELEVEN

- Page 2, line 2. For "pryuly" read "pruyly," — provided, of course, that anybody ever does bother to read through this extract from what is supposed to be the oldest of the chapbook histories of Manuel Pig-Tender.
- Page 125, line 6. This has a more subtle seeming than was intended. For "retorts" I prefer "reports."
- Page 131, line 8, suggests that "set" in the place of "sat" would by a large deal improve the grammar hereabouts.
- Page 164, line 4. Here again, a precisionist would have elected for "came" rather than "come."
- Page 180, line 8 from end. This puzzles me. The reader may at choice preserve the present text or, else, suppose that Mr. Pope said "*pâte sur pâte*."
- Page 240, line 11. For "Spalatno" read "Spalatro," since the reference is, of course, to Lord Ufford's now very little known romance, about which the reader has already heard in Pro Honoria.

VOLUME TWELVE

- Page 32, line 8 from end. For "you" those who prefer intelligibility will substitute "your."
- Page 127, line 9. Add a comma after "certainly."
- Page 150, line 3, needs yet another one of those troublesome commas to follow "afternoon."

SOME OF THE ERRATA

Page 181, line 8. Inasmuch as McKinley did not die at a hotel, but at the home of John G. Milburn, it would have been preferable to spell "House" with a lower case h.

Page 205, line 3 from end. The Shakespearean scholar will here, in the high pride of erudition, and of his own accord, read "Like."

Page 212, *et seq.* Townsend himself here errs in a minor detail. The jars of which he speaks contained originally, not mustard, but anchovies.

Page 347, line 5 from end. For "comformable" read "conformable."

VOLUME THIRTEEN

Page 133, line 8. This reference to Enipëus has proved to far too many readers incomprehensible. The Sea does but threaten to repeat an ancient piece of trickery. The Greeks fabled that when Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus, preferred the love of the river god Enipëus to that of the sea god Poseidon, then the sea god solved his difficulty by approaching her in the form of Enipëus, and so attained all his desires. Lucian has a dialogue upon this theme, which Sophocles also handled in two plays that have perished.

Page 144, *passim*. We have here a most striking instance of poetic inspiration, in that Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, who died before the birth of Dante, is shown quite plainly to have foreseen the great Florentine's one great love-affair.

Page 180, line 5. The compositor wins. I cancelled this "of" in the galley proof, and yet again I struck it out from the paged proof, only to find the obtrusive monosyllable appearing with undiminished incomprehensibility in the printed book. Since this, however, is the sole printer's error I have found in the entire volume, I incline to pardon, where I still wonder at, such triumphant pertinacity.

Page 189, lines 5 and 6. Here Garnier seems at fault. I do not perceive in what sense either Leucothoë or Atalanta may be said to have loosed virgin zones to Death. It may be that the poet just vaguely recalled that each of these two ladies very ob-

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stinely preserved for a long while her maidenhood. Each by and by was tricked out of it. But neither of them died of that membranous loss, except in the strained sense that Atalanta was later brought to destruction through overindulgence in the joys of married life.

VOLUME FOURTEEN

Page 36, line 13. This error is common: but, after all, the man's name was Andersen.

Page 116, line 4. A far more grave mistake as to a surname occurs here. The Musgraves confess to no Fenton kin, nor have any Fentons ever been of social prominence in Lichfield: whereas the Fentons of Fenwick — if indeed a fact so well known needs to be stated, — have always ranked as one of the town's leading families.

Page 208, *passim*. I have lately unearthed a memorandum — made *circa* 1911 by the young author of *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, during the composition of this book, — which I elect to preserve as remarkably illustrative. "Patricia had a pseudo-osteomalacic rhachitic pelvis. A Cæsarian section was in consequence necessitated at Roger's birth. Through error, — taking this (*that is*, *Patricia's deformity*) for true osteomalacia, — the surgeons also removed the uterus and the ovaries, — according to Fehling, a cure for eighty per cent of such cases. Note that at least Fehling and Schliephake consider Patricia's variety of pelvic anomaly to be congenital in a majority of instances. Fehling, *Die Entstehung der rachitischen Beckenform*, *Archiv f. Gyn.* 1877, XI, 173–183; *Ueber Kastration bei Osteomalacie*, *Verh. d. deutschen Gesellch. f. Gyn.* 1888, II, 311–318. Schliephake, *Ueber path. Beckenformen beim Fötus*, *Archiv f. Gyn.* 1882, XX, 435–454."

Page 241, *passim*. It may be recalled by readers of *The Cords of Vanity* (page 306 of that comedy) that Lethbury was at this season standing his trial at Chiswick.

Page 260, line 23. I am fairly certain that Harrowby has here slandered John Charteris, who in all likelihood said "shall," and not "will."

SOME OF THE ERRATA

VOLUME FIFTEEN

- Page 116, line 4 from end. When read aloud, this passage appears wholly correct. The hypercritical, however, may well prefer that "into" be printed as "in to."
- Page 223, line 21. About this reading I am uncertain. It is conceivable the Colonel said, "that." But I suspect his actual utterance was "the."

A POSTSCRIPT

Such errata as may occur in Volumes Sixteen, Seventeen, and Eighteen have remained perforce unnoted. The quasi-serial manner in which this Storisende Edition was published has happily permitted me to check off, in the while that I no doubt overlooked a great many of, the errors in the first fifteen volumes. In dealing with the remaining three volumes, I could but take all possible pains with the proof-reading, and then piously leave the result to Providence.

Meanwhile, if I hereinbefore may now and then have evinced some slight displeasure with the compositor, as touches minor matters, I none the less admit that, upon the whole, — in any case, throughout the first fifteen volumes, — he has well executed his share in a difficult and a most tedious job. And when I reflect how very often the luckless fellow — he also — has had to read each one of these volumes from the title page to the Explicit, then all my irritation is promptly merged, and is forever lost, in a sympathy which I alone can appreciate.

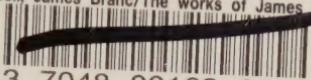
THIS eighteenth volume of the *Storisende Edition* of the works of JAMES BRANCH CABELL, containing TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD (first published in March, 1930) and THE WHITE ROBE (first published in December, 1928) and THE WAY OF ECBEN (first published in October, 1929) and TABOO (first published in March, 1921) and SONNETS FROM ANTAN (first published in June, 1929) and CONCERNING DAVID JOGRAM (first published in March, 1930) and A NOTE UPON CABELLIAN HARMONICS (first published in November, 1928) and ABOUT THESE BOOKS (first published in March, 1924) and A NOTE UPON POICTESME (first published in October, 1928) and ANOTHER NOTE ON LICHFIELD (first published in October, 1927) and A LITTLE MORE ABOUT EVE (first published in September, 1929) and JURGEN AND THE LAW (first published in January, 1923) and EVOLUTION OF THE BIOGRAPHY (first published in March, 1930) and SOME OF THE ERRATA (first published in March, 1930), was designed by William Dana Orcutt and printed and bound at the Plimpton Press, Norwood, Massachusetts. It was completed in February, 1930, after which the type was destroyed. Issued in March, 1930, by Robert M.

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